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PICTORIAL REVIEW

JULY 1922



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Sunshine may put the sparkle in the eye; fresh air, the roses in the cheeks; proper food and rest, the vigor in the limbs; but *clean clothes* are a health factor of hardly less importance. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap loosens the dirt and body-oils on which germs feed and breed, and the snowy suds flush them away. Then the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet, *sanitary*.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

(Registered in the U.S. Patent Office)

VOL. XXIII. No. 10

Edited by Arthur T. Vance

JULY, 1922

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY

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RENEW PROMPTLY!—The demand for PICTORIAL REVIEW is increasing. To insure that you have one for every copy and to give you the best service as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

Pictorial Review Paid \$125,000 to COLLEGE MEN



MONTHLY PAYMENT
BLANK
IN FACSIMILE

LAST Summer Pictorial Review perfected a plan whereby hundreds of college men during their Summer recess were enabled to earn more than \$125,000 with which to pay their college tuition and other expenses and continue their studies. The readers of Pictorial Review helped to make the plan a success—in fact many readers took a personal interest in the college boys whose good fortune it was to meet them last Summer.

To fifty-five colleges and universities throughout the country, checks for tuition were sent, to be credited to students who had successfully fulfilled the requirements of the Pictorial Review Scholarship Plan. Here are the amounts earned by students at some of the fifty-five colleges:

Tufts College students		\$11,282
Swarthmore College students		6,338
Bucknell University students		4,292
University of Michigan students		4,232
Yale University students		4,037

The average amount earned by 170 of the successful students was \$75. And remember, this money was earned during the Summer vacation period.

COLLEGE officials and students alike have expressed their appreciation of the opportunity Pictorial Review gave to bona fide students last Summer. On this page are extracts of a few of the many letters of commendation which have come to us.

From College Boys' Letters

"No other job offers you the fellowship of your friends like Pictorial Review. No other company looks after you and helps you to succeed like Pictorial Review. I needed money badly and I got it too. Pictorial Review saved my life."
—ALLEN C. CLARK, Swarthmore College.

"Dr. J. A. Chandler, president of the college, congratulated me on my success. I thanked him and told him that it was not due to any personal superiority of mine, but because I could not do otherwise when working for a company such as Pictorial Review."
—R. E. KENNARD, William and Mary College.

"I have been figuring my finances, and I discover that I am in far better circumstances than I have ever been before. In other years I have returned to school with from \$100 to \$200, and worrying about where the rest of the money would come from. This year I will have to take back with me, after paying all expenses, over \$500. I have made money to pay my college expenses and also have had a wonderful experience."
—R. H. DUNN, University of Michigan.

"Thanks for giving me the opportunity you gave this Summer. You have enabled me to earn enough to pay my expenses to college, and the business training has made a man of me."

"While up at Franklin and Marshall I met Stewart Warner. We felt like old friends im-

mediately, by business experience, by wider association with people, and in many other ways, our Pictorial Review college boys profited by their Summer's work.

MANY of the students who did big things last year are taking out other college men this season—some of them as many as five men apiece. The spirit of co-operation among the Pictorial Review college boys is wide-spread. It has grown to a big, brotherly fellowship, which fact was amply demonstrated when twenty of the leading Pictorial Review college boys were invited to New York last September as the guests of this magazine. Those twenty boys had the time of their lives. And they made friendships that will last a lifetime.

THIS year, again, we commend to all readers of our magazine and to all lovers of ambitious youth the students who are now starting out on the Pictorial Review Scholarship Plan. We know these boys—a great majority of them have proved their worth to us. And you know Pictorial Review: what it stands for in current literature and in every right, progressive movement. All of you, then, who support the best in education and seek to promote the moral and mental development of young men, will, we believe, take with us a lively interest in the efforts of our college student representatives in this new campaign.

Every college man representing Pictorial Review is equipped with his own receipts and his own credentials, on both of which you will find his photograph.

And please note that a reproduction of the Pictorial Review building appears on the receipt and on the credential, signifying that **THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY** stands back of every college man who represents it. The letters below from the boys themselves show how they appreciate this.



CREDENTIAL WHICH THE PICTORIAL REVIEW STUDENTS WILL CARRY THIS SUMMER. NOTE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING IN BACKGROUND

mediately, having both been out on 'Pic' during the Summer and heard of each other through 'Pic Pep.' He introduced me to the other 'Pic' fellows, and I had a reunion. It certainly is great to be able to go to other colleges and meet men who are employed by 'Pic'."
—DAN KURT, Ursinus College.

"Allow me to say that it's a mighty fine consolation to feel that another year of schooling lies before me, with knowledge and instruction. Accept my sincere thanks for the benefit derived from my work with Pictorial Review."
—JOHN A. HOWARD, Boston College.

"My Summer has been enjoyable, profitable, and brimming over with knowledge and instruction. Accept my sincere thanks for the benefit derived from my work with Pictorial Review."
—JOHN A. HOWARD, Boston College.

"I regard my Summer's experience representing the Pictorial Review as the most profitable vacation of my life. I have received a genuine business training and a good supply of cash as a result of your kindness and interest in the college men of America."
—RICHARD SLOCUM, Swarthmore College.

"I have earned some good money and have gained some experience that has made me wiser up to the fact that it takes just three things to 'get up' (not 'get by') in this work. They are confidence in what one does, confidence in oneself, and a lot of pep and real push."
—W. W. BRAGO, University of Texas.

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HEARD ABOUT THE JUNIOR CITY PLAN?

It's a Good Idea—Works Well in Half a Dozen Towns.
Why Not in Yours?

BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

COMMISSIONER MAHAR
WON HEAPS OF VOTES

CHAIRMAN MAC ARTHUR,
LEAGUE OF JUNIOR CITIES

MISS COLLINS,
REGISTER OF VOTERS

MISS MACKINTOSH,
SCOTCHBORN OFFICIAL

"MAYOR" MACHETTE
WON AFTER A HOT FIGHT

MISS TEALL,
REGISTER OF VOTERS

YOU can't learn citizenship by merely talking about it. You've gotta do it!" The speaker was a seventeen-year-old high-school boy of Glen Ridge, N. J. A short time before he had occupied the Mayor's chair in the Borough Hall. That same night an eighteen-year-old boy sat at the Clerk's desk, and three young men and three young women sat in the seats of the mighty Town Councilmen. Was this a make-believe, or a burlesque, or a joke? Not a bit of it! Never was a City Council meeting more serious. It was the "Junior City Government" of Glen Ridge in action. Several local situations, considered rather "ticklish" from a political standpoint, were handled without gloves, and by the time that meeting was over those young people knew more about their city and its problems than they had ever known before. Furthermore, the large audience of qualified citizens, including the real town officials, listened attentively to a sane, sensible, businesslike discussion of a number of vital public questions.

Think of the enormous amount of "talking about it" we groups have done during these past few years—of our "citizenship courses" in school, colleges, universities, women's clubs, and leagues organized for the purpose!

Now here at last we have the real thing. We have groups of young people learning to be intelligent citizens by actually taking on the responsibilities and assuming the duties of intelligent citizens. With all of our sophisticated, grown-up getting, isn't it strange that we never were able to get the understanding that this is the way to do it; that our young people had to find out the method for themselves?

"It's lots more fun," a pretty Junior Councilwoman told me, "to learn citizenship ourselves than to have it taught to us through books and lectures. It's so much more like the real thing, you know."

And no one could doubt it who has attended a meeting of a Junior Town Council or watched returns in a Junior election. When it comes to enthusiasm, excitement, and pep, old-fashioned affairs, conducted according to the most approved political methods and supposed to be the real thing, have nothing whatever on the same affairs conducted by the Juniors.

"Yes, indeed, we get excited over elections," a successful candidate said; "we have flippers and fliers and everything!"

Two million boys and girls inherit citizenship in this country every year. A recent investigation discloses the startling fact that in New York city alone there are more than 100,000 boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one who have absolutely no occupation. Not only are they not being trained for citizenship, but by default they are being trained for vagrancy and crime. As a matter of fact these children not only lack means for training in citizenship, but they lack almost entirely the social training which such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls give them up to that age. The Junior City Government plan seeks to include, not the school-children only, but all the children of the community.

It is obvious that nothing could more definitely contribute to the realization of our democratic ideals than the bringing of these young people into citizenship with an intelligent conception of their rights and duties as citizens. If one thousand communities in the United States had "Junior Cities" that are as effective as those now in existence in New Jersey it is a safe prediction that America would be painlessly Americanized and that the standard of citizenship and the quality of citizenship would be raised immeasurably. The new plan cuts both ways—it wakes up the older people to an astounding degree. What is more detrimental to the interests of a democracy than a half-hearted, half-informed, indifferent citizenry?

As the Juniors See It

I HEARD Hamilton E. MacArthur, the promising young Junior Mayor of Glen Ridge, speak to a group of young people who were contemplating organizing a Junior City in their town. His view-point was interesting. He said, "We go to bed on the last night of our twenty-first year legal infants; we arise next morning full-fledged men and women citizens, with all the legal powers and responsibilities of citizenship thrust upon us for no

other reason than that we have reached our twenty-first birthday. No miracle has happened; we are no better equipped to undertake citizenship responsibilities than morning than we were the night before. Yet we are expected to meet these new responsibilities."

Since the Junior City plan observes no sex line, I thought it would be interesting to get the view of a girl Junior official, and I talked with Miss May E. McLaughlin, the Junior Town Clerk of West Orange, N. J., where there is a very progressive Junior City Government.

"One important thing about the plan," she told me, "is that it appeals to all types of girls. There is plenty of pep and excitement for the frivolous type, and the sincere debater finds outlet for her talents in many ways. Our meetings are never tiresome. It's so much more fun to work out problems of civil interest ourselves than to have older people tell us about them. We are really having the time of our lives in our Junior municipality work."

The first Junior City of the new plan was organized in Glen Ridge in 1919, the three years previous to that a similar plan had been worked out very successfully in Ithaca, N. Y. Five Junior Cities are now functioning and flourishing and as many more are in process of formation.

There isn't anything really new in the idea. Long ago thoughtful people realized that a short course in civil government in the schools was altogether inadequate to reach young people the science of government, and many experiments have been made.

One of the most valuable and interesting of these has been made by William R. George through his "George Junior Republic" at Freeville, N. Y. General Leonard Wood has worked out a similar plan with conspicuous success in the Self-government in schools is a phase of the development of our modern educational methods and has proved of inestimable value.

What Is a Junior City Government?

BUT the new Junior City plan that is now being so successfully operated in New Jersey seems to embody the best ideas that have so far been tried out and to have placed the whole scheme on a much broader basis. Mr. George's plan did wonders for the incorrigibles—for the young people who were not properly adjusted to the life of the community. Self-government in the schools is all right as far as it goes, but it leaves out, for example, the 100,000 idle boys and girls in the city of New York and hundreds of thousands like them in other cities.

The New Jersey plan, on the other hand, takes in all of the young people of the community. This plan seems to have been made out of previous experiences and adapted to new conditions brought about by the War and the enfranchisement of women.

A Junior City is precisely what the term implies—a miniature city government. Young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one come all meetings and elect an official to correspond with such city official. Boys and girls are equally eligible for election to all offices. While up to this time no girl has been elected Junior Mayor, all of the Junior City Councils are composed of an equal number of boys and girls. In several towns girls have run for the highest office, polling in every case a big vote. In addition to a Mayor and a Town Council the Juniors elect a Chief

of Police, a Judge, a Street Cleaning Commissioner, a Gas Advisory Board of adults is elected or appointed.

Each officer studies the duties of his senior and also keeps posted on his official acts. Think what might happen—what good municipal housecleaning there might be—if every City Father in every American city had a bright young understudy studying and checking up on his official act! Wouldn't the City Fathers have to be good!

The general purpose of the Junior City Government is to secure for the youth of every American community the opportunity to share in the direction and the activities of the life of the community, and to acquire knowledge and training necessary for effective political and social service. The primary concern of the Junior City Government is to save real and not fictitious needs and to render practical assistance to the regular government in so far as it can.

How the Junior City Government Functions

THE officials of the Junior Government meet biweekly. At the first meeting, and at such regular intervals thereafter as may be decided upon, two delegates are appointed to attend all meetings of the senior Council and to report the happenings of the meeting. All questions are fully discussed, and by vote it may be decided to make recommendations to the seniors.

At a recent meeting of the Junior Council in a small city, one of the delegates made a brief but significant report. He said, "There wasn't much done and they didn't do it very well." As a matter of fact, when it comes to orderliness, parliamentary precision, and "brass tacks," the seniors have much to learn from the Juniors.

Any person who imagines for a moment that the Junior citizens are not in earnest has much to learn. These young people are not doing nothing. They are doing things. The problems they have tackled are not minor ones. In one city, on the invitation of the Chief of Police, the Junior police force are helping the adult force, especially in respect to ordinance violations. They petitioned the court to turn over to them signs—all such violations committed by minors. They have petitioned the Board of Education to allow a Junior to sit in their meetings as a listener, and to present their point of view when called upon.

On one of these occasions plans for a new school-building were being discussed. It didn't take the Junior visitor long to see that this plan was made according to the view-point of a generation before—that there was only a small space allotted to the gymnasium. He lost no time in reporting the situation to the Junior Board of Education. The whole matter was considered so serious that the entire Junior City took it up. They convinced their elders without very much argument that no up-to-date high school was worthy of the name that did not include a gymnasium big enough for basketball. They had seen such gymnasiums in their neighboring towns. It was not very long before a real gymnasium grew on that plan where only a small room had grown before.

A Junior Councilman suggested that a dam be constructed across a river near the town, and he showed that it would be possible by that dam to generate enough electricity to light the town at half the present cost. The plan sounded reasonable, but not a single senior had thought of it. The project is being investigated.

In one city a senior Mayor of Juniors was appointed to visit the senior Mayor and tell him that because of the condition of a certain sidewalk it was impossible for the boys and girls to keep the sidewalk clean requiring clean shoes upon entering the school-room. The real Mayor was astonished. The sidewalk was repaired.

Nothing undertaken by the Juniors has proved of more real value than the taking of a census of all the young people in the municipality between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. In one city they visited 2,500 homes, and, tabulating the results, they made the startling discovery that, in over 1,600 there were no young people between sixteen and twenty-one! This fact, set over against

YOU'LL like it immensely—"The Greens," a notable story by Henry Kitchell Webster, in our August issue. It is one of Webster's best. It will be more popular, we predict, than "Mary Wollaston," a best seller. Like a breeze—a gale—Joe Greer blows into a sordid group. Then there's his pretty daughter. You pleasantly recall "The Butterfly," "The Real Adventure," "The Thoroughbred," by this author. "The Greens" opens in Pictorial Review next month; complete in four numbers.



There's a rhythm in Victor dance music that brings joy with every step

And no wonder! The best dance orchestras make Victor Records—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra, The Benson Orchestra of Chicago, Club Royal Orchestra, Joseph C. Smith and His Orchestra, The Virginians, All Star Trio and Their Orchestra, Hackel-Bergè Orchestra, International Novelty Orchestra, and other favorite organizations. And such records played as only the Victrola *can* play them make dance music a perpetual delight.

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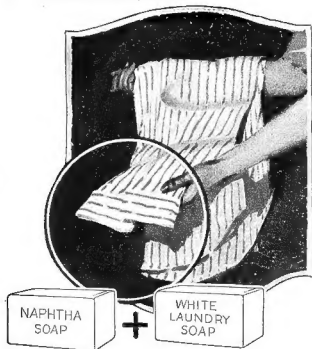
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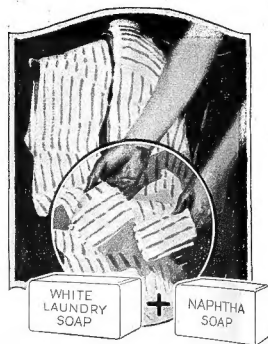


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How soiled the cuff edges become! But a good soaking and a light rubbing with *Naphtha* soap and they're clean!

Color Safety

No danger to colors with fine *White* Soap.



Cuff Preservation

Clean! But only the dirt has come out—the fabric is uninjured by washing abuse.

Color Freshness

And how the colors return to their original freshness—not a bit faded.

How two "old reliables" became one modern "indispensable"

DO YOU REALIZE that every day you use old materials in a hundred new ways?

From generation to generation the world discovers very few new materials; but we do learn to combine the old materials in new ways to save time and labor.

In your pantry, your kitchen-cabinet and closets today you use dozens of labor-savers and time-savers your grandmother never dreamed of. Yet each one of them is made from materials known in her girlhood days.

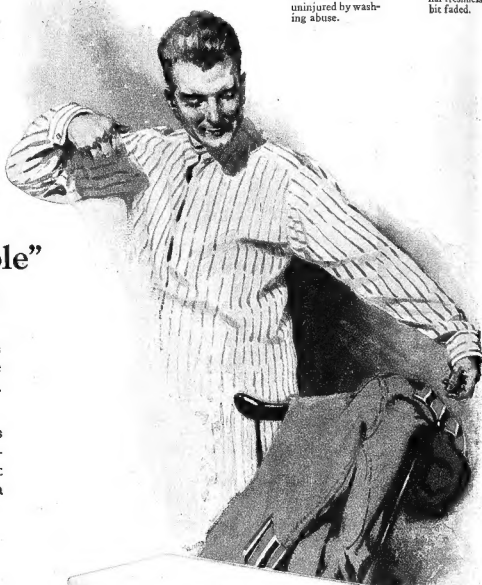
You have always known the virtues of naphtha soap as a quick, thorough cleanser.

You have long known, too, the safety of fine *white* soap for laundry and general household purposes.

In P and G The White Naphtha Soap, we have simply *combined* for you the *speed* of naphtha soap and the *safety* of white soap. The result is a remarkable double-action soap.

The old countries look with amazement at the quickness of American women in adopting improvements. Alert American housekeepers, who consider

P and G The White Naphtha Soap indispensable today, have made it the largest selling laundry soap in the country.



*Not merely a Naphtha Soap.
Not merely a White Laundry Soap.
But the best features of both, combined.*

for Speed and Safety

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HAS THE WORLD CONQUERED THE CHURCH?

BY CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THEY build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? None evil can come upon us. Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps. . . .

—Micah iii, 10-12.
Times have changed. Prices have gone up and virtues have gone down.

The time was when the relations between the world and the church were, to say the least of it, strained. His associations were bad, the "flesh" and the "devil." Her companionship was of another sort. She walked by faith in God. She was guided by the Holy Spirit. In her the family altars of all saints were raised. She not only renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, and especially all the latter's "works," she denounced them.

Those were the days when she took up collections every Sunday from her own saints for her "incidental expenses," to pay the preacher, to feed the poor, and to convert a heathen or two by way of keeping her spiritual wings stretched to the uttermost parts of the earth. That is to say, her income was comparatively small, but legitimate, derived from her own people, who contributed according to their means and their faith in the teachings of this church.

She paid the preacher, not enough to keep his feet warm, maybe, certainly not too much to keep him from looking over to God for his reward. (When you think about it, this is the direction in which a preacher ought to look according to the gospel he used to preach.) And the church fed the poor, by hand, personally, but not enough to endow poverty and reduce it to a state of professional mendicancy. She was simply a Good Samaritan that ministered to some man who had had bad luck with his landford or some other thief, without assuming his debts or his future. She was not sentimental, you understand; she was spiritual in her point of view, and she was poor. Being poor she could not afford to be sentimental, which is a very expensive form of indulgence, practiced chiefly by the rich people of the world in order to conceal even from themselves their lack of spiritual qualities.

As for the heathen in the uttermost parts of the earth, he must take her prayers and her will to save him for the actual deed. In those days you never heard the church planning "All the world for Christ" in a ten weeks' campaign. It was "By my spirit, thus, sayeth the Lord" with

her then, and not very much besides to go on. It was slow work, but sure. When she did rale and scrape enough together to send a missionary, he was one, believe me, my brethren! He did the work, he preached the gospel, healed the sick, and endured all things. He looked to God to preserve his life or not as happened with those heathens. And he depended upon the collections in the church at home to support him. He was sure of the prayers of this church, and if his part of the collections was small he still looked to God.

Far be it from him to take up a long-distance collection in his own behalf by writing "follow-up" letters to celebrities whose names are written in the "Who's Who" book of this present world, setting forth his needs and asking them for a contribution on their respective birthdays. I do not say that this was wrong. I do not even know if the plan worked. That would depend, I imagine, largely upon the mood of the celebrity on his birthday. But I do contend that these earlier missionaries sent out by the church were mentally and morally incapable of turning such a trick. They lacked the worldly acumen. Their vision was holden to a great ideal of self-sacrifice. They were not practical. They belonged to that class of saints who were so sure of immortality that they could always afford to die, being without fear and without reproach.

THIS is the church that was. In those days a great men stood in her pulpits, men of faith and terrific eloquence, who, probably more than any other class of men, helped to lay and fashion the foundations of this civilization. They had power from on high. Such power is different from that of the modern preacher. He keeps his eye more particularly on the congregation, and he frequently gauges his power according to their approval, not their trespasses. He gets results, but not the same results. They were very narrow, these elder preachers. You must be born again, or, at the awful worst, predestined to damnation. You surely were in the calm hands of God no matter who you were nor which way you turned. If you came into the church's fellowship of saints you must take vows that stripped you to your shivering, naked soul.

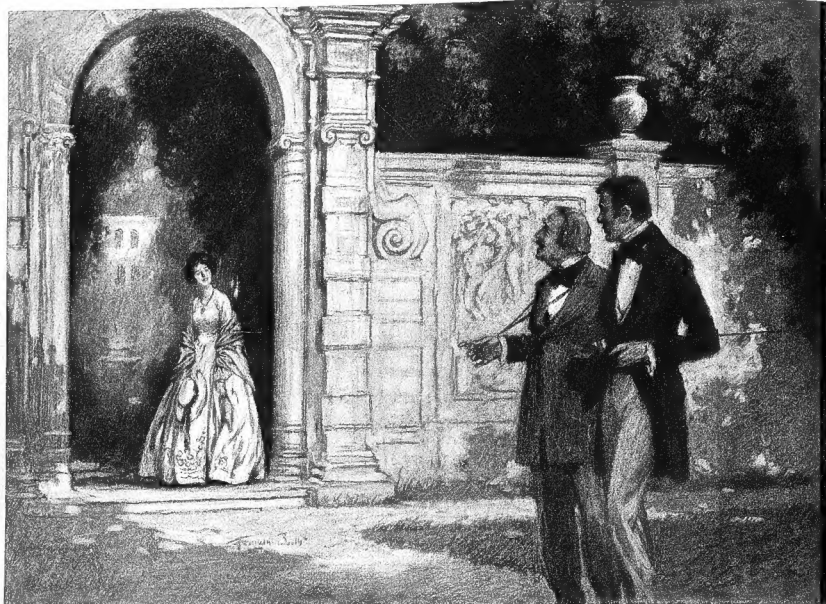
It has occurred to me and no doubt to others that these old preachers might have

risked soothing our fears with a softer gospel, because we did tremble beneath the blows of the Word then. But it can be said of them that they left their mark on their day and generation. It has taken the preachers in the modern church and the modern teachers in our universities more than half a century to wipe out the Ten-Commandment stripes these old preachers left behind them. And judged by the salaries paid now they were all poorly paid.

In those days it was not the mortal sin it is now to fail to pay the preacher, because every one knew that he had laid up considerable wealth where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. Poverty might tear the lining out of his coat here, but presently he would be a rich man in paradise. This was his own view of the situation. He did not expect his salary to be paid in full. And it rarely ever was paid in full. But he made out very well, living by faith already on his immortal income. Besides, there were compensations. He is the only poor man in this world who ever commanded the respect and reverence of mankind. He was a steward of the Almighty. He spoke with authority, because he had no doubts about the fact that he was "called," ordained, and invested with this authority. And the people to whom he ministered had no doubts about this authority. If he told them that they were dead in their trespasses and sins, hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the fiery pits of torment, they might remain in this state of cowardly suspense, they might not have the faith and courage to repent, but they believed in his warning.

And they believed in his message of salvation. They did because he conducted himself like a man of God. He was set apart from the world. He was entirely different in fortunes, in faith, and in his personal character from the men of the world. And his people were different, those men and women who made the body of his church, all churches. They retained their human blemishes to a marked degree. They were bigoted—also to a marked degree. Their virtues were a trifle grimmish. And they frequently administered their charities with a lash. But they made a church against which neither the world nor the powers and principalities of darkness could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



"I WAS IN FLORENCE. A GUEST OF GALLO VISCONTI. WE MET IN THE GARDENS OF HIS VILLA. IT WAS SHE. THE COMPOSITE WOMAN. THE IDEAL!"

THE INTELLECTUAL LOVER

BY DAVID FREEDMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

HOW the world loves Romeo, Leander, Aucassin and Nicolette—every lover! In this story is a great lover who is new in literature, one who will fascinate you. The recital of his experiences may startle you, at first, but wait—and read every last word.

HOW did it happen? Everybody wanted to know, and nobody understood.

"I will tell you," he said quietly. "After I tell you, you will understand. Not before."

I doubted whether I would understand even then.

"You will." A smile passed quickly over his face. "It is strange, but not impossible."

Probably not—since it happened. But to my mind—inexplicable. Handsome men have married ugly women before. That is not so unusual. But Romeos and Don Giovannis did not. They did not even marry beautiful women. They never married. They loved.

"Yes, but I am not Don Juan."

"You were."

"I have not changed."

"In the eyes of your friends you have."

"My consistency to myself has made me seem inconsistent to others. But I am what I was."

I had not seen him for thirty years. We had been cradle-mates. I thought that of all who knew him I knew him best. But would Don Giovanni or Tristan or Abelard or Leander or any of the other great lovers have done what he did? For to me he was one of them, one of the greatest.

But now the illusion was broken. He had settled down to a moral obesity. He had sheared the lion's mane to fit the domestic collar. He was thoroughly tamed, leashed, married to a—to a—

"Say it!—to an old crone!"

No. Not as bad as that—but almost. Had I not known him to be a man of subtle instincts and amazing judgment in other matters, I might have explained his act as that of a fool. Or perhaps, if she had possessed more than average intelligence, I might have concluded that her transcendental charms had subdued the grosser cravings of his nature. But she possessed no charms. Not even hidden ones that I could divine.

Then I thought that the blind laws of love that join dark men with blond women; tall, slim husbands with stubby, had also paired them—an inspired Apollo with a female Caliban—as if to complete an ironical unit out of two opposite halves. For love has a strange sense of balance, a giddy one, that is preserved only by contrasts.

"No. She and I are not opposites," he said. Obviously he saw her with different eyes. If he saw her at all.

"We are alike!" he added.

"Alike!" I must have looked stupidly at him, for he made one of those gestures of impatience that I still remembered from earlier days.

"You will never understand!" he exclaimed.

There was a pause. It seemed as if he had dismissed the whole matter—as if he wanted me to go. I rose.

He sat gazing intently at the little tongues of flame that hissed out of the hearth. Little blue tongues shooting from the red jaws of the fire. His eyelids lowered and his gaze darkened.

He did not look at me. Nor were his words meant for me. But he did not want me to go.

"Love is a tongue of flame," he said.

"At first it blinds and burns; later it warms and soothes; then it cools and dies.

In consuming others it consumes itself."

He turned abruptly.

"What do you know about love? You, who think it is a breathless chase after pretty women! A mad orgy of the senses! An intoxication!" He laughed with an inward sound.

"I know all your current platitudes about it. Your hackneyed formulas and bearded proverbs! But how many have you met who know the real significance of love? Its depths and mysteries? Its growth and changes? It has become almost a sacrilege to mention the word. It has been so abused!

"You call it 'blind'—others call it 'mad'—still others, 'drunk'—others, 'free'—others, 'chaste'—yet it is none of these and all of these and something more."

I SAT down. I knew that he would tell me of "their love." His and hers. The strange, the inexplicable—the "real" love, as he called it. I knew that he was leading up to it. That was his way.

"No! I can not tell you! You will never understand," he said, and began to pace the room. "You will think me insane. Yet it is all so simple and normal if you can grasp the great truth behind it! It is always the truly normal

that is most singular. The normal is often confused with the ideal because it is so hard to attain!"

He stepped in front of the fireplace, his back to me. He seemed to read out of the flames.

"Love is blind, but only at birth. So are all babies. Why have men the foolish notion that love never grows up? At first it is unconscious, uncontrollable, like a child, then as its senses develop, it begins to see and hear and feel and understand, like a man. Yes, love does not remain forever blind unless it is born defective!"

His tone was gruff, I thought, as he came toward me. Strong and conflicting emotions, unwisely even for him, broke out in irregular lines over his face.

"You want to know why I married her."

"I will tell you."

"But it is a long story. A queer one, as stories go. Only at the end does it treat of her. The rest of it is a kind of wardrobe of many different loves. There is, however, a single, overhanging emotion like a rod from which they all suspend."

The fire darted fanciful shapes against the wall. His face, partly tinted in the glare and partly lost in shadow, rose like a carved figure in a sea of space. The prophetic depth of his eyes gave their light a quality of rare delicacy, and the glow of intellect made his brow seem almost transparent.

He possessed the type of manly beauty that men perhaps admire more than women, because it is not too obvious and can not be fully comprehended in the first glance.

Hyperion! I thought.

And more than ever I marvelled that such a man should love, marry, and be bound to a woman apparently so inferior. He might explain it, but he could never convince me.

"As a youth I scoffed at love and at women. We all do. That is the first symptom of love. For it is the irony of fate to make man defy that which is inevitable.

And it came. Inconceivable—like shadows gathering before lightning.

"I was at a ball. I had been to many before.

"LOVE is not a factor of place, but of time. And apparel is only the host had struck.

"I had never seen her before. I did not see her then. To this day I often wonder what she really looked like. I only felt her presence.

"She had not even been introduced to me. We simply met. Out of the crowd she drifted to me and I to her and we danced. We danced because everybody danced and because the music played. Then it stopped and we stopped, and she drifted back into the crowd. For a moment my eyes followed her. Then she was lost in the moving mass.

"I never saw her again.

"I did not think of her any more. I danced with friends. I had many, as you know. Then a number of the boys went to Beaumarchais. As they scattered—those that were able walked; the others were deposited in cabs like parcels.

"The next day I slept until it was time to meet father at dinner. We were having distinguished guests. The colonel—you must remember him—my sister and his daughter.

"My father had always been a liberal man. As a child died when I was but a child, he was father and mother to me. But he never pampered me. When he thought that I was of age he said, 'My boy, it is perfectly natural to love. All I ask is that you be careful. And that you be honest with me.'

"Father," I replied, "only weak men love. Strong men have other things to do." I planned at the time to be a writer.

"My father laughed. 'Love likes strong men,' he said.

"I know," I answered briskly. But I did not know.

"At dinner I met the colonel, his sister, and his daughter. I had never met her before. She was a very beautiful girl. It seemed to me that I had seen her somewhere. I tried to recall. No, I had not seen her anywhere. I had mistaken her for somebody else. For the other girl—the stranger with whom I had danced at the ball. It was a casual, accidental comparison that I made. But I noted that the colonel's daughter was different. Even prettier, I thought.

"Out of sheer curiosity I tried to reconstruct the hazy picture of the other girl. If the colonel's daughter were a little slimmer, I imagined, or taller or sloped her shoulders more gracefully or looked a little darker, she might have been the other's double.

"But I dismissed these speculations promptly when my father's eyes caught mine resting rather strangely on the colonel's daughter.

"Some time later the notion returned. It almost haunted me. I began to notice for the first time, in women whom I had known for years, certain features which I was confident belonged to that other girl. It became a habitual pastime with me to reconstruct her out of this one's waist-line; that one's eyes, the third one's neck, the fourth one's arms, and the fifth one's mouth.

"SHE became a standard by which I analyzed, classified, and measured girls. I looked at women not to see them, but to see how they compared with her, with the standard. And as I observed new and more striking female traits in various women, I added them to this standard until it became an embodiment of all the attractive features and characteristics of all the women I knew.

"It became an ideal. It ceased to be 'her.'"

"I remembered her only in a vague way, because my mind had built this ideal about her. Otherwise I had no interest in her. She was probably as different from this ideal I had created as was the colonel's daughter or any of the other girls I had known.

"She had died as far as I was concerned, and in her place was a new woman. A composite woman—all women in one. And I mistook every woman for that one.

"That is she," I said, and under looking closer I would hesitate. "No. It is not. It is only a striking resemblance."

"For there is a period in youth when all women resemble each other, and each woman seems to be the ideal one."

"Many remain all their lives under this youthful delusion and blame love for its blindness, simply because they thought all women alike and selected the wrong one."

"That stage is the threshold of love. Many stumble upon it and never survive to enter."

He paused only long enough to throw a log on the fire. The flames hissed for a moment and crackled. They spouted high over the grating, then subsided under the timber.

"You must wonder what all this has to do with my marriage. But love, like life, has its evolution. And to understand the end you must know the beginning. I started by scoffing at women and later idealized them, making one woman out of all and thinking all women one."

"When I say 'idealized' I mean it in the purely intellectual sense. I do not mean that I worshiped or deified them.

Far from it. I still looked skeptically upon them. But with a degree of scientific curiosity, I had, so to speak, deified a law about them—a generalization like the laws we learned in logic at college.

"But even scientists have been known to fall in love with their subjects."

"Understanding a feeling only intensifies it. And one day I knew that I understood love too intensely to escape it. It was in Florence. A guest of Gallo Visconti."

"We met in the garden of his villa."

"It was she. Not the girl I had met at the ball. The other one—the one I had created in my fancy. The composite woman. The ideal!"

"It was she that I met. And she was all that I imagined a woman could be."

"It had once been my hope, my ideal, to see such a woman. I deemed that impossible. But it had happened. And immediately my new ideal, built upon the realization of the old, was to touch the vision that I beheld. To touch, to clasp, enfold, and crush that which I had formerly thought was intangible, imaginary, and unattainable."

"If but for a moment I could hold her in my arms! Then I would let her dissolve again in air and become once more a dream."

"I felt what a sculptor might feel whose dead stone would come to life. And I also felt the frenzy that his living creation might arouse in him."

"She was my creation. The child of my brain. She belonged to me. Had I not created her out of the fitting shadow of a girl that passed by, she would have been a perfect woman tingling with life, possessing the charms and virtues of all the women I had ever known?"

"She was mine. And I longed to possess her. My creation, the child of my fancy, to do as I pleased."

"Ideals are shattered by realization."

"I left the next day. I never returned."

"As he spoke I saw him once again a youth of twenty—the fire in his eyes that had made women tremble and men grieve. I saw once more what I had always recognized as his true self—the passionate, inconstant lover for whom women were ideals—only to be shattered."

Don Giovanni, the eternal youth! Who made of love an ecstatic moment and made of life a succession of such moments.

"No. That is but the primitive stage of love," he said. "The vulgar conception of a great love. Constant change is monotonous. It makes of love an endless repetition, like an endless melody."

"I left her, not to seek another but to seek myself. For in finding love I had lost myself. My accumulated longings had been consumed in the realization of my ideal, and I felt that I would never long for love again. I was young, and I thought that one flare of love had purged me of all desire."

"For my ideal had been shattered with realization."

"But new and greater ideals rise on the remnants of the old. And no sooner had I realized the summit of the last ideal than I perceived a new and higher one which I longed to attain."

"I do not remember where we met. It is hard for love to remember places. Does a queen remember her place when she years for a page, or do lovers think of the place when they live in a hotel? Can the most beautiful place make a woman love whom she hates? Then why think of places? Love can meet in the dark, no matter where."

"And I met her. Not the girl I had met at the ball. Nor the one in the garden. No. A different woman. She resembled nobody I had known before."

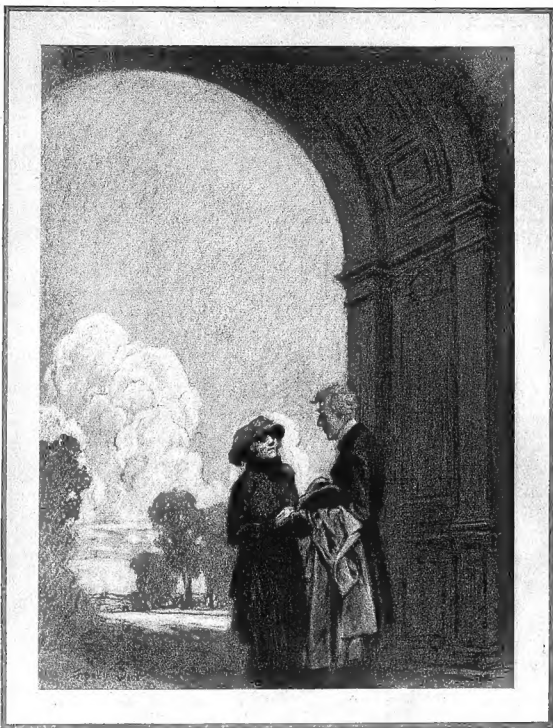
"A woman of a sensitive and volatile disposition. A flame that could burn in water."

"WE HAD no sooner been introduced than something I unwittingly said caused a quarrel, and she expressed a wish never to meet me again. And that ended our evening together."

"But we met again. Many times, and always by accident. We moved in different circles. She was a distinguished artist—a dancer—much sought after at parties. I was completing my studies and much looked after at home. Yet we managed to meet quite often—and always by accident. She must have been shrewd. Love always makes women shrewder than men."

"And each meeting was a kind of punishment for me. She had a smile for all but me. She danced exquisitely and

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"WE WERE STANDING ON THE SPOT WHERE MANY YOUTHFUL LOVERS OFTEN MET, WHERE LOVE WAS YOUNG AND LIFE WAS BUBBLING OVER."

Figs

BY
DONALD CORLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN



HE stone leaves of the Gateway of Azure screamed upon their iron hinges, and the first pale javelin of the wolf-dawn entered Baladan, the forty-towered, the city of the seventy-eight diversions. And after the light came an old gray camel as the gate swung wide enough, but no wider—lest the jinn of the desert of Dugrane creep in to confound the sleeping city.

"And what bring you to-day to Baladan, O illustrious ravisher of young fig-trees?" asked the sleepy gatekeeper of the rider.

And to the gatekeeper, as was his custom each morning, did old Dobryas the Bringer of Figs answer, from between the two high hills of his camel's back, "Figs, thou rusty hump of the gate; purple figs for Farallin, the City-king; velvet figs for Lullime the Extravagant, his daughter; figs of an ebony hue."

For so exalted was the City-king of Baladan that not even his morning figs could enter the city without proper salutation and rejoinder. The stone gates were closed, and the keeper of them returned to his sleeping.

In the wall of the gate was a pierced window of stone, lighted in the shapes of crescents and squares.

Rising in his stirrups, Dobryas the Bringer of Figs rasped upon the window with his camel-goad. A shuffling answered him, and a cedar door in the wall opened. A young man stood there, rubbing his eyes; a young man, tall and comely, and with deep fatessees in his eyes.

And this was Parazoor the Camel-shoemaker of the Gateway of Azure, which opened to the desert of Dugrane, and through this gate passed all the caravans from Bashlime, the river-city, and the desert of Akkide, pausing to have new shoes of parchment fitted to the wide feet of the ships of the desert. For in the sands of the desert of Dugrane was iron that unremembered rains had rusted, and sands that cracked the camels' hoofs.

Now, to shoe a camel requires patience and dexterity and a deep understanding of many things, and these qualities were rare in Baladan, the city of the seventy-eight diversions, as, indeed, everywhere.

Hence was Parazoor the Camel-shoemaker, as his father had been before him, justly respected of all caravaners. To him did Dobryas, drawing forth out of one of his two panniers a fig-leaf fastened with a thorn, say, "And have you, O gilded shoemaker to camels, been tasting of the city three days that you are not yet awake? Your door-step is yet unwashed, and the flowers carved upon it unwetted; your eyelids are drunken—your light is like a peevish child to the sun, and—"

"Most excellent stealer of figs," retorted Parazoor,

"you are preceder to the dawn to-day; you are earlier than the dew-coming. Do you wish to rob the cock of his privilege and the street of its morning silence?"

Thus having begun the day with friendly malice, Parazoor brought from inside his shop a bowl of sour wine, and while Dobryas drank it, poured a jar of water upon his door-step and stood upon it, for the mingled coolness of the stone and the water, and began to peel and to eat the three ripe figs that were in the leaf.

Dobryas having finished his wine, balanced the bowl upon the hump of his camel, and returned to the attack. "There are new characters written under your eyes that were not there yesterday," said he; "have you been drunken with wine, or with womencraft, that your fingers are listless to-day?"

PARAZOOR lifted his head. "Have you, O maker of many speeches, ever seen the extravagant Lullime, daughter to the City-king?"

The old man rocked upon his camel. "Hé! Hé!" said he, "so we are to have the sand-storm in that corner of the desert. Have I seen her! O temple of innocence, no man has ever seen her; she is as beautiful as the sun in a whirlwind, as inaccessible as the star that you see there upon the forehead of the palace. Have I seen her! Have you, O exalted purveyor of desert shoes, have you seen her?"

But Parazoor would not answer him.

And Dobryas, having sharp eyes, saw many things in the open courtyard of the youth's demanor, saw that his face was extenuated by ardor and lamentation, and estrangement from the object of his thoughts; and the old man rubbed his long nose with the end of his camel-goad, and hitched himself forward, and spoke.

"Know you not that thirty-eight days following the feast of Heaven the Proconsul Shuqarkib comes in a ship to make marriage with Lullime, daughter to the City-king? Know you not that on that day the Princess shall ride for a sun-

hour through the streets of Baladan with Farallin, her father, the most high City-king, in a litter open to the sun, and she without veils that the populace may see her whom they shall relinquish and know the truth concerning her extravagant beauty? Listen you not to the daily cries?"

The old man shook his head, and his long beard swayed with it.

Now, many days before, certain things had happened to Parazoor, the one following upon the heels of the other, even as camels passing in the narrow street before his

shop. And the first had been a gift from a wandering spell-weaver, who paid for the eight shoes of his two beasts with an acca of gold and a book, tied with a black hair from an Arab horse's mane. Parazoor had never had a book. He had opened it timidly. Its leaves were of parchment, cut in the shape of the city, which was square without corners. And in the book were pictures, done in blue and in purple and in scarlet and in gold. Pictures of temples in skies, and ships, and young women and gardens and plane-trees, of daisies and marriages and funerals, purple horses with golden tails, giraffes, and divers things.

And as Parazoor had devoured with his eyes the yellow leaves, the night had vanished, and the wraith-dawn valled the sky. He sat upon the floor of his shop, the book upon his knees. And as each day grew, and the stone gates of the portal of Azure opened to the morning, to admit the bringer of figs, Parazoor's door had remained shut and his door-step unwashed.

And to him had come the memory of the words that had been dropped by passers-by concerning the beauty of Lullime, the daughter of the City-king of Baladan, she that was called Lullime the Extravagant by reason of her great beauty—"like the sun in a whirlwind," some had said, indeed; "like the early flower of the legistina-tree," "as blue as a young vine." And these praises were traditional in Baladan, and in every mouth, since no man had ever seen Lullime the Exalted and the Extravagant. But such beauty as was hers always becomes known, as a perfume shut in a bottle is a little to be realized, as an apple shut in an ivory box betrays its fragrance to the unexpecting.

Now, the second thing that had happened to Parazoor had been on an evening when he had stolen out of his shop to buy date-meal and lentils, and had for the first time mounted the staircase stairs to the higher town, where the City-king's palace stood. And wandering in the street beneath the high-walled garden, whose cypress-trees were filled with linnets coaling the velvet night, he had come upon a little door of hammered ebony with clasps of green copper and flowered with pewter hinges, and having kissed the gate-step, which bore the legend of Lullime inlaid in silver arabesques, was returning, when the sound of a litter came down the street, its trappings making the sound of a litter came—lak-ka-kat-tik-ka—ink-sha-lak-lak-lak-tik-ka. And the preceder of it rode upon a white horse, beating upon a wooden drum, with the sound of pom! pom! pom! It was a litter of legistina-wood and silver, with yellow curtains and lattices of gilded reeds, and four peacocks, most comely wrought, upon the corners of its roof.

THE litter paused at the ebony door, very close to the wall, and by Parazoor, crouched in the shadow, was perceived, in the light of the litter-lanterns, a little foot that sought the step, through the parted curtains.

The open door let light into the street, and the litter went on its way, with the preceder's drum silent. But there was a small of homesickness in the street and a faint sound of ink-sha-lak-lak-ka-kat-tik-ka—

And he had returned through the street of the ill-weavers, whose dyed threads hung drying from the house-tops like loosened cobwebs colored by the dew, and a purple top had caught the crescent in his turban, and he had drawn it to him, all by oil, and had gone back to the gate of hammered ebony whose step had borne the legend of Lullime, and fastened one end of it to the hinge of the door, and then had laid the thread behind him as he went, street by street, until he came to his shop in the town of Azure again, in order to remember all the turnings.

Now, the third thing that had been the stirring of the air of Baladan by all the bells of the forty towers, forwarding the celebration of the feast of Heaven—when all the populace, through the streets with lanterns of parchment and



"FOR THE LIPS OF LULLIME HE USED THE FEW DROPS OF THE BLOOD OF A JEALOUS WOMAN"

masks of painted silk, to make merry in the seventy-eight ways of the city. And the bells had stirred Parazoor. But since those traditional diversions are ever for the full purse and the empty heart—and Parazoor had neither—he wandered pensive in the streets.

And the fourth thing had been that, still drunken with the savor of honeysuckle, and under the spell of the book, the ceaseless bells, and the sight of the Princess's foot and ankle, he lost his way, and strayed into a fountained courtyard where women danced upon a purple carpet, lighted by bowls of burning cinnamon-oil at its four corners. And leaning against a column in a spell, Parazoor was entranced by one of the women who had not yet danced her song. She was heavily veiled, and a Circassian in appearance, and she led him by the sleeve along a passage and into a tiny room, where she bared her arm to the shoulder for him to see, and poured sweet wine into an ivory cup for him to drink, and sang to him a little song of enamourment, and drew away from him in expectation.

But Parazoor remained listless, staring at the wall.

"And where," asked she, softly, "is my lord's sight wandering that he will not look upon the forearm of his slave, nor quicken to her song of love, nor drink his wine to The First Quickening?"

And she entreated him further.

BUT of the ways of women Parazoor knew nothing, and he was perfect silent and abashed. Now, this was not one of those who sang for guile, nor danced for money, nor made of love a calling, but one who had stolen out into the town to play a part for mischief, and had seen that Parazoor was a comely lad, and so had inveigled him. And being herself little versed in the ways of men, but deeply versed in guile, their commerce was as the imagery of song-makers, and her entreating was as the wind to an almond-tree.

"Have you, O risen moon upon still water, ever seen the person of Lullime the Extravagant and the All-beautiful?" he asked.

The woman laughed.

"And is that the oasis of your wandering," said she, "is that the star that guides your caravan, and the meaning of your ways?" But being a crafty woman, she questioned him.

"I saw her foot alight upon the gate-step," he reluctantly acknowledged. "Her ankle was curved like the neck of the swan."

"Was it more curved than mine?" asked she, and thrust out her foot, and dropped her sandal, that he might see her henna-painted nails, and the figure of a dancing girl drawn upon the sole of it.

And wine having somewhat instructed him, Parazoor the Maker of Camel-shoes first kissed the hollow of her forearm, and then her lips, through her veils, and besought her for two single lashes from her eyes.

And she, well pleased, gave him a hair from her head too, and one of the velvet fillets around her ankle, and told him of the Princess Lullime (describing herself), and having promised much and given little—left him as the first light stole in at the door-canny, and came to him no more.

And so Parazoor, after awaiting, went home to the Gateway of Azure, past the drunken lying in the streets, and the wakeful swinging their lanterns, and the sleeping flies upon the walls.



'LIKE THE EARLY FLOWER OF THE LEOSTRINA-TREE,'
'AS SLIM AS A YOUNG VINE'"

best, cut them into shape and began to draw upon them, after cleansing them with the milk of green figs and pumice-stone.

"Her head" (so the dancer had said of the Princess Lullime) "is a little tower with a two-arched window in it."

"Her lashes are the fringed jalouses of a seraglio in the two window-arches of the tower."

"Her nose is a thin column between the arches."

"Her mouth is the bow of a Scythian archer, made of mountain cherry-wood, carved with steel.

"Her hair is a blue forest of dusk, that knows the shape of her knees."

"Her neck is a white pharos upon the island of her shoulders—and her shoulders are two domes molded by the sea and polished by the wind."

"Her arms are the stringedoms of lutes, and the veins of her forearms are like the fine green lines in rare Greek marble."

"Her fingers are so long that five rings may fit upon one of them, and her hands are like birds that have no bones."

"HER feet are two delicate bridges, and her sandals are two galleys dancing beneath them."

"Her ankles are as the delicate stems of flowers, and her legs are curved as slim Greek balustrades of ivory for a litter."

"Her instep is like a suave word in a silence, and her two knees are pointed as the ivory prow of a trireme."

And the dancer had paused—but being urged:

"Her ears are as half-opened lilacs, and her two breasts are as two domes beyond a horizon."

"And her thighs are as the columns of a temple" (but this she whispered so low that he could not hear).

But she told him other things; that the sound of the laughter of Lullime was like wine poured from a yellow gourd; that she moved in her gardens as a loosened water-lily floating in a pool; that the fragrance of her body was such that often the bees came to find her in perplexity; that her chin was a cup of pale ivory, and her eyes two blue opals inset with ebony—and her love of figs was as the love of the sea for ships, to devour them.

These things had his cup-companion told him in the span of the night, and Parazoor remembered them one by one, as the hummer of butterflies cherishes his treasure of golden and purple wings.

And having set the two eyelashes into purple pigeon-feathers for brushes, and having set his jar of henna, and his jar of lampblack and honey before him (these that he used for marking the inside of camel-shoes) he began to draw the Princess Lullime the Arch-extravagant and to compose verses to her.

And at this oblivious pursuit he had remained for three days and three nights, heedless of the cameliers who clamored at his door for his offices, heedless of the passing of Dobrysh the Bringer of Figs, heedless of food and of wine; drunken with the savor of honeysuckle and with the sound of the dancer's voice in that little room.

And love lent to him skill, and the freshness of his mind gave him perseverance, and the haunting perfume of honeysuckle in his nostrils gave him insight, and the parchment pictures of the Princess Lullime grew many upon the wall, and the heap of camel-shoes in the corner grew less, and the eyes of Parazoor grew weary and his body thin.

And in each picture was Lullime herself, now dancing, now bathing in a circular pool whose water flowed from pelicans' mouths; and now enthroned upon an elephant's head, with a jeweled minaret canopy over her; now riding upon a black Arab across a bridge of gold; now enthroned upon the deck of a royal galley. And once he drew the door of his own house, with Lullime standing in it.

And the more that he depicted the unseen Princess, the more enamored he became of her, and saw her in the niches of his fancy as a woman beyond delineation—and so strove the harder. And in the silent stretches of the nights the voice of the dancing woman lingered in his ears, and since he had never heard another woman's voice in intimacy, it became the voice of Lullime that he heard.

And for purple he killed a pigeon in his small courtyard, and mixed her blood with plum-down and sweet vinegar, and dyed sand from Egypt; and for blue he broke a lapis scarab and powdered it with pigeon's egg and honey; and for green he climbed to the roof of the Gateway of Azure, and

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"FROM BEHIND HER CURTAINS, SHE MURMURED THE WORD OF DISMISSAL, PEERING THROUGH A SLIT IN THE SILK THAT SHE HAD MADE WITH THE DAGGER OUT OF HER HAIR."



"A DRYAD DRAPED IN LEAF-GREEN CHIFFON WHICH FLOATED AWAY FROM HER AT UNEXPECTED AND DELIGHTFUL INTERVALS; A DYRAD WHO DANCED LIKE A CANDLE-FLAME"

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS!

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NANCY FAY

MR. AND MRS. GILMORE had gone out to dinner, and the Gilmore children were enjoying what they considered a much-needed relaxation. Betty, a woman of the world of nineteen, had brought the telephone in to the table and held protracted conversations with various friends between efforts at eating beans (it was Saturday night). Florence, accurately dubbed "Flip," younger than Betty by a scant year, which she bridged with earrings and lip-stick, had come down arrayed in a vague kimono, with her hair done up in wavers. Dinner certainly did interfere with getting ready for a dance. But she had thoughtfully seated herself opposite the wall-mirror, and utilized spare moments in taking out the wavers one by one and trying her hair in different formations. Tom, the oldest in the family by several years, sat at the head of the table, surrounded by the Boston Transcript and an atmosphere of disdain toward femininity in general and his sisters in particular. Between beans and wavers Flip devoted herself to Tom.

"Tom Gilmore, if I married a man who read the paper at meals, do you know what I'd do?"

"Oh, shut up!" Tom replied, and turned a sheet. Flip persisted. "If you'd read something besides the Transcript, I wouldn't mind your reading at the table!"

"What would you have me read?" Tom inquired. "'What the Couch-cotille Will Wear,' I suppose!"

He put down the Transcript and looked at his sisters with familiar irritation. Flip was grimacing at the mirror again. Betty had discontinued her telephone conversation for the moment and was regarding Flip with a critical eye.

"Flip, you've got too much rouge on. Just because mother's out you get high, wide, and careless—"

"You're a nice one to talk! I guess I don't put on that eyelash-black and then forget and rub my eyes! If you could have seen yourself last night!"

"There are some details in putting oneself together that you have not as yet mastered," said Betty, with sister-sister superiority. "It was last night that Bob said to me, 'The tinder you get the prettier your eyes look!' Can you trump that?"

"Men are such fools!" Flip observed to the mirror.

"And yet you two wonder why I get cynical!" Tom said in a world-weary tone, and tipped his chair back as far as

it could be managed without catastrophe. "I wish you two'd have the decency to keep your—er—boudoir conversation to yourselves."

"We've educated you, that's all," Betty regarded him with impersonal friendliness. "With what you've learned from us about girls and what girls like men to do and how men pull bones, you could be a world-beater if you'd only try. But will you try? No. Do you stay at home and read the Transcript or go and play squash with other men? Yes. We've cast a pearl, and what is the result?"

"A fossil," Flip filled in with as Betty came to a rhetorical pause. "You never go anywhere or do anything, unless once a year to a dance in town, where you hang around and talk to the other stage. Do you ever look at a girl in Orton?" No!

The ground had been trodden out and paced down before. Tom reached for the Transcript again, but Flip had thoughtfully placed it just out of his grasp, so that to secure it he would have to come down from his tilt.

"There isn't a girl in Orton that I'd give any time to," he pronounced, tilting back again obstinately after an instinctive waver toward the Transcript. "You two goops know it. Wait till you get to be twenty-one."

"Good Lord, what a thing to wait for!" Flip prayed, and resumed the aggressive. "You make me tired, Tom Gilmore, acting so bla. There are fifteen girls in town as well gotten up and with as good lines as you'll find anywhere. I just guess Lazy Lucy Carr goes down to Yale every other week and fills in the time between with Williams and Princeton, and if that doesn't leave you a clean-cut girl, what does?"

"LAZY Lucy!" Tom's college days having been in the nature of a brief, pleasant sojourn at Harvard, this recommendation missed fire. "The girl makes me think even you two have got good sense. Every time I see her hair's matted out farther. She never moves a step she doesn't have to. And she never does a darn thing but giggle. I never heard such a darn giggle. A giggle's nothing but evidence of lack of brains, anyhow, to fill in the gaps you can't fill in with comebacks."

"You've lived on the same street with her all your life—Betty added her bit—"and you've never talked with her half an hour—never had a date with her. It's the same way with every girl in town. You're just like that whole darn squash-playing bunch—think the girls here are dead, and the whole trouble is—"

"That you're dead yourselves and don't know it," Flip finished, and took the platter with the remaining beans from the table to put it on the floor. "Here, Woppie! Here, Woppie! Here, Woppie!"

"Now, Flip, you know it isn't right for you to feed that dog in the dining-room—and beans, too—" Betty began.

WOPPIE, a Boston terrier, picked out with touches of bull, had flown in and was downing the beans without ceremony. Betty swooped toward him, Flip stopping her with—

"Now, you let him alone. Do you want to get beans again? Look at all there was left. There was nowhere else in the world I could throw 'em away without the maid's covering 'em and setting 'em out for lunch all next week. You know as well as I do—but you've got poor taste."

The tinkle of the telephone-bell intervened, and Betty's side she snatched for the instrument. It being at Betty's side, she spoke first into the transmitter. "Hello! Yes, this is Betty. How do you know? No, I never can tell voices over the phone. No, cert'n'ly I won't guess who it is. I always think a man who says guess who it is is trying to find out something—"

"Stalling again," Flip murmured, restoring the deserted platter to the table as the maid came in. "You know perfectly well it's Bob—no one else calls you up—but this way he thinks he's one of many—men are such fools!"

Annoyed to the innermost vibrations of his being, Tom gave a final tip to his chair. There was something too final about it, and over he went, to the accompaniment of shrieks from the maid, giggles from Betty into the transmitter, and a calm "Hold everything, old dear!" as Flip's contribution. He picked himself up, jarred in more ways than one, and tried to fit a dislodged arm of the chair back into place.

"I wish we could get through a meal alone without your doing that," Flip said restfully. "Men make me laugh—they never grow up."

Words were inexpressive at the moment. Besides which, no effective ones came to his tongue. Nevertheless

he essayed them. "You know an awful lot about men, don't you?"

"Well, I should hope so. A girl of my age and looks has necessarily been through a good deal," Flip said serenely, and transferred her attention to Betty, who was becoming more and more animated. "Well, why didn't you tell me it was you? Yes, I suppose we might as well start early to-night—these Saturday night dances are always being stepped on by somebody when it gets to be Sunday morning. No, I can't be ready before nine-thirty. I haven't started on my hair yet—well, why don't you get me a wig? I could just put that on—what could be simpler?"

"Simple is right," said Tom. "How any fellow in his right mind can swallow that line of chatter and come back for more—"

"Oh, love it is a funny thing
As I've found out once or twice"

Flip waved her dessert-spoon in the air.
"But all you get from the ice-man
Is ice—ice—ice!"

If Tom had not been merely half-way through his pudding and already concentrating for more, he would have made an effective exit on this, grunting "The devil!" disgustedly. It had been done before, but never to interfere with his food. He pulled the *Transcript* around his place in extensive ramifications and sank behind it. Betty had rung off and was regarding him with patient exasperation.

"And here you are, not even going to the dance to-night—when the going to be two orchestras in a continuous battle of music!"

"What's the use?" he grunted. "Same darn girls. Same darn line. I'm going to play squash."

Flip rose, one hand still patting her hair out of place. "Honestly, Tom Gilmore—if you ever marry—your wife'll be a squash widow."

She made her exit, and Betty followed with an appreciative giggle. He noted the giggle and Betty had contracted the giggling habit as a filler-in, and worked it down to the dregs. Flip was different from Betty. She had wit—of a primitive sort. Primitive wit and giggles seemed to be equally fool-catching. He finished his second dish of pudding wrapped in somber meditation, stalked to the library. An hour before his squash date, an hour in which to sit and read. The jar of the telephone-bell cut in on peaceful contemplation of his evening. He settled himself more firmly in his father's Morris chair. It was for one of those darn girls, anyway—a shriek from above accosted him.

"Tom Gilmore, you've got to go to the phone—Flip's in the tub and I'm curing my hair!"

With a sense of outrage, he unwound himself and went to the dining-room, where the phone had been left. Betty certainly was the most careless girl. If she'd only had the sense to take the phone back into the library, where it belonged, he wouldn't have had to stir. Darn women and telephone-extension cords, walk away—"Hello!" he snapped indignantly and began to walk back into the library, dragging the cord.

"What in blazes 's eatin' you, Tom?" the telephone gave back at him. "This is Dave. I called up about our squash date, old thing."

"Spill the dirt." He sank back into the Morris chair, clapping the phone.

"Well—we aren't going to play squash to-night. I've had two tickets slipped me for a dance in town at the Chateau. Ars Club ball, boy! And a masquerade at that!"

"Got a ticket to waste?"

"Sure you have. How about your marie whites? You said the other day they were all cleaned up and nowhere to go."

"I feel like two cents in that uniform again."

"Well, do what I'm doin'. Clap on a domino and a mask—over your tuck." This coaxingly.

"I suppose you think this house grows dominoes. We've only got the kind that lose money."

"Oh, come on! Don't be funny. What's the use o' foolin' around with squash Saturday night? This listens like a dirty party. In town, you know. 'Tain't as if it was anything out here."

Thus the suburban. Tom put down the receiver with a man-about-town feeling, and went to look up his uniform. Where in blue blazes was it, anyhow? Why wasn't mother home? Those girls were worse than helpless. After repeated oburgations and rummaging, the uniform was salvaged and donned. It took him some little time to get back all the gold-button glory of a marine lieutenant in "whites." He was still fussing and fiddling around when the front door banged behind Betty, Flip, and company. He was glad to hear them go. Not that he was concealing his change of plans, but they always got so darn smorty when he went anywhere in town.

It also took some time to crank his car,

which was of the frick variety—reshaped into racing lines, and polished battleship-gray with solid wheels. At times its giddy restlessness seemed to irritate it, and it coughed and sputtered and procrastinated, while Tom swore. This was one of those times, of course. It was well along in



"FLIP, OPPOSITE THE WALL-MIRROR, TRYING HER HAIR IN DIFFERENT FORMATIONS"

the evening when he clattered down Ivy Street. Lazy Lucy was going to attend the battle of music. Another reason for his not going. Somehow girls in the suburbs were so darn flat—

Dave Allen was waiting for him on the corner of the Boulevard, wrapped in a maze of inventive over Tom's lateness. Comfortably cursing each other, they rattled into town, a journey of some twenty minutes that sorely tried the patience of the car. There was a long line of cars in front of the Chateau, but the unusual shape of their machine allowed of swift cuts-between and dips-around and final parking in a space that had been overlooked by cars of less exclusive design.

They sauntered inside, clapping on their masks before they reached the ballroom. "The two there's a one here we'll be like," to know," said Dave. "A wild bunch—this artist crowd. Likely to see most anything."

THEY were and did. The first planet that swam into their ken as they joined the stag-line was a girl as Cupid, drifting past in the arms of a toreador. Her costume was effectively intangible. Dave gave a gasp, then tried to take it back.

"I guess that's not very doggy," he said carelessly, and Tom, looking at him to reply, found that he had gone. At masquerades one evidently cut in without introducing, since with masks one never could tell who knew who anyhow. Jolly parties, masquerades. He let his eye range over the floor in appraisal. Thunder, there were about fifty fellows in dominoes just like Dave's. How was he ever going to get him again? Of course, just now he was dancing with the Cupid girl, but any minute he might be cut in on—

He dashed across the floor to where Dave had postponed his new tiddie aid for a gradual-rocking step that Tom had never seen him try in Orion. In the suburbs one simply can't do those things. All the matrons that have

known you since you were making mud pies with their kids and glared, and the girls with whom you made said mud pies giggled and said, "What does he think he's getting away with?" and the girl you were doing it with said, "Stop, Willie! Mother's looking!" But here in town—here in town anything went. People were different, broader. Naturally things were freer, more interesting. Like this Cupid costume—

"I'm not cutting in on you," Tom explained to the Cupid girl, who had flashed away expectantly from Dave's arm. "I—"

"How cute of you!" said the saucy red triangle beneath the black satin concealing what might or might not be looks. "Got any more good jokes?"

The voice was one such as you might hear shrieking "Ca—ash!" from any counter in any store. Tom fell back without able response, and turned to Dave. "Listen, old man—there's a million like you here. We've got to work out some system by which I can recognize you!"

"I don't see the necessity of recognizing each other till we unmask at twelve. Good-by," Dave hinted, and seized the Cupid girl again. Tom walked away. A pierrette bobbed past him, quaking in the arms of a rummy-looking caveman. How could men with Adam's apples and concave chests let the work in on it? The two came to a pause by him in the press of the dance, shimmering, as it was too crowded to do anything else. Daring eyes from the pierrette mask held and transfixed him; lips rolled into a Cupid's bow parted in a luring smile, a gaping trap. He tapped the caveman on one nude shoulder, and the cavewoman quickly withdrew. Pierrette came into his arms, not without welcoming coyness, and to Tom's grievous surprise, wavered there in reminiscence of the dance with the girl he had just seen.

"I know you, Blue-Eyes," she confided as Tom tried to moderate her trembling, "so don't try and

have over any new stuff."

"Some people like to fool themselves," Tom drew forth from his collection of comebacks, attempting to persuade himself that he was enchanted with the lowbrow situation. A tiny giggle came from the open lips.

"Maybe that's better than letting others fool you!"

ALBILTHE retort, and leader for one still more blithe. But Tom was powerless to come through. Her mouth was too darn red. It made him think of Flip's experiments which had ended in disaster as she forgot to introduce her mother good night once. And this pierrette was obviously a twenty-minuter. Thoroughly boiled, to say the least. Terror that he might be stuck with her came simultaneously with a Sultan who bore them down. He gave her up with a "Thank you!" which she seemed to accept. Rather than pierrette, and joined the stag-line once more. So far romance and mystery had not assailed him—and what was a masquerade without romance and mystery?

His thoughts were not clarified to the extent of specification. All he knew was that he wanted a thrill—and he hadn't gotten it yet.

And then the Thrill floated by. He gasped as if struck, and came farther out in the stag-line to watch it revolve. A dryad, with a dryad's form, draped in leaf-green chiffon which floated away from her at unexpected and delightful intervals; masses and masses of brown hair, with leaves thrust in at exactly the right places; a dryad who danced like a candle-flame.

He did not stop even to notice whom or what the Thrill was dancing with; he leaped from the stag-line and took the Thrill into himself—with time/or only a faint fear that the dryad-lips would part and give forth show-girl repartee.

Her lips did not part, even in a smile. In his arms she was insubstantial; a spirit that seemed to float in a way that filled him with solemn exultation. It was mystic; it was divine. The music was celestial—if one could speak of excellent jazz in such terms. Other people—well, other people were simply not there.

He had prayed for her not to speak; but half-way around the room in silence found him restless. She was the Thrill, right. But now he wanted another one.

"Come in here often?" he inquired, deciding that that was a good information-getter with which to open fire.

"Probably as often as you do," she responded in tones which—oh, more than hoped for!—were as soft and cool as the green chiffon that embraced her.

You could take that answer any way you wished. He told her so, and a gentle ripple of laughter disturbed her fascinatingly carmine lips.

"You don't seem to fit here, somehow," he said.

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"HOW CUTE OF YOU!" SAID THE SAUCY RED TRIANGLE BENEATH THE BLACK SATIN. "GOT ANY MORE GOOD JOSES?"



"HE ACCUSED MIORA OF KNOWING AS LITTLE OF INCANTATIONS AND WITCHERY AS THE CAT IN THE TREE"

THE DEATH OF MURDO

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS



H, MURDO, grandson of the mighty chief Lupu, but father of none worthy of thy blood. I shall tell of thy death to the 'other ones' so that they might know how to die themselves. I have already told them of thy great wisdom; that wisdom which was far greater than that of the snake, yet had none of its poison; and thy great wing-strength, more powerful than that of the eagle, on which thou hast lifted thine own soul above the dirt and the dust of the valley, but never soiled with the blood of prey.

"Murdo, grandson of Lupu, the Wolf. Eagle and Snake. Man. Of all who have seen thee die I am the only one to know the truth. The tribe is scattered to the four winds. 'Liith' has done her dreadful work. Murdo, my teacher, my chief, thou who hast been more than father or brother to me, forgive me if I do not tell the story as thou, incomparable one, wouldst have had me tell it."

I HAD been away from the camp for over a year. Civilization and father and mother had claimed me; but hardly had the green shown itself from underneath the snow and I rejoined Murdo's tribe again. An old Taigany had told me that Murdo was mortally ill and that the whole tribe was stranded near the Black Sea. The morning after I reached Konstanz, through marshes and mire, found me by Murdo's cot. The great chief had grown considerably older. The knife-wound he had received from Yorga, the fiddler, the previous fall, had not healed, and the concoctions and incantations of Miora had not successfully replaced a needed physician.

"It is well thou art here," Murdo greeted me. "I have called thee with my soul. It is too soon for me to die. The I am advanced in years, my tribe still needs me. Nicolai, son of my own blood, is no man to be chief of a tribe. He dreams away on his violin. Oh! that a pigeon should be born in an eagle's nest! The starost of the village has told me many a time to go to one of your doctors. But I have believed and still do believe that illness and recovery from it is Fate; with which neither doctor nor witch can interfere. Yet your people, who have made wagons go without horses, a bridge span the Danube, who can talk with one another across distances without the aid of witches—by stretching wires that the sparrows stand upon—perhaps you do know something about diseases which we neither believe nor understand. So do take me to one of your doctors and talk to him

and tell him I must yet live a short while. It is not health I want, but life. Life until I choose a chief in whom my people shall believe. Their trust in me is so great—too great—they will never be satisfied with another man unless it be proved he is as good or better than I."

I looked at Murdo's wound and marveled that he was still alive. Only his great powers of resistance had enabled him to live that long. I wondered that he had not died long before of blood-poisoning! He was emaciated beyond belief. His long arms were so thin that it looked as tho his bones had been shaved down to spindles. The veins of his neck and around his temples showed like blue cords from which the hemp had been worn and loosened. The cheek-bones of his dark-grained face edged against the parched skin and gave him a haunted aspect. Even his voice, that great and haughty drum-vocal, tho still big and commanding, had lost the firmness of its tissue. It rasped like drumsticks upon the

I was certain the doctor would have to operate and cleanse the wound where Yorga's knife had struck. Fearing Murdo might oppose such operation, I began to explain the cause of infections and the means of microbes in the human body. Murdo listened very attentively as tho I were telling him some interesting story, but I could see that he did not believe what I was telling him. After a long pause he said to me, "It is a well-lit tale thou hast put forward. But thou, who hast argued against the existence of spirits and gods in the air, how is it thou wastest to believe in your tales the existence of worms which I do not see. Surely your fables are nicer than yours!"

He called me over to his cot the following night and asked me to continue my "fairy-tale."

"But since you do not believe, Murdo—?" I objected. "And hast thou ever believed, my fairy-tale? Yet thou hast insisted we tell them to you!"

I recalled to him a telescope he had once seen together and explained how by increasing the number and the power of these glasses one could see things placed at enormous distances. He believed that. Then I told him how with the aid of such powerful glasses very small things could be magnified and how upon increasing the power of these glasses things too small to be seen with the naked eye could be made visible.

"I SHOULD love to see with my own eyes I through those glasses those invisible little goblines of which you speak so convincingly," he answered sarcastically.

"Thou shalt see," I assured him. "Truly," Murdo rejoined, "thou art a good story-teller. Thou even believest what thou tellest. Go off to sleep now. Perhaps I shall dream of what thou hast told me—of those powerful glasses through which thou hast magnified thy story!"

I knew I had won my point. I knew I had won because the doctor to whom I was taking Murdo, an old friend of the family, possessed a microscope.

No sooner had the doctor seen the old man's wound than he called in another physician. Without asking any questions, they had opened under ether, and before long they had opened and cleansed the wound. When Murdo awoke he found himself solidly strapped to the bed. I had urged that method upon the doctor, so I feared what Murdo might do upon his awakening from ether. But he was very quiet and submissive. He asked me to sit near him. A few days later, Murdo, who for the first time in many months had slept peacefully, was completely restored. The doctor had allowed him the use of



"HE ALLOWED MURDO TO LOOK AT THE WHIRLING MASS OF SQUIRMING MATTER. MURDO LOOKED FOR A FULL HOUR"

a room in his own household. Another few days and Murdo was ready to return to his camp. "I hate to make thee feel guilty," Murdo said when we were ready to leave. "If what thou hast told me on the road hither was but a fairy-tale, well and good. If, however, it is a true tale, I shall willingly give a year of my life to see it proved." Within five minutes the microscope was brought to light, and the doctor himself put underneath the lens a few pieces of glass upon which he had made different emears. He allowed Murdo to look at the whirling mass of squirming matter. Murdo looked for a full hour. Having fully satisfied his curiosity, he walked out of the room and asked me to leave him by himself.

THE following day we were upon our homeward journey. Murdo was driving. I was sitting near him. The whole day long he remained silent. "Well?" I inquired that evening. "Art thou satisfied about the existence of these goblins?" He turned two very sad eyes upon me; then replied, "I never knew there were things alive and yet too small to kill. Living things that could destroy a man, but whose smallness saved them from our wrath! I have been thinking of them the whole day long. In size those little worms are about in the same relation to the great things of this world as a drop of water, which they in their infinitesimality can not see, is enough to drown millions of them. A little child passes over an ant-hill and under its little sole destroys the work of a whole season of millions of them. The ants do not understand what has crushed them. They only feel its power. They are too small to see the child from sole to head, as a whole being. They only feel its strength. You blow your softest breath, and it is like a devastating hurricane."

If we would think in the same relation to some other bigger being as those little worms stand to the ant and the ant to ourselves, when one of those huge beings moves its hand, a great storm arises, a tempest. A drop of sweat falls from his brow, and our fields are inundated; it forms a lake, a river upon which sail large ships. We are too small to see him, because we too are too small to be seen singly—and we have light! We are warm! Perhaps the sun is one of his eyes. Who knows upon what other little thing his other eye may rest? A speck of dust—our hills, our mountains. Think of what all our wisdom means, what our time and space are to him, the earth and the oceans and the waters all perhaps so small that he too needs some powerful glass to see us! And there may yet be still other beings standing in the same relation to him as he to us.

When Murdo was in one of his reflective moods he was better left undisturbed. But the following day he continued the conversation.

"And if this be so—and I am almost certain it is so—then we are so small that what life is not worthy of the slightest consideration. It is the good of the whole tribe one must think of; and if I, Murdo, will soon be too old to rule—for man should rule only when he is able to enforce his commands—should I not beforehand choose a man fit to follow me? What matters it which ant is alive just so that the ant-hill lives? So I shall choose a chief in my own manner. One in whom they shall have absolute confidence; for the wisdom and the power of a ruler are in the belief of his people. And I shall choose the best one in my own manner. And I shall choose him while I am yet able to do so, before old age has dimmed my mind and while I am yet ruler. But one thing I want of thee. Never a word to the others of what thou hast told me! Never a word of what we have seen through those glasses. Never speak of our stay at thy doctor's! A witch has cured me! And never question when I ask thee to do something! Just do it."

Another day and we were in camp. Seeing him restored, the happiness of the Gipsies broke all bounds. Wine began to flow freely. The musicians brought out their fiddles again, and song and dance continued through days and nights. The smith set up his anvil and was singing loudly to the accompaniment of the hammer while fashioning shoes out of red-hot iron. Of all music, the clang of the hammer, alternating from the hard steel of the anvil to the soft hot iron, pleased the Gipsies most. When the smith and his helper hammered together, they composed and improvised melodies and accompaniments for the hammer.

The lustrous black hair of the maidens was plaited with early violets and evergreens, in thankfulness to the Great Spirit who had restored Murdo to life. Fresh holes were bored in the lobes of the men's ears and new rings of white gold were inserted. In their frenzy, even the little boys came and offered their lobes to be pierced. Little cries of pain were mixed with



"IT'S WHAT—THEY NEED. A CHIEF—IN WHOM THEY BELIEVE—A GREAT WITCH, MIOIRA—GREATER THAN MINE—"

great cries of joy. At last they could again be noisy. They could allow the horses to neigh, the dogs to bark, and the goats to bleat at will. They could shout, they could quarrel, they could fight. There was no need of hushing one another. No need of soul-torturing restraint. If one were hurt, he could cry aloud. They could be Gipsies again!

Post-ned weddings were celebrated. Oh, since the wine was flowing so freely and the musicians were playing, since the women were at their best and the men at their happiest, let it be: for the good of future generations. Let Tansae marry Nitsa and Andras marry Tina; so they could remember and say later on they married the Spring Murdo was restored to life. Great joys should be remembered through great joys.

AT THE camp-fire one night, Lica, the son of Mioira, who was believed to have great witch-power, asked Murdo, "What has restored thee to health? Some great 'gagui' in high silk hat and long black frock? Or who else?" "No!" answered Murdo. "A witch who knew more incantations than I have ever heard. Who brought down goblins from the air so near to me I could see them. Who brought them down in millions and had them dance before me. And by payment of much gold I have not only been restored to health, but obtained from her immunity. No harm can befall me—except from a knife. And immunity of danger even from that source could have been assured, had I been willing to pay what she asked, and stay there a longer time. But for what I paid she has given me immunity against many things. Look!"

And as he said that, Murdo rose and handed me his pistol. "Here I stand." Then turning to me, he added, "Stand six feet away. Now. Raise your

arm and aim. Here!" he commanded, exposing his chest. Murdo's words, followed by his immediate action, took all the men by surprise. "What did he say? What did he ask that boy to do?"

I, standing there, facing Murdo, trembling, held under the spell of Murdo's eyes, which were immeasurably dilated with his own excitement, only remembered his words, "Don't question. Do what I tell thee."

"Pull the trigger!" he ordered. And I did as he told me. There was a loud report. I fell exhausted with my own emotions. Yet Murdo remained standing and laughing.

"That is what the witch I met did for me! Until some man meets a more powerful one, I shall be immune. That's what makes a great chief. Immunity from disease and murderous weapons."

When I recovered I saw that the Gipsies no longer crowded their chief. Awe kept them open-mouthed at a distance. Only Mioira, the old witch, allowed a little cynical smile to play around her lips as she looked at Murdo and her son. I was fully aware that Murdo had noticed that.

And was also aware that Mioira's disbelief in the power of that great witch about whom Murdo had spoken was not displeasing to the chief. The following day Murdo, who recuperated more rapidly than I thought possible, was up and about his work. I had never before seen him as quarrelsome. He found fault with everything. The horses had been neglected too much. The dogs were too lean. The canvas of the wagons had not been kept in order. The goats were dry. Murdo, who had never paid any attention to the work of the women in the camp, now found fault with it and censured the women for their lack of order. When Sunday came he quarreled with the younger women for having too many jewels; too many dresses, he said, had been wheeled out of their men, who had become as soft as old women. Some of the children whom he inspected closely had sores and boils which had broken out among them while Murdo was ill. And then he accused Mioira of knowing as little of incantations and witchery as the cat in the tree.

While Murdo was talking to Mioira, Lica came nearer the chief. Murdo saluted savagely right into him, telling him that he was the worthy son of his mother, that he was sloppy, that his whip was not strong enough to hurt a chicken, that his boots were as dirty as those of a beggar, and that while he had carefully waxed his mustache he had not washed his face. "Has all the water dried up?" Murdo asked sarcastically. "Are you waiting for your mother to wash your face clean with her tongue, as a mother cat her kitten?"

The big, tall frame of Lica shook upon hearing his chief's words. He loved his mother passionately and believed implicitly in her supernatural powers. That Murdo should have singled him out, him and his mother, for such unjust reproaches, when he had done his best to keep some order when Murdo had been ill, pained the big Gipsy.

"If thou hast lost entire belief in the power of my mother's witchcraft," Lica answered, "why not bring here the one thou hast newly met to replace her? At any rate, it thought she had

"HE HAD TAKEN AWAY THE JEWELS FROM THE WOMEN, BROKEN THE CASK OF WINE, SMASHED THE JUOS OF WHISKY"

Or give from

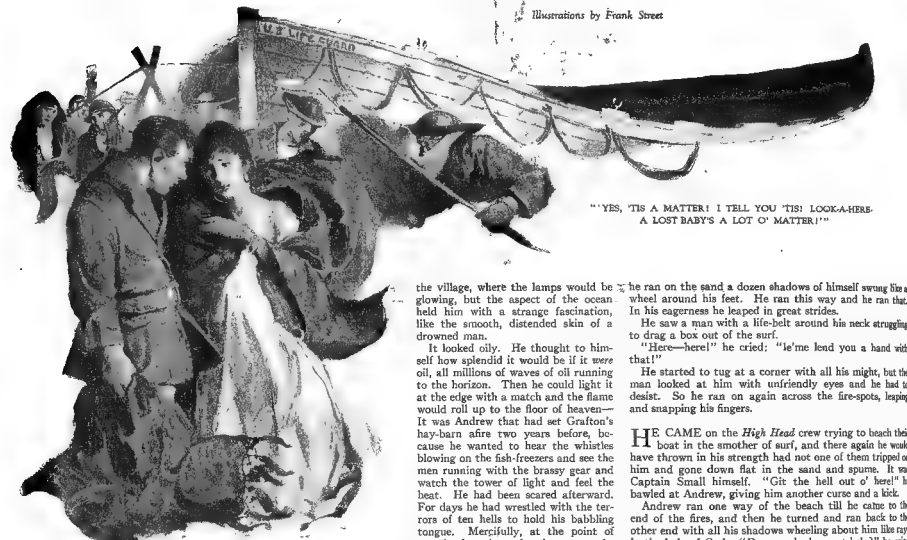
CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

THE MAD

How Often Does a Dazed Mind Reveal the Soul-Secrets of a Same One!

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrations by Frank Street



"YES, 'TIS A MATTER! I TELL YOU 'TIS! LOOK-HERE-
A LOST BABY'S A LOT O' MATTER!"

the village, where the lamps would be glowing, but the aspect of the ocean held him with a strange fascination, like the smooth, distended skin of a drowned man.

It looked silly. He thought to himself how splendid it would be if it were oil, all millions of waves of oil running to the horizon. Then he could light it at the edge with a match and the flame would roll up to the floor of heaven—It was Andrew that had set Griffo's hay-barn afire two years before, because he wanted to hear the whistles blowing on the fish-freezers and see the men running with the brassy gear and watch the tower of light and feel the heat. He had been scared afterward. For days he had wrestled with the terrors of ten hells to hold his babbling tongue. Mercifully, at the point of moral exhaustion, when he was on the very eve of telling, he had forgotten the whole thing. So it remained a secret;

he ran on the sand a dozen shadows of himself swung like a wheel around his feet. He ran this way and he ran that. In his eagerness he leaped in great strides.

He saw a man with a life-belt around his neck struggling to drag a box out of the surf.

"Here—here!" he cried; "I'll lend you a hand with that!"

He started to tug at a corner with all his might, but the man looked at him with unfriendly eyes and he had to desist. So he ran on again across the fire-spots, leaping and snapping his fingers.

HE CAME on the *High Head* crew trying to beach their boat in the smother of surf, and there again he would have thrown in his strength had not one of them tripped on him and gone down flat in the sand and spume. It was Captain Small himself. "Git the hell out o' here!" he bawled at Andrew, giving him another curse and a shove. Andrew ran one way of the beach till he came to the end of the fire, and then he turned and ran back to the other end with all his shadows wheeling about him like rays in the halo of God. "Does anybody want help?" he cried at intervals in a loud voice. Faces flickered into his vision and swam out again. Some were quiet and blank, some blinked and frowned, some smiled foolishly with brittle lips around the mouth; out of one of these mouths there ran a trickle of blood. Upon each one in turn, for the fragment of a second, his attention fastened itself with an extraordinary force, and to each he flung his resolute question, "D'ye need help?" But with each it was the same; if he was sitting by a fire and staring at nothing he continued to sit so and stare, and if he wandered through the red twilight and whimpered he kept on wandering and whimpering; and Andrew had to leave him, for in an hour such as this the time of the man that helps can not be wasted with indecision. So he ran forward, pounding through the streaks of flame and shadow, driven mightily by the thunder of the surf-lines and the shoutings of his heart, flinging his arms for attention to his cry, "Anybody here need help?"

Here he saw a woman with a blanket over her head trying to herd five small children along the beach. She was a woman with a plum-colored face and china-blue eyes, and she was looking at him with a look of the drollest staccato, as if she had been the baby of them all. She laid a hand on an arm and another on her back, leaving but one child for the other three, and of course they lagged and gaped at the fires and stumbled and got up again and started toddling the wrong way.

Andrew pounced upon them. "Here—here! I'll lend you a hand with them young 'uns!" Two of them he whirled up in his two arms. He felt gigantic. "Now, Missus, where to?" He tossed his charge lightly. He made a commotion in the sand with his feet like the prancing of a steed.

The woman's face, for he could make no tail nor beginning of the words that commenced to rush out of her mouth. She was a Pole.

"Speak now!" He frowned to steady her. But her cut-landish gabbled only poured the faster, with the china-blue eyes fixed themselves over his shoulder in wild despair. Not he turned around to look, and then he under stood. Between the two of them they had managed to gather up the four oldest of the children. It was the last and last direction had been left adrift. It was coming in the right direction, to be sure, with a tremendous wabbling of eyes, but the red shawl that had covered its nakedness had fallen by the wayside some yards past; its tummy was cold and it wept.

Andrew's response was instantaneous. Dropping them as he held, he charged upon the young one and gathered it up shelter from the disastrous night. Then his eyes fell on the shawl, cast like a stain on the sand beyond. "You wait a second, young 'un!" he blared in the infant's ear, and, leaping it on the ground, he made another charge. He retrieved and made a bundle of the shawl and was on the point of returning for the baby when his attention was distracted by the sight of a woman standing a few feet from him in the red mist. He tucked the shawl temporarily



ANDREW sat in a nest of beach-plums on a dune watching the dusk come over the sea. He had been there a long while, simply because for once he could think of nothing else to do. An hour ago, before sunset, three children had come past from the bogs with cranberry-pails, laughing and spraying the sand with their boots, but at sight of Andrew's head thrust out from the covey on its red wrenneck their laughter had ceased, and they had taken to their heels for the backside road a quarter of a mile upshore. That was because they had been frightened about Andrew.

The mothers of the village misunderstood Andrew and the way he looked at children. The real reason he watched them so was because he, of all grown-ups, truly loved them, and because he wanted above all things to run and play with them, to match his wrist with theirs in top-spinning, and his wits and legs against theirs in twilight games of run-and-shoot. But he knew from experience that when he did it men belov'd at him and women ran about like chickens with their heads off, snatching up children this way and that. So he didn't try it any more. He just watched them when they went by, gripping his fists hard to hush the adventurous booming of his heart, and the cost him a very great effort no one ever gave him credit for it.

Or if sometimes red things flickered through his brain, thoughts violent or obscene, they were no more than the thoughts that may and do happen on occasion to all men; and Andrew was better than they in this: these thoughts frightened him. They filled him with so shuddering a panic that he would run sometimes for miles and miles across the moors to get away from them. And neither did any one give him credit for that.

The thing he loved next to children was fire. It gave him a strange numbing ecstasy to sit and watch the sun going down into the ocean. At the moment when it lay hemispherical and lurid on the edge of the globe the splendor inside of him was almost more than he could bear. It ran up the middle of his bones and licked the back of his skull. It was not only the sun, it was the whole watery world in conflagration; every wave as far as he could see was a flame, the surf on the beach beneath him was smoke, rose and carnation and all colors that are sweet. Andrew got up and danced among the beach-plum stems.

But now the fire had gone out. The sun had vanished and a drift of ashes covered the sea. The sky was slate. This melancholy as piercing as his ecstasy had been. It ran clammy in the hollows of his bones. He buttoned his reefer and wrapped his long, weedy arms around his body; but the wind knew no barriers. He wanted to go back to

the only one Andrew had ever kept. The wind grew darker and darker. Ricocheting from the beach, it rocked the stems about him with a furious whine of tiny leaves; it penetrated and smote his heart. Why did he stay here in the cold and lonely night? Little by little a horror laid hold of him. It was something formless like the wind and dark like the sea, and in it there ran a thread of greed and joy, as in the mind of one sitting breathless before the curtain of a tragic stage.

Andrew forgot the cold. He unwrapped his arms and sat up so straight that his spine snapped like the crackling stems. His attention became concentrated and avid. Revolving his head on its twisted neck, he swept with his gaze the iron plain of the sea.

The broad shadow was broken by a light. The dark had one star. It obtruded from behind the headland to the east and stood boldly across the night, like a burning ship.

It grew. It was not going away, not even passing by; it was advancing toward Andrew, blowing shoreward in the wind, and it was like a steamer burning at sea.

He began to see the flames now, like swords and serpents and pinnacles. Sittling cross-legged in his lofty, dark, and lonely seat, he watched the pillar of fire that had come to stand over the outer bars. "God, who knows the hearts of the humble, had made Andrew a miracle. In his lap his palms turned toward it, and even so far they seemed to taste the good warmth; all the little nerve-knots in his body heard the roaring of the flame that seemed to call him across the distance and wrap him about and carry his soul up shouting to the blinding throne of God.

ANDREW was at peace. He remained unconscious of the passage of time and of other external things, such as the hallooing of runners, the grunt and sand-wash of bodies plunging down, the break of the dunes to the beach, the scream of a hurt horse, even the report of a gun. Not until the seaward fire began to lose a little of its brightness did his attention leave it, and then his heart leaped newly, for he saw all the beach below him like a garden of red and yellow blooms. Close in the glow of the driftwood fires they had built there he saw the breakers come and go away like white jumping-rope; he caught the sheen of a surf-boat's skates in the twinkling instant of its slewing around, and he saw all the broad wet causeway of the sand thick with a litter of life like night-crowns at a carnival, minute and vivid.

But here were no merry-makers. The truth took hold of Andrew and shook him till his teeth knocked together. His delight in the burning ship was forgotten, and in its place surged another of his life's deep preoccupations, the hunger and thirst to help.

He got out of the covey and slid down the dune and came upon the beach. His ears were full of a hundred voices, the glow of a dozen fires was in his eyes, and when

under his arm, moved nearer, peered in the woman's face, which was half hidden by the flowered quilt clutched around her, and demanded, "Do you need help?"

Like the others, she neither answered nor removed her gaze from the object it had been pursuing, the cold little flag-legged toddler astray in the flame-lit void.

"Do you need help?" Andrew repeated, and in spite of the call to haste there was a softer note in his voice, almost like a plea. He was troubled, as he had not been troubled at first, before. He had seen other faces in plenty in the past half-hour, dull and white-lipped, crawled over by strings of dank hair, discolored with bruises like this one, vacant, ugly, and impotent. But now of a sudden he felt on his shoulder, soft sensitivities the impact of the raw of another life. He was aware of a crisis. He discerned it breaking in her eyes, which, before his own, seemed to grow by another dimension; he saw vividly a groping for a memory, the fight of putting away the clouds. He saw the lips fall apart to an inrush of air.

"What is it?" he implored.

Now she looked at him.

"Why—I've lost it."

Lost what?

But she had turned timorous. She avoided his eyes and pulled the quilt tighter about her face. She was like an animal that has been beaten too much. Andrew thought of that. Or in another way it was like the embarrassment one would feel, coming to bother a busy man with a little thing. But Andrew wouldn't allow it.

"No!" he declared, taking hold of the quilted shoulder.

"You go on to tell me now, quick. What you lost?"

He saw her lips move in the shadow. He put down his ears, as if little baby!

"What!" He unbent and took a big breath into his lungs.

"That ain't possible! 'Tain't possible!"

Now he had frightened her. She pulled the quilt quite over her head and after a moment she seemed to slip away, leaving the sand with furive toes. He got hold of her shoulder again.

"You be still here!" he commanded. He had to think. "This woman," he put to himself, "says she's gone and lost her baby. It ain't possible."

A heaviness came upon him. His eyes roved the garden of fires, cluttered with the weeds of the castaways. He had waded through all of that and he had certainly seen no babies unclaimed. His gaze penetrated the glow and came to rest, where the ember of the ship still shone in pig-dull eyes offshore under the wind and spray. The heaviness deepened. He felt the ocean (of which he had always been afraid) shaking the edge of the land under his feet and roaring away miles beyond count to the east and west—the heavy, cruel ocean; the cold, deep, blind, devouring sea.

"'Tain't possible!" he wailed. He was no longer gigantic. And he had so wanted responsibility too. He had prayed for it as a little girl at Christmas prays for a doll with eyes that shut.

IT WAS a moment to be remembered in Andrew's life, and the sad part of it was that no one would ever remember it, not even Andrew himself.

First he swallowed the obstruction in his throat; then he shook himself all over like a spaniel that has been in the pond; then he shook the woman.

"You come along with me!" he said.

He led her to the nearest fire. When her timidity grew too heavy for him he left her in the outer twilight and entered the circle alone. He scanned the faces, one after another, a frown between his eyes.

Anybody here seen a baby? Anybody here seen a baby? No?

He towed her to the next fire.

"Anybody here seen a baby?"

"What kind of a baby?"

It was an old woman in a flannel nightgown that asked. She rocked back and forth, back and forth in the ember-light, with her eyes tight shut.

Andrew stepped out of the circle and went back to his charge.

"What kind of a baby was it?" he demanded. He put his ear close to the fold in the quilt.

"A little baby. A little, soft baby."

"Little, soft one," he announced, regaining the ring. Apparently that could not be the kind she was interested in, for the old tooter paid him no attention now.

Having done with discouragement once and for all, Andrew trailed his client from one group to another with a hopelessness that never dimmed.

If he had any trouble at all in him, it was about the woman herself, and the trouble with her was that there was nothing any longer for his imagination to get hold of; nothing but a quilt. He had even begun to forget what she looked like. This was so much the worse for her, precisely because there was already just then such a

surfeit of things imperative, moving and stentorian. There were children that squallied alluringly; there were women that began to emerge from stupor and wring their hands in aimless imploration; there were men that ran. One of these men almost bowled Andrew over near the last fire. He was a heavy-set, middle-aged fellow with a purple face all puffed and banded. He blundered in the sand. His eyes bulged. He waved his arms. He kept shouting at the top of his lungs. "Where's Rose? Rose! From! Tell me where Rose Treat is!"

Here, at least, was an appeal positive and magnetic. Andrew surrendered. He grasped the man's shoulder and looked in his face.

"Here, now! you want help, don't you?"

ANDREW found himself sprawling on the beach. He was not daunted. He jumped up with the intention of pursuing and persisting. But as he turned, his eyes caught sight of a flowered bed-quilt fading silently into the shadow down-shore, and in his dizziness he remembered.

He found her after a few rods, where she had sunk down on a shelf of the beach. She had uncovered her face and head now.

"Please don't bother about me any more," he heard her saying.

He sat down and hugged the red shawl, which had not escaped through it all, between his knees.

"'Tain't no bother." His voice was rough. He felt a little guilty.

"No bother 't all. And we gotta find it; you know that?"

"No, it's no matter, no matter." Her face was set toward the surf that rose beyond the narrow interval of sand, rose and toppled and was destroyed and rose again in a continuous dille of foam, dotted with dim flame on the one hand, and on the other livid with the light of the moon that began to struggle through the flying cloud.

The surf recoiled. All little things were drowned.

"No matter, no matter!"

The hypnotic thruster of wind and water seemed to have congealed her mind and frozen her face again. The sight of it scared Andrew, like seeing some one really dead.

"'Tain't no bother." His voice was rough.

"Yes, 'tis a matter!" He took hold of the quilt with effort and pulled it one way and another.

"I tell you 'tis! Look-a-here, a lost baby's a lot 't matter!"

It was more than ought to have been asked of any Andrew. His gaze wandered in distraction to the sea, and, receding from that immense back possibility, died back along the safe red shore. It was too lonely altogether out here in the dark.

"Come along!" he commanded. "We'll have another look and we'll find it this time sure." He dragged at her unyielding weight. He crouched before her. He rubbed his palms together with a desperate air of really getting down to business at last.

"Now let me see. First you tell me again just what kind of a baby it was, exactly. Little, soft one, you said, didn't you?"

He put his ear down close to her face, out of the hulla-balloo of the elements.

"How's that? Little, soft one, eh?"

"Oh, yes, ever and ever so soft, and heavy—and—"

She made an attempt to cover her face again, but Andrew resisted firmly.

"Yes, go on! That's right! Soft and heavy—and—?"

"It's only heavy—only seems heavy because it's so little, so tiny. And it's warm. Its little, softy skin is so warm and dear against my breast. And then it tells me things. Always telling me and telling me things. Oh, before it

was born even—oh, ever so long before it was born it did that—lying soft and heavy and warm by my heart in the dark of night when everything was still—telling me and telling me things in the night. Singing songs to me sometimes. Asking me sometimes, 'Mother, my mother, and why are you afraid?' 'Oh, I'm not afraid, my baby. What makes you think I'm afraid? Foolish baby! Let me sing you a song.'"

"Yes," Andrew's head nodded thoughtfully on its twisted neck. "Yes, go on." It was hard for him to catch all the rapid words; the voice was scarcely more than a breath against the stubble of his attentive cheek. "Louder!" he said.

"And it's so sweet when it lies in my arms now; when its little lips are on me; or when it sleeps warm against me and its heart beating so tiny on mine, and so heavy. And the littlest scent of sweat in the back of its neck there, like perfume—like no perfume that there ever was in flowers. And when it dreams there, and I breathe its little dreams—it's so sweet! Oh—it's sweeter than I can bear!"

Something fell warm on the side of Andrew's chin. He looked at the woman and saw tears rolling out of her eyes. There was a feeling of flatulence and suffocation in his body, and suddenly he wept too.

He didn't want her to see. He got up and turned his back and walked a few steps away under the beach.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" He wrung his hands. The deep, inchoate fearfulness of understanding whined at his shoulder and roared in his ear, and when it broke the foaming onslaught lapped up and swirled about his ankles and sucked out the sand from under his boots. To save him he heard his legs far apart.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

THROUGH the blur of his weeping the surf-wash streamed like a wide river of milk, flowing for an instant to the right hand, faltering, running and writing as swiftly again to the left. It swam in dissolving patterns, deep-green arabesques, whorls and curls and weed-ribbons like snakes. Creatures monstrous and impossible wallowed in the thin flood, an egg-crate shining like a silver casket, a half-charred fiddle, a woman's poppy-decked hat. And a little hand thrust out of the monolithic wreck and beckoned to the man.

Andrew jumped, went down on a knee in the water, and grabbed at it. He got his fingers around the tiny wrist. Propping himself with a stiff leg against the backwash, he gathered the fragile weight in an arm, and when the water was gone for an instant, he scrambled up the shelving slope beyond its reach.

There he paused and examined his burden diffidently, out of the bottoms of his eyes. It lay very quiet in its one wet shift, and very white against the darkness of his arm; its eyes were shut, and it made no complaint. In the foaming blue light of moon and cloud it was like a doll. Something cold began to lay hold of Andrew. He shuddered and, surrendering to a growing panic, he shook out the red shawl to which for no reason he had continued to cling, and wrapped the disturber out of his sight, fold on fold.

He walked back toward the woman, holding it away from him on awkward arms. His feet dragged in the sand and his knees felt stiff, as they feel in nightmare.

"It's like it was nothing but a doll," he pleaded with his panic.

He arrived breathless, and dropped what he had in the woman's lap.

"There! There! You're Missus! I found y'r baby!"

She did not appear to comprehend at first, but continued to brood at the ocean in the

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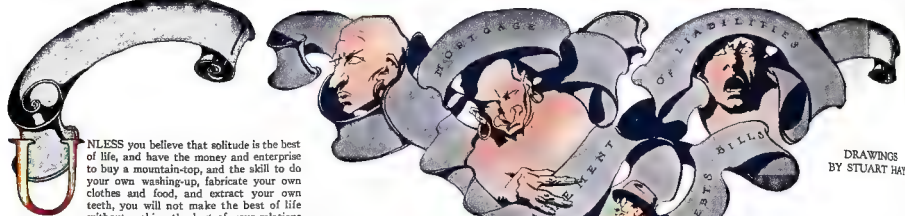


"HE PULLED HIMSELF UP ON THE STEP AND CLUNG. 'HERE—HERE!' HE CRIED. 'LOOK! WAIT! IT'S ME! ME! MEMBER?

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

Three Roads to Good Humor, Pointed Out in This Second Article

BY ARNOLD BENNETT



DRAWINGS
BY STUART HAY

UNLESS you believe that solitude is the best of life, and have the money and enterprise to buy a mountain-top, and the skill to do your own washing-up, fabricate your own clothes and food, and extract your own teeth, you will not make the best of life without making the best of your relations with your fellow creatures. Now, the subject of human relations is immense—and growing every year—but two main principles run through it like great roads.

Perhaps you have caught a horrid little boy pulling the legs off a live fly. Perhaps you have been the horrid little boy yourself, most of us have. He enjoys the operation with a wonderfully detached mind. Of course he is inflicting atrocious cruelty, and doing it deliberately, for his own diversion. I call him horrid, and at the moment of dismembering he certainly is horrid. But he is not generally a monster of iniquity. Probably his mother dotes on him, and rightly, and he is capable of tenderness even to his sisters. He may be a fine boy, full of ideals and good intentions and the desire to leave the world better than he found it. Yet he will torture a helpless and innocent animal! Why? Simply because it does not occur to him to think what the fly is feeling.

He wants to put himself in the place of the fly. He doesn't ask himself,

"Suppose a man as big as the Eiffel Tower came and pulled my legs off, how should I feel?"

No, he lacks the imagination which is necessary to the act of putting himself in the fly's place. One of the chief

from lack of imagination.

The deliberate cultivation of the gift of putting yourself in the other person's place is the beginning of wisdom in human relations and the foundation of permanent good humor. The practise of this gift will change the very flavor of life. Its influence on the other person is magical—he feels at once that he is being understood; but its influence on oneself is almost equally magical. When you understand a person, realize his circumstances, desires, difficulties, you appreciate him, you like him. You like him because you become him. You make excuses for him. You turn

his flank instead of offering a frontal attack. You are in the citadel before he knows where he is, and he feels glad to have you there. His life is sweetened, and so is yours.

My position is that the regular detailed exercise of the imagination in regard to others should take precedence over all other educational exercises. It can not be usefully started on a considerable scale until the faculties have reached a certain degree of maturity, but it should be started too soon rather than too late. Boys themselves have the rudiments of the gift. Nearly any boy will say, "I shall tell father this morning that I've damaged the car—he's not in a good temper. I'll wait till to-night—he may have made a good score at golf." The boy in a crude manner is exercising real imagination; he is putting himself in his father's place. The gift is developing.

Sometimes when I see young men—yes, and old men, too—doing physical jerks, I think that the same amount of time given to the cultivation of the imaginative faculty might have decidedly more important results.

How is the faculty to be cultivated? By privately questioning oneself about the other man. "What does he want more than anything else? What is his weak point? What is his strong point? Why is he gloomy to-day? Why is he radiant? What are his worries? What is his notion of myself? How can I give him pleasure? Is he unwell? What are the things that annoy him? What is he thinking about? How can I flatter him? How should I feel in his place?" The faculty will grow just as a muscle will grow; also it will wither, just as a muscle will wither, and for the same reasons.

You may argue that the ultimate aim of the whole business is selfish. I would not deny it. But if you try to decide what is selfish and what is not you are lost. Nobody will ever decide what is selfish and what is not. The puzzle is academic and has little practical interest. Whatever your aim may be in practising imagination and putting yourself in the other man's place, the beneficial nature of the result is beyond argument. It works good all round. It lessens friction; it increases comprehension; it broadens the mind; it is at the bottom of all diplomacy; it achieves your desires more quickly than any other device; it is the highest form of sagacity; it brightens the whole aspect of existence.

Keeping Off the Bench

THE second main principle which should dominate human relations is as negative as the first is positive. First, understand your fellow. Second, do not judge him, or at any rate do not judge him adversely. It will be said that, since "to understand everything is to forgive everything," the second is merely a corollary of the first. I do not think that this is so. To understand everything is not to forgive everything. It may happen that an expert in understanding is a severe judge of all conduct except his own. Some men will analyze motives with extraordinary insight and fairness, and then behave like merciless

executioners to the subject of this analysis. And even if it does not result in forgiving everything, the aphorism would have little practical application to human beings, because we never do, and never shall understand everything.

No! Do not for one absurd moment imagine that the effort of putting yourself in the place of your fellow is the final effort in the immense and complicated business of achieving good humor. Having understood as far as you can, refrain from moral condemnation! You may usefully practise moral laudation within reasonable limits, though there can be no point in carrying indulgence to the limit of man's weakness; but do not judge adversely. The habit of judging, and especially of judging adversely, is at once the most popular and the most ridiculous of all human habits. It is more

popular than alcohol, more ridiculous than vanity, and probably more poisonous than any drug yet invented. Who am I to judge? Who are you to pass verdict? Who put us on the bench? Have we heard all the evidence, or the hundredth part of it? Is there any possibility of us doing as we are not all equally in the dock? There is something tragically comic about the spectacle of one human being judging another. "Judge not, that ye be not judged" is a historic and a magnificent maxim. Yet I would venture to suggest that the purpose of not judging is not to avoid being judged oneself, but to maintain one's own decency, *ultra vires*. At the very worst surely you are bound to say that the fellow was "born like that," with certain laudable instincts and immoral twists, and can't help his turpitude.

Do you judge yourself? Not usually. A few people do. They "lie awake at night weeping for their sins," but even for their big, glaring sins—only for their little sins or for



"IF THE FLY WERE A FEW SIZES LARGER THE BOY WOULD SOON KNOW ABOUT THE FRICTION"

defects of youth, if not the chief defect, is lack of imagination. You say,

"Oh! But it can't be lack of imagination. I happen to know this particular boy. He is a very imaginative boy. He will push the sofa into the middle of the room, jump onto it, and imagine himself on a desert island; he can make up stories and adventures for himself in a marvelous way."

That, however, is not due to imagination, but to fancy or invention—a different and an inferior thing. If, for example, he could really imagine himself on a desert island he wouldn't play at the desert island game, for the reason that it would be far too unpleasant. He confines his fancy and invention to the pleasant, romantic aspects of the affair.

The test of genuine imagination is the power to put yourself fully in the place of another being. By so doing, and not otherwise, you will avoid unnecessary social friction—and here is the first great principle of right human relations. Not all friction can be avoided, but a vast deal of friction can be avoided. The fly might have to be killed as a polio-carrier. But the boy sets up unnecessary friction between himself and the fly, and if the fly were a few sizes larger the boy would soon know about the friction. (Boys are much less apt to pull the legs off wasps, bees, or hornets, because these beasts can react on the boy and make friction apparent.)

It is notorious that youth is cruel, uncompromising, and harsh in judgment. Youth will deny this, but the when youth ages it will come round to the view that youth is cruel, uncompromising, and harsh; and a large part of the explanation lies in the above-named defect, lack of imagination. Nearly all cruelty in human relations springs



"DO YOU JUDGE YOURSELF? NOT USUALLY. A FEW PEOPLE DO"

purely imaginary sins. And I am not sorry for them because, while they are a nuisance to me personally, I know that they are enjoying themselves. An enlarged conscience is more fun than an enlarged liver. But the majority of us do not judge ourselves adversely. We have all the material for adverse judgment before us, even if we don't care to

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GLIMPSSES of THE MOON

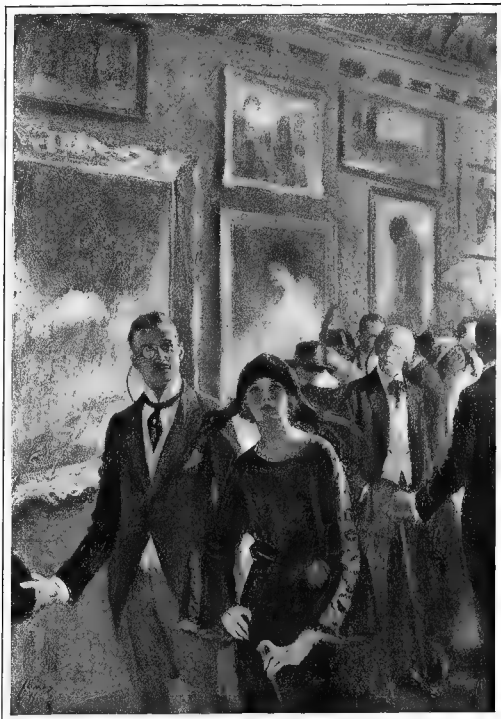
BY
EDITH WHARTON

Complete in Four Instalments—Part Three

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES H. CRANK

The Story of the Story

NICK LANSING had been worried to Susy a month before he discovered to what extent her love of luxury would lead her. His sudden disillusion drove him away from the Venetian palace that had been lent them by the Vanderlyns. Nick and Susy had always been parasites, and never before had Nick displayed any "perpendicular" tendencies. But he drew the line at doing dirty work for an unscrupulous woman in return for the privileges of a palace for a happy honeymoon. Susy went to London to take up her old career of catering to the rich. Nick went to Genoa to act as social courier to the wealthy Hickses, who sadly needed steering. Unaware of the other's love, they each suffered suspicions. Would Susy eventually marry Strefford, the Englishman, who had recently succeeded to a title? Would Nick succumb to the charms of the studious Coral Hicks? Divorce stares them in the face.



"STREFFORD NEVER LEFT SUSY'S SIDE OR FAILED TO MAKE HER FEEL A PART OF THE TRIUMPHAL ADVANCE"



BUT I can't think," said Ellie Vanderlyn earnestly, "why you don't announce your engagement at once. People are beginning to get it, I assure you—it's so much safer!"

Mrs. Vanderlyn, on the way back from St. Moritz to England, had paused in Paris to renew the depleted wardrobe which, only two months earlier, had filled so many trunks to bursting. Other ladies of her kind, flocking there from all points of the globe for the same purpose, disputes with her the Louis XVI. suites of the Nouveau Luxe, the pink-candled tables in the restaurant, the hours for trying-on at the dressmakers'; and just because they were so many, and all feverishly fighting to get the same things at the same time, they were all excited, happy, and at ease. It was the most momentous period of the year; the height of the "dressmakers' season."

Mrs. Vanderlyn had run across Susy Lansing at one of the Rue de la Paix openings, where rows of ladies, with heat and emotion, sat for hours in rapt attention while spectral apparitions in incredible raiment tottered endlessly past them on achingly feet. Distracted from the regal splendors of a chinchilla cloak by the sense that another lady was also examining it, Mrs. Vanderlyn turned in surprise at sight of Susy, whose head was critically bent above the fur.

"Susy! I'd no idea you were here! I saw in the papers that you were with the Gillews." The customers' em-

braces followed; then Mrs. Vanderlyn, her eyes clinging to the incomparable cloak as it disappeared down a vista of receding *mannequins*, interrogated sharply, "Are you shopping for Ursula? If you mean to order that cloak for her I'd rather know."

Susy smiled faintly, and paused a moment before answering. During the pause she took in all the exquisite details of Ellie Vanderlyn's perpetually youthful person, from the plumed crown of her head to the perfect arch of her patent-leather shoes. Finally she said quietly, "No—today I'm shopping for myself."

"Yourself? Yourself?" Mrs. Vanderlyn echoed incredulously.

"Yes; just for a change," Susy serenely acknowledged.

"But the cloak—I meant the chinchilla cloak—the one with the ermine lining—"

"Yes; it is awfully good, isn't it? But I shall look elsewhere before I decide."

Ah, how often she had heard her friends use that phrase; and how amusing it was, now, to see Ellie's amazement as she heard it tossed off in her own tone of contemptuous satiety! Susy was becoming more and more dependent on such diversions; without them, her days, crowded as they were, would nevertheless have dragged by heavily. But it still amused her to go to the big dressmakers', watch the *mannequins* sweep by, and be seen by her friends superciliously examining all the most expensive dresses in the procession. She knew the rumor was abroad that she and Nick were to be divorced, and that Lord Altringham was "devoted" to her. She neither confirmed nor denied the report; she just let herself be luxuriously carried forward on its easy tide. But, tho it was now three months since Nick had left the Palazzo Vanderlyn, she had not yet written to him—nor he to her.

Meanwhile, in spite of all that she packed into them, the days were growing longer, and the excitements she had counted on no longer excited her. Strefford was hers; she knew that he would marry her as soon as she was free. They had been together at Ruan for ten days, and then she had motored south with him, stopping on the way to see—

Altringham, from which, at the moment, his mourning relatives were absent.

At Altringham they had parted; and after one or two more visits in England she had come back to Paris, where he was now about to join her. After her few hours at Altringham she had understood that he would wait for her as long as was necessary; the fear of the "other women" had ceased to trouble her. But, perhaps for that very reason, the future seemed less exciting than she had expected. Sometimes she thought it was the slight of Altringham that had overwhelmed her; it was too vast, too venerable, too like a great monument built of ancient territorial traditions and obligations. Perhaps it had been lived in for too long by too many serious and conscientious women; somehow she could not picture it invaded by bridge and debts and adultery. And yet that was what would have to be, of course; she could hardly imagine either Strefford or herself continuing the life of heavy county responsibilities, dull parties, laborious duties, church-going, and presiding over local committees. What a pity they couldn't sell it all, and have a little house on the Thames!

Nevertheless, she was not sorry to have it known that Altringham was hers when she chose to take it. At times she wondered whether Nick knew—whether rumors had reached him. If they had, he had only his own letter to thank for it. He had told her what course to pursue, and she was pursuing it.

FOR a moment the meeting with Ellie Vanderlyn had been a shock to her; she had hoped never to see Ellie again. But now that they were actually face to face, Susy perceived how dulled her sensibilities were. In a few moments she had grown used to Ellie, as she was growing used to everybody and to everything in the old life she had returned to. What was the use of making such a fuss about things? She and Mrs. Vanderlyn left the dressmaker's together, and after an absorbing session at a new milliner's were now taking tea in Ellie's drawing-room at the Nouveau Luxe.

Ellie, with her spoiled child's persistency, had come back to the question of the chinchilla cloak. It was the only one she had seen that she fancied in the very least, and as she had a decent fur garment left to her name she was

naturally in somewhat of a hurry—but, of course, if Susy had been choosing that model for a friend—

Susy, leaning back against her cushions, examined through half-closed lids Mrs. Vanderlyn's small delicately restored countenance, which wore the same expression of childish eagerness as when the discoursed of the young Davenant of the morning. And again Susy remembered that, in Ellie's agitated existence, every interest appeared to be on the same plane.

"The poor shivering deer," she answered, laughing, "of course it shall have its nice warm Winter cloak, and I'll choose another one instead."

"Oh, you darling, you! If you would! Of course, whoever you were ordering it for need never know—"

"Ah, you can't comfort yourself with that, I'm afraid. I've already told you that I was ordering it for myself. Susy paused to savor to the full Ellie's look of blank bewilderment; then her amusement was checked by an undefinite change in her friend's expression.

"Oh, dearest—seriously? I didn't know there was some one—"

Susy flushed to the forehead. A horror of humiliation overwhelmed her. That Ellie should dare to think that of her—at any one should dare to!

"Some one buying chinchilla cloaks for me? Thanks!" she flared out. "I suppose I ought to be glad that the idea didn't immediately occur to you. At least there was a decent interval of doubt." She stood up, laughed again, and began to wander about the room. In the mirror above the mantel she caught sight of her flushed, angry face, and of Mrs. Vanderlyn's disconcerted stare. She turned toward her friend.

"I SUPPOSE everybody else will think it, if you do; so perhaps I'd better explain." She paused, and drew a quick breath. "Nick and I mean to part—have parted, in fact. He's decided that the whole thing was a mistake. He will probably marry again soon—and so shall I."

She flung the avowal out breathlessly, in her nervous dread of letting Ellie Vanderlyn think for an instant longer that any other explanation was conceivable. She had not meant to be so explicit; but once the words were spoken, she was not altogether sorry. Of course people would soon begin to wonder why she was again straying about the world alone; and since it was by Nick's choice, why should she not say so? She remembered the burning anguish of those last hours in Venice, and asked herself what possible consideration she owed to the man who had so humbled her.

Ellie Vanderlyn glanced at her in astonishment. "You? You and Nick—are going to part?" A light appeared to dawn on her. "Ah—then that's why he sent me back my pin, I suppose?"

"Your pin?" Susy wondered, not at once remembering.

"The poor little pearl I gave him when I left Venice. He sent it back almost at once, with the oldest note—just, 'I haven't earned it, really.' I couldn't think why he didn't care for the pin. But now I suppose it was because you and he had quarreled; too really, even so, I can't see why he should bear me a grudge."

Susy's blood surged up to her temples. Nick had sent back the pin—the fatal pin! And she, Susy, had kept the bracelet—locked it up out of sight, shrunk away from the little packet whenever her hand touched it in packing or unpacking—never thought of returning it, however! Will the two, she wondered, had been right? Was it not an indirect slight to her that Nick should fling back the gift to poor, uncomprehending Ellie? Or was it not rather another proof of his finer moral sensitiveness? And how could one tell, in their bewildering world?

"It was not because we've quarreled," she said slowly, moved by the sudden desire to defend her privacy and Nick's, to screen from every eye their last bitter hour together. "We've simply decided that our experiment was impossible—for two papers."

Ah, well—of course we all felt that at the time. And now I'm ready to marry you, Susy! And it's your *trousseau* you were choosing that cloak for? Ellie clasped her hands in incredulous rapture, and then flung her arms about Susy's shrinking shoulders. "You lucky, lucky girl! You clever darling! But who on earth can he be?"

And it was thus that Susy, for the first time, had pronounced the name of Altringham's name.

"Streff—Streff? Our old dear Streff? He wants to marry you?" Ellie became dithyrambic. "But, my dearest, what a miracle of luck! Of course I always knew he was awfully good on you; Fred Davenant used to say so, I remember—and even I, poor little, in Venice. A shudder ran through her at the thought, and she caught Susy's wrists in her eager fingers. "But I can't think why you don't announce your engagement at once. People are beginning to do it, I assure you—it's so much safer!"

Susy looked at her, wondering. Not a word of sympathy for the ruin of her old life, not even a gleam of curiosity as to its cause. No doubt Ellie Vanderlyn, like all Susy's other friends, had long since "discounted" the brevity of her dream, and perhaps planned a sequel to it before she herself had seen the glory fading. She and Nick had spent the greater part of their lives under the same roof, and now Vanderlyn's roof; but to Ellie, obviously, the fact meant no

more than her own escapade, at the same moment, with young Davenant's supplanter—the "boulder" whom Strefford had never named. Her one thought for her friend was that Susy should at last secure her prize—her incredible prize! And therein at any rate Ellie showed the kind of cold indifference that raised her above the sniling peridy of the majority of her kind. At least her advice was sincere, and perhaps it was wise. Why should Susy not let every one know that she meant to marry Strefford as soon as the "formalities" were fulfilled?

She did not immediately answer Mrs. Vanderlyn's question; and the latter, repeating it, added, impatiently, "I don't understand you; if Nick agrees—"

"Oh, he agrees," said Susy.

"Then what more do you want? Oh, Susy, if you'd only follow my example!"

"Your example? Why, Ellie, what on earth do you mean? Not that you're going to part from poor Nelson?"

Mrs. Vanderlyn met her friend's reproachful gaze with a



"IT WAS THE LIGHTEST KISS, BUT SOMETHING WITHIN HER OASPED AND RESISTED LONG AFTER HIS ARMS AND LIPS WERE GONE"

crystalline glance. "I don't want to, Heaven knows I don't dare! I assure you I simply hate it. He's such an angel to Clarissa—and we're so used to each other. But what am I to do? Algie's so rich, so appealingly rich, that I have to be perpetually on the watch—and it's too exhausting—"

"Algie?" Mrs. Vanderlyn's lovely eyebrows rose. "Algie? Algie Boekheimer. Didn't you know? I think he is as rich as his parents. Nobody else in the world is as rich as the Boekheimers; and Algie's their only child. Yes, it was with him—with him I was so dreadfully happy last Spring—and now I'm in mortal terror of losing him. And I do assure you there's no other way of keeping them, when they're as rich as that!"

Susy rose to her feet. A little shudder ran over her. She remembered, now, having seen Algie Boekheimer at one of his parents' first entertainments, in their newly inaugurated marble halls in Fifth Avenue. She looked at Ellie Vanderlyn with sudden scorn.

"I think you're abominable," she exclaimed. "The other's perfect little face collapsed. 'A-bominable! A-bominable! Susy!'"

"Yes—with Nelson—and Clarissa—and your past together—and all the money you can possibly want. Abominable!"

Ellie stood up trembling; she was not used to scenes, and they disarranged her thoughts as much as her complexion.

"You're very cruel, Susy—cruel and dreadful," she stammered. "But you simply don't know what you're talking about. As if anybody ever had all the money they wanted!"

She wiped her dark-rimmed eyes with a cautious handkerchief.

"But I shall try to forget what you've said."

Just such a revolt as she had felt as a girl, such a disgusted recoil from the standards and ideals of everybody about her as had flung her into her mad marriage with Nick, now famed in Susy Lansing's bosom.

How could she ever go back into that world again? How could she appraise of life and bow down to its judgments?

Alas, it was only by marrying according to its standards that she could escape such subjection. Perhaps the same thought had actuated Nick; perhaps he had understood sooner than she that, to attain moral freedom, they must both be above material cares. Perhaps—

Her talk with Ellie Vanderlyn had left Susy so oppressed and humiliated that she almost shrank from her meeting with Altringham the next day. She knew that if he was coming to Paris for his final answer; he would wait as long as was necessary if only she would consent to take immediate steps for a divorce. She was staying at a modest hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, and had once more refused his suggestion that they should lunch at the Boulevard Luxe, or at some fashionable restaurant of the Boulevards. As before, she insisted on going to an out-of-the-way place near the Luxembourg, where the prices were moderate enough for her own purse.

"I don't understand," Strefford objected, as they turned from her hotel door toward this obscure retreat, "why you insist on giving me bad food, and depriving me of the satisfaction of being seen with you. Why must we be so dreadfully clandestine? Don't people know by this time that we're to be married?"

Susy winked a little; she wondered if the wool would always sound so unusual on his head.

"No," she said, with a laugh, "they simply think, for the present, that you're giving me pearls and chinchilla cloaks."

He wrinkled his brows good-humoredly. "Well, so I would with joy—at this particular minute. Don't you think perhaps you'd better take advantage of it? I don't wish to insist—but I foresee that I'm much too rich to become stingy."

She gave a slight shrug. "At present there's nothing I loathe more than pearls and chinchilla—or anything else the world calls expensive and enviable."

Suddenly she broke off, coloring with the consciousness that she had said exactly the kind of thing that all the women who were trying for him (except the very cleverest) would be sure to say, and that he would certainly suspect her of attempting the conventional comedy of indifference, than which nothing was less likely to deceive or to flatter him.

His twinkling eyes played curiously over her embarrassed face, and she went on, meeting them with a smile. "But don't imagine, all the same, that if I should—decide—it would be altogether for your benefit."

He laughed, she thought, rather dryly. "No," he said, "I don't suppose that's ever likely to happen to me again."

"Oh, STREFFORD," she faltered with compunction. It was odd—once upon a time she had known exactly what to say to the man of the moment, whom he was, and whatever kind of talk he required; she had even, in the difficult days before her marriage, reeled off glibly enough the sort of lightweight sentimentality that plunged poor Fred Gilroy into such speechless beatitude. But since then she had spoken the language of reserve, looking at him with eyes, embraced with his hands; and now the other trumpery art had failed her, and she was conscious of bungling and groping like a beginner under Strefford's ironic scrutiny.

They had reached their obscure destination, and he opened the door and glanced in.

"It's jammed—no table. And stifling! Where shall we go? Perhaps they could give us a room to ourselves," he suggested.

She assented, and they were led up a corkscrew staircase to a squat-ceilinged closet, by the arched top of a high window, looking out of which served for the floor below. Strefford opened the window, and Susy, throwing her cloak on the weak-sprung cushion, leaned on the balcony while he ordered luncheon.

On the whole she was glad they were to be alone. Just because she felt so sure of Strefford it seemed unnecessary to keep him longer in suspense. The moment had come when they must have a decisive talk, and in the crowded rooms below it would have been impossible.

Strefford, when the waiter had brought the first course and left them to themselves, made no effort to turn the conversation back to personal matters, but he resorted to the most congenial to him: the human and ironies of the human comedy as presented by his own particular group. His malicious irony had always aimed at Susy because of the shrewd flashes of philosophy he had seen on the social antics which he had so often watched her give. He was in fact the one person who knew (excepting Nick) at the thought that she was outside of it; and he was surprised, as the talk proceeded, to find herself so little interested in his scraps of gossip and so little amused by his comments on them.

With an inward shrug of discouragement she said to herself that probably nothing would ever really amuse her again, as she listened she began to understand that her disappointment arose from the fact that Strefford, in reality, could not live without these people whom he saw through and satirized, and that the rather comical scandals he narrated interested him as much as their rivalry considerations on them; and she was filled with terror at the thought that the inner core of the richly decorated life of the Countess of Altringham would be just as poor and low-ceilinged a place as the little room in which he and she now sat elbow to elbow, yet so unapproachably near.

If Strefford could not live without these people, neither could she and Nick; but for reasons how different! And if his opportunities had been those of a world that they would have created for themselves! Such imaginations were vain, and she shrank back from them into the present. After all, as Lady Altringham she would have the power to create the world which she and Nick had dreamed—only she thought it alone. Well, that was probably the law of

things. All human happiness was thus conditioned and circumscribed, and hers, no doubt, must always be of the loamy kind, since material things did not suffice for it, and yet it depended on them as Grace Fulmer's, for instance, never had. And so, when Grace had succumbed to Ursula's offer, and had arrived at Ruan the day before Susy left, instead of going to Italy with her husband and Violet Melrose. But then Grace was making the sacrifice for her children, and some one else had been feeling that giving up her liberty was not surrendering a tithe of herself. All the difference was there—

"How I do bore you!" Susy heard Strefford exclaim. She became aware that she had not been listening; stray echoes of many of places and people—Violet Melrose, Ursula, Altrier, others of their group and persuasion—had vainly looked at her barricaded brain; what had he been telling her about them? She turned to him and their eyes met; they were full of a melancholy irony.

"Susy, old girl, what's wrong?" She pulled herself together. "I was thinking, Streff, just now—when I said that I hated the very sound of pearls and chinchilla—how impossible it was that you should believe me; in fact, what a blunder I'd made in saying it."

He smiled. "Because it was what so many other women might be likely to say—so awfully unoriginal, in fact?"

She laughed for sheer joy in his insight. "It's going to be easier than I imagined," she thought. Aloud she rejoined, "But, Streff—how you're always going to find me out! Where on earth shall I ever hide from you?"

"Where?" He echoed her laugh, laying his hand lightly on hers. "In my heart, I'm afraid."

The blood rushed to her forehead. In spite of the laugh his acquiescence had something about it took all irony from her retort, checked on her lips the: "What! A Valentine!" and made her suddenly feel that, if he were afraid, so was she. Yet she was touched also, and wondered, half shyly, if any other woman had ever caught that particular deep infection of his shrill, derivative voice. She had never liked him as much as at that moment; and she said to herself, with an odd sense of detachment, as if she had been rather breathlessly observing the vacillations of some one else, "He speaks to me just as I want him. Now—now, if he speaks, I shall say yes!"

He did not speak; but abruptly, and as startlingly to her as if she had just dropped from a sphere whose inhabitants had other methods of expressing their sympathy, he slipped his arm around her and bent his head, ugly, melting face to hers.

It was the lightest kiss—in an instant she was free again. But something within her gasped and resisted long after his arm and his lips were gone, and he was proceeding, with a too-studied ease, to light a cigarette and sweeten his coffee.

He had kissed her. Well, naturally; why not? It was not the first time she had been kissed. It was true that one didn't habitually associate Streff with such demonstrations; but she had not that excuse for surprise, for even in Venice she had begun to notice that he looked at her differently, and avoided her hand when he used to seek it.

No—she ought not to have been surprised; nor ought a kiss to have been so disturbing. Such incidents had punctuated the career of Susy Branch; there had been, in particular, in far-off discarded times, Fred Gillovi's large but artless embraces. Well—nothing of that kind had seemed of any more account than the flick of a leaf in a woodland walk. It had all been merely epidermal, ephemeral, part of the trivial accepted "business" of the Italian comedy. But this kiss of Strefford's was what Nick had been, under the New Hampshire pines, on the day that had decided their fate. It was a kiss with a future in it, like a ring slipped upon her soul. And now, in the sudden pause that followed—while Strefford fidgeted with his cigarette-cases and rattled the spoon in his cup—Susy remembered what she had seen through the circle of Nick's kiss: that blue, illimitable distance which was at once the landscape at their feet and the future in their souls.

PERHAPS that was what Strefford's sharply narrowed eyes were seeing now, that same illimitable distance that she had lost forever—perhaps he was saying to himself, as she had said to herself when her lips left Nick's, "Each time we kiss we shall see it all again." Whence all she herself had felt was the gasping recoil from Strefford's touch, and an intenser vision of the sordid room in which he and she sat, and of their two selves, more distant from each other than if their kiss had been a sudden, sharp thrusting apart.

The moment prolonged itself, and they were numb. How long had it lasted? How long ago was it that she had thought, "It's going to be easier than I imagined?" Suddenly she felt Strefford's crooked smile upon her, and saw in his eyes a look, not of reproach or disappointment, but of deep and anxious comprehension. Instead of being angry or hurt, he had seen, he had understood, and he was sorry for her!

Impulsively she slipped her hand into his, and they sat silent for another moment. Then he stood up and took her cloak from the divan. "Shall we go now? I've got cards for the private view of the Reynolds exhibition at the Petit Palais. There are some portraits from Altringham. It might amuse you."

In the taxi that carried them there she had time, through their little rattle of talk, to readjust herself and drop back into her usual feeling of friendly ease with him. He had been extraordinarily considerate for any one who always so undignifiedly sought his own satisfaction above all things; and if his considerateness were just an indirect

way of seeking that satisfaction now, well, that proved how much he cared for her, how necessary to his happiness she had become. The sense of power was undeniably pleasant, and pleasanter still was the feeling that some one really needed her; that the happiness of the man at her side depended on her yes or no. She abandoned herself to the feeling, forgetting the abysmal interval of his career, or at least saying to herself that in time she would forget it; that really there was nothing to make a fuss about in being kissed by any one she liked as much as Streff.

She had guessed at once why he was taking her to see the Reynolds. Fashionable and artistic Paris had recently discovered English eighteenth-century art. The principal collections of England had yielded up their best examples of the great portrait-painter's work, and the private view at the Petit Palais was to be the social event of the afternoon. Everybody—Strefford's everybody and Susy's—was sure to be there; and these, as she knew, were the occasions that revived Strefford's intermittent interest in art. He really liked picture shows as much as the races, if one could be sure of seeing as many people there. With Nick how different it would have been! Nick hated openings and vanishing days, and worldly esthetics in general; he would have waited till the tide of fashion had ebbed, and slipped off with Susy to see the pictures some morning when they were sure to have the place-to-themselves.

BUT Susy divined that there was another reason for Strefford's suggestion. She had never yet shown herself to him publicly, among their own group of people; now he had determined that she should do so, and she knew why. She had humbled his pride; he had understood, and forgiven her. But she still continued to treat him as she had always treated the Strefford of old, Charlie Strefford, dear old negligible, impetuous Streff; and he wanted to show her, ever so casually and adroitly, that the man who had asked her to marry him was no longer Strefford, but Lord Altringham.

At the very threshold his Ambassador's greeting marked the difference; it was followed, wherever they turned, by ejaculations of welcome from the ruling powers of the world they moved in. Everybody rich enough or titled enough, or clever enough or stupid enough, to have forced a way into the social citadel, was there, waving and fly-flying from the battlements; and to all of them Lord Altringham had become a marked figure. During their slow progress through the dense mass of important people who made the approach to the pictures so well worth fighting for, he never left Susy's side, or failed to make her feel herself a part of his triumphal advance. She heard her name mentioned: "Lanning—a

Mrs. Lanning—an American"—Susy Lanning? Yes, of course! You remember her? At Newport? At St. Moritz? Exactly! Divorced already? They say so—Susy, darling! I'd no idea you were here—and Lord Altringham! You've forgotten me, I know Lord Altringham! Yes, last year, in Calis—no at Newport—or in Scotland—Susy, dearest, when will you bring Lord Altringham to dine? Any night that you and he are free I'll arrange to be—"

You and he? they were "you and he" already! "Ah, there's one of those great great-grandchildren," Strefford explained, giving a last push that drew him and Susy to the front rank before a tall, isolated portrait which, by sheer majesty of presentation, sat in its great carved, golden frame as on a throne above all the other pictures.

Susy read on the gilt scroll beneath it: "The Honorable Mrs. Lefanu, Fifteenth Countess of Altringham"—and heard Strefford say, "Do you remember? It hangs where you noticed the empty space above the mantelpiece, in the Vandyke room. They say Reynolds stipulated that it should be put over the Vandykes."

She had never before heard him speak of his possessions, whether ancestral or merely material, in just that full, satisfied tone of voice; the rich man's voice. She saw that he was already feeling the triumph of his success, that he was glad the portrait of a Countess of Altringham should occupy the central place in the principal room of the exhibition, that the crowd about it should be denser there than before any of the other pictures; and that he should be standing there with Susy, letting her feel, by letting all the people about them guess, that the day she chose she could wear the same name as his pictured ancestors.

On the way back to her hotel Strefford made no further allusion to their future; but, as they left, he took her in their respective corners of the taxi. But as the carriage stopped at her door he said, "I must go back to England the day after to-morrow, worse luck! Why not dine with me to-night at the Nouveau Luxe? I've got to have the Ambassador and Lady Ascol, with the youngest girl and my old Dunes sat, the Dowager Duchs, who's over here hiding from her creditors; but I'll try to get two or three amusing men to lighten the lump. We might go to a *bolle* afterward, if you're bored. Unless the dancing amuses you more."

She understood that he had decided to hasten his departure rather than linger on in uncertainty; she also remembered having heard the Ascols' youngest daughter, Lady Joan Senchill, spoken of as a possible bride of the season; and she recalled the almost exaggerated warmth of the Ambassador's greeting at the private view.

"Of course I'll come, Streff, dear!" she cried, with an effort at gaiety that sounded successful to her own strained ears, and reflected itself in the sudden lighting up of his face.

She waved a good-by from the step, saying to herself, as she looked after him, "He'll drive me home to-night, and I shall say 'Yes'; and then he'll kiss me again. But the next time it won't be nearly as disagreeable."

SHE turned into the hotel, glancing automatically at the empty pigeonhole under her key-hook, and mounted the stairs, following the same line of images. Yes, I shall say 'Yes' to-night, she repeated firmly, her hand on the door of her room. "That is, unless they've brought up a letter!" She never returned the hotel without imagining that the letter she had not found below had been brought up to her room.

Opening the door, she turned on the light and sprang to the table on which her correspondence sometimes awaited her. There was no letter; but the morning papers, still unread, lay at hand, and listlessly down the column which chronicles the doings of her kind she read: "After an extended sojourn in the Aegean and the Black Sea on their steam-yacht *Ibis*, Mr and Mrs. Mortimer Hickes are established at the Nouveau Luxe in Rome. They have lately had the honor of entertaining at dinner the Reigning Prince of Teutoburg-Waldau and his mother, the Princess Dowager, with their suite. Among those invited to meet their Serene Highnesses were the French and Spanish Ambassadors, the Duchesse de Vichy, Prince and Princess Bagmidules, the Lady Penelope Pamfili—Susy's eye fell impatiently on over the long list of titles—"and Mr. Nicholas Lanning of New York,"

who had been cruising with them on the *Ibis* for the last few months."

The Mortimer Hickes were in Rome; not, as they would in former times have been, in an old-fashioned hotel of the Piazza di Spagna or the Porta del Popolo, where, if old she had so gaily defied fever and nourished themselves on local color; but spread out, with all the ostentation of philistine millions, under the *stucco* and *scabie* ceilings of one of the new "Palaces" on the Esquiline, where, as Mrs. Hickes shamelessly declared, they could "rely on the plumbing," and "have the privilege of overlooking the Queen Mother's Gardens."

It was that speech, uttered with its beaming aplomb at a dinner-table surrounded by cosmopolitan nobility of the Eternal City, that had suddenly revealed to Lanning the profound change in the Hicks point of view.

As he looked back over the four months since he had so unexpectedly joined the *Ibis* at Genoa he saw that the change,



"HOW SPLENDID YOU LOOK!" HE SAID, SMILING AT HER. AS SHE TURNED TO HIM."

at first insidious and unperceived, dated from the ill-fated day when the Hickses had run across a Reigning Prince at Mitylene.

Hitherto they had been proof against such perils, both Mr. and Mrs. Hicks had often declared that the aristocracy of the intellect was the only one that attracted them. But in this case the Prince possessed an intellect, in addition to his few square miles of territory and to one of the most beautiful Field Marshall's uniforms that had ever encased a royal warrior. The Prince was not a warrior, however; he was stooping, pacific, and spectacled, and his possession of the uniform had been revealed to Mrs. Hicks only by the gift of a full-length photograph in a Bond Street frame, with *Anastasis* written slantingly across its base.

The Prince—and herein lay the Hickses' undoing—the Prince was an archeologist; an earnest, anxious, inquiring, and scrupulous archeologist. Delicate health (so his suite let it be understood) banished him for a part of each year from his cold and foggy principality; and since the company of his mother, the active and enthusiastic Dowager Princess, he wandered from one Mediterranean shore to another, now assisting at the exhumation of Ptolemaic mummies, now at the excavation of Delphic temples or North-African basilicas. The beginning of the Winter usually brought the Prince and his mother to Rome or Nice, and the Italian or French shore was summoned by family duties to Berlin, Vienna, or Madrid; for an extended connection with the principal royal houses of Europe compelled them, as the Princess Mother said, to be always burying or marrying a cousin. At other moments they were seldom seen in the glacial atmosphere of courts, parties, and royalties; they were then in the land of the modern type, in one of which the Hickses were now lodged.

Yes, the Prince and his mother (they gaily avowed it) revelled in Palace hotels; and, being unable to afford the luxury of inhabiting them, they liked, as often as possible, to be invited to dine there by their friends—"or even to tea, my dear," the Princess laughingly avowed, "for I'm so awfully fond of buttered scones; and Anastasis gives me so little to eat in the desert."

The encounter with these ambulant Highnesses had been fatal—Lansing now perceived it—to Mrs. Hicks's principles. She had known a great many archeologists, but never one as agreeable as the Prince, and above all never one who had left a throne to camp in the desert and delve in Libyan tombs. And it seemed to her infinitely pathetic that these two gifted beings, who grumbled when they had to go to "marry a cousin" at the Palace of St. James or of Madrid, and hastened back breathlessly (second class) to the far-off point where, metaphorically speaking, pickles and aspicks had dropped from their royal hands—that these heirs of the ages should be unable to offer themselves the comforts of up-to-date hotel life, and should enjoy themselves "like babies" when they were invited to the other kind of "Palace," to feast on buttered scones and watch the tango.

She simply could not bear the thought of their privations; and neither, after a time, could Mrs. Hicks, who found the Prince more democratic than any one he had ever known at Apex City, and was immensely interested by the fact that their spectacles came from the same optician.

But it was, above all, the artistic tendencies of the Prince and his mother which had conquered the Hickses. There was fascination in the thought that, among the rabble of vulgar, uneducated royalties who overrun Europe from Biarritz to the Engadine, gambling, tangoing, and sponging on no less vulgar plebeians, they the unobtrusive and self-respecting Hickses, should have had the luck to meet this cultivated and accomplished pair, who shed their thin garments of their own frivolous kinfolks, and whose tastes were exactly those of the eccentric, unreliable, and sometimes money-borrowing persons who had hitherto represented the higher life to the Hickses.

Now at last Mrs. Hicks saw the possibility of being at once artistic and luxurious, of surrendering herself to the joys of modern plumbing and yet keeping the talk on the highest level. "If the poor dear Princess *wants* to dine at the Nouveau Luxe, why shouldn't we give her that pleasure?" Mrs. Hicks smilingly inquired; "and as for enjoying her buttered scones like a baby, as she says, I think it's the sweetest thing about her."

CORAL HICKS did not join in this chorus; but she accepted, with her curious air of impartiality, the change in her parents' manner of life, and for the first time (as Nick observed) occupied herself with her mother's toilet, with the result that Mrs. Hicks's outline became firmer, her garments soberer in hue and finer in material; so that, should any one chance to detect the daughter's likeness to her mother, the result was less likely to be disturbing.

Such precautions were the more needful—Lansing could not but be—because of the different standards of the social life in which the Hickses were now moved. For it was curious fact that admission to the intimacy of the Prince and his mother—who continually declared themselves to be the Parisians, the outlaws, the Bohemians among crowned heads—nevertheless involved not only living in Palace hotels but mixing with those who frequented them. The Prince's *aide-de-camp* was a young man of easy manners—had smilingly hinted that their Serene Highnesses, tho so thoroughly democratic and unceremonious, were yet accustomed to inspecting in advance the names of the persons whom their hosts wished to invite with them; and Lansing noticed that Mrs. Hicks's lists, having been "submitted," usually came back lengthened by the addition of numerous wealthy and titled guests.

Their Highnesses never struck out a name; they welcomed with enthusiasm and curiosity the Hickses' oddest and most inexplicable friends, at most putting off some of them to a later day, on the plea that it would be "cooler" to meet them on a more private occasion; but they invariably added to the list many friends of their own, with the gracious hint that they wished these latter (altogether socially so well provided for) to have the "immense privilege" of knowing the Hickses. And thus it happened that when October gales necessitated laying up the *Dés*, the Hickses, with their

Rome the august travelers from whom they had parted the previous month in Athens, also found their visiting-list enlarged by all that the capital contained of cosmopolitan fashion.

It was true enough, as Lansing had not failed to note, that the Princess Mother adored prehistoric art, and Russian music, and the paintings of Gauguin and Matisse; but she also, and with a bearing unconsciously of perspective, adored large pearls and powerful motor-cars, Caravan tea and modern plumbing, perfumed cigarettes and society scandals; and her son, while apparently less sensible to these forms of luxury, adored his mother, and was charmed to gratify her inclinations without cost to himself—"since poor mama," he observed, "is so courageous when we are roughing it in the desert."

THE smiling *aide-de-camp*, who explained these things to Lansing, added with an intense smile that the Prince and his mother were under obligations, either social or casually, to most of the titled persons whom they begged Mrs. Hicks to invite; "and it seems to their Serene Highnesses," he added, "the most flattering return they can make for the hospitality of their friends to give them such an intellectual opportunity."

The dinner-table at which their Highnesses' friends were seated on the evening in question represented, numerically, one of the greatest intellectual opportunities yet afforded them. Twenty-five of them were grouped about the flower-wreathed board, from which Eldorado and Beck had been excluded on the plea that the Princess Mother liked cozy parties; and begged her hosts that there should never be more than thirty at table. Such, at least, was the reason given by Mrs. Hicks to her faithful followers; but Lansing had observed that, of late, the same skilled hand which had refashioned the Hickses' social circle usually managed to exclude from it the timid presences of the two secretaries.

Their banishment was the more displeasing to Lansing from the fact that, for the last three months, he had filled Mr. Buttles's place, and was himself their salaried companion. But since he had accepted the post, his obvious duty was to fill it in accordance with his employers' requirements; and it was clear to Eldorado and Mr. Beck that he had, as Eldorado ungrudgingly said, "something of Mr. Buttles's marvelous social gifts."

During the cruise his task had not been devoid of value to him. He was glad of any definite duties, however trivial; he felt more independent as the Hickses' secretary than as their pampered guest, and the large check which Mr. Hicks handed over to him on the first of each month refreshed his languishing sense of self-respect.

He considered himself absurdly overpaid, but that was the Hickses' affair; and he saw nothing humiliating in being in the employ of people he liked and respected. But from the moment of the ill-fated encounter with the wandering Princess his position had changed as much as that of his employers. He was no longer, to Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, a useful and estimable assistant, on the same level as Eldorado and Mr. Beck; he had become a social asset of unsuspected value, equaling Mr. Buttles in his capacity for dealing with the mysteries of foreign etiquette and surpassing him in the art of personal attraction. Nick Lansing, the Hickses found, already knew most of the Princess Mother's rich and aristocratic friends. Many of them hailed him with enthusiasm "Old Nick," and he was almost as familiar as his Highness's expert *aide-de-camp*, with all those ramifications of love and hate that made dining so much more of a science in Rome than at Apex City.

Mrs. Hicks, at first, had hopelessly lost her way in this labyrinth of subterranean scandals, rivalries, and jealousies; and, fudging Lansing's hand within reach, she clung to it with pathetic tenacity. But if the young man's value had caught his eye on the very first slip of Mrs. Hicks's, Nick had been condemned to play a part he had not bargained for, and, oddly enough, it seemed to him rather more degrading because it was paid in bank-notes than if his retribution had consisted merely in good dinners and luxurious lodgings. The first time the smiling *aide-de-camp* had caught his eye on a verbal slip of Mrs. Hicks's, Nick had flushed to the forehead and gone to bed swearing that he would chuck his job the next day.

Two months had passed since then, and he was still the paid secretary. He had contrived to let the *aide-de-camp* know that he was too deficient in humor to be worth

exchanging glances over with his employers' blunders; but even this had not restored his self-respect, and on the evening in question, as he looked about the long table, he laid to himself for the hundredth time that he would give up his position on the morrow.

Only—what was the alternative? The alternative, apparently, was Coral Hicks. He glanced down the line of diners, beginning with the tall, lean countenance of the Princess Mother, with its small, inquisitive eyes perched as if at attic windows under a frizzled tatch of hair and a pediment of uncleaned diamonds; passed on to the vacuous and overfed or fashionably haggard masks of the bejeweled ladies next in rank; and finally caught, between branching orchids, a distant glimpse of Miss Hicks.

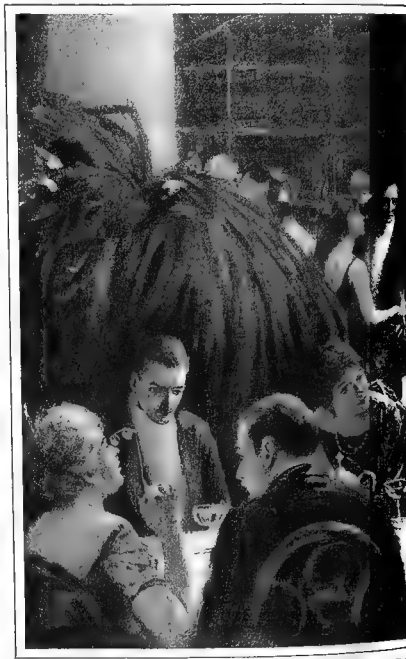
In contrast with the others, he thought, she looked surprisingly noble. Her large, grave features made her appear like an old monument in a street of Palace hotels; and he marvelled at the mysterious law which had brought this archaic face out of Apex City, and given to the oldest society of Europe a look of such mixed modernity.

LANSING perceived that the Prince's *aide-de-camp*, who was his neighbor, was also looking at Miss Hicks. His expression was serious, and even thoughtful; but, as his eyes met Lansing's, he readjusted his official smile.

"I was admiring our hostess's daughter," he remarked, in the casual dental tone which Lansing had come to dread.

"Oh, Miss Hicks is full of inspirations," he returned curtly; and the *aide-de-camp* bowed admiringly, as if it were pearls were rarer than pearls, as in his sister's eyes undoubtedly were. "She is the equal of any situation I am sure," he replied; and then abandoned the subject with one of his automatic transitions.

After dinner, in an embrasure of one of the drawing-rooms



"SEEING HER AT LORD ALTRINGHAM'S TABLE, WITH THE ASCOTS AND THE REGARD THE DINNER AS CONFERRING

windows, he surprised Nick by returning to it, and this time without thinking it needful to readjust his smile. His face remained serious, tho his manner was studiously informal.

"I was admiring, at dinner, Miss Hicks's inevitable sense of appropriateness. It must permit her friends to foresee for her almost any future, however exacting."

Lansing hesitated, and controlled his annoyance. Definitely, he wanted to know what was in his companion's mind.

"What do you mean by exacted?" he asked, with a faint amusement.

"Well—equal to her immense capacity for shining in the public eye."

Lansing smiled. "The question is, I suppose, whether her desire to do so equals her capacity."

The *aide-de-camp* stared. "You mean she's not ambitious?"

"On the contrary. I believe her to be immeasurably ambitious."

"Inimitably?" The *aide-de-camp* seemed to try to

measure it. "But not, surely, beyond—Beyond what we can offer," his eyes rapidly completed the sentence; and it was Lanning's turn to stare. The *aide-de-camp* faced the stare. "Yes," his eyes concluded in a flash while his lips fell, "The Princess Mother admires her immensely." But at that moment a wave of Mrs. Hicks's fan drew them hurriedly from their embrace.

"Professor Darchivio had promised to explain to us the difference between the Sassanian and Byzantine motives in Carolingian art; but the manager has sent up word that the two new Creole dancers from Paris have arrived, and her Serene Highness wants to pop down and take a peep at them. She's sure the professor will understand!"

"And come with us, of course," the Princess irresistibly added.

Lanning's brief colloquy in the Nouveau Luxe window had lifted the scales from his eyes. Innumerable dim corners of memory had been flooded with light by the one quick glance of the *aide-de-camp*'s. Things he had heard, hints he had let pass, smiles, insinuations, cordialities, rumors of the improbability of the Prince's founding a family, suggestions as to the urgent need of replenishing the Teutoburger treasury—

MISS HICKS, perforce, had accompanied her parents and their princely guests to the ballroom; but, as she did not dance, and took little interest in the sight of others so engaged, she remained aloof from the party, absorbed in an archeological discussion with the baffled but smiling *valet* who was to have enlightened the party on the difference between Sassanian and Byzantine ornament.

Lanning, also aloof, had picked out a post from which he could observe the girl, she wore a new look to him since he had seen her as the center of all these scattered threads of intrigue. Yes; decidedly she was growing handsome; or

What would the girl do? Lanning could not guess; yet he dimly felt that her attitude would depend in a great degree upon his own. And he knew no more what his own was going to be than on the night, four months earlier, when he had flung out of his wife's room in Venice to take the midnight express for Genoa.

THE whole of his past, and above all the tendency, on which he had once prided himself, to live in the present and take whatever chances it offered, now made it harder for him to act. He began to see that he had never, even in the closest relations of life, looked ahead of his immediate satisfaction. He had thought it rather fine to be able to give himself so intensely to the fulfills of each moment instead of hurrying past it in the pursuit of something more, or something else, in the manner of the overscrupulous or the underimaginative, whom he had always grouped together and equally prided. It was not till he had linked his life with Susy's that he had begun to feel reaching forward into a future he suddenly longed to make sure of, to fasten upon and shape to his own wants and purposes, till, by an imperceptible substitution, that future had become his real present, his all-absorbing moment of time.

Now the moment was shattered, and the power to rebuild it failed him. He had never before thought about putting together broken bits; he felt like a man whose house has been wrecked by an earthquake, and who, for lack of skilled labor, is called upon for the first time to use a trowel and carry bricks. He simply did not know how.

Will-power, he saw, was not a thing one could suddenly decree oneself to possess. It must be built up imperceptibly and laboriously out of a succession of small efforts to meet definite objects, out of the facing of daily difficulties and of cleverly eluding them or shifting their burden on others. The making of the substance called character was a process about as slow and arduous as the building of the Pyramids, and the thing itself, like those awful edifices, was mainly useful to lodge one's descendants in, after they too were dust. Yet the Pyramid in strict was the one which had made the world, made man, and caused his fugitive joys to linger like fading frescoes on imperishable walls.

On the drive back from her dinner at the Nouveau Luxe, events had followed the course foreseen by Susy.

She had promised Strefford to seek legal advice about her divorce, and he had kissed her; and the promise had been easier to make than she had expected, the kiss less difficult to receive.

She had gone to the dinner acquiescent with the mortification of learning that her husband was still with the Hickses. Morally sure of it who she had been, the discovery was a shock, and she measured for the first time the abyss between fearing and knowing. No wonder he had not written—the modern husband did not have to; he had only to leave it to time and the newspapers to make known his intentions. Susy could imagine Nick's saying to himself, as he dozed off on her bed, the thought of Strefford and guests swarming her, and of the conclusions that the diners of the Nouveau Luxe would draw from seeing them together. Thank Heaven no one would say, "Poor old Susy—did you know Nick had 'shucked her?' They would all say, "Poor old Nick—yes, I dare say she was going to 'chuck him,' but Altringham's mad to marry her, and what could she do?"

And once again events had followed the course she had foreseen. Seeing her at Lord Altringham's table, with the Asco's and the old Duchess of Dunes, she had seen the Asco's could not but regard the dinner as confirming the rumor of her marriage. As Ellie said, people didn't wait nowadays to announce their "engagements" till the tiresome divorce proceedings were over. She herself, prodigally prudent and ermined, had floated in late, with Ellie

Bockheimer in her wake, and sat, in conspicuous *à-la-là*, nodding and signaling her sympathy to Susy. Approval beamed from every eye; it was awfully exciting, they all seemed to say, seeing Susy Lanning put off. As the party, after the waiter had writhed from the restaurant back into the hall, she caught, in the smiles and hand-pressures crowding about her, the scarcely perceived hint of official congratulations; and Violet Melrose, seated in a corner with Fulmer, drew her glances reached her from the far-off bank where they sat idly. "It's most awfully clever of you, darling, not to be wearing any jewels."

In all the women's eyes she read the reflected luster of the jewels she could now wear when she chose; it was as tho the glitter reached her from the far-off bank where they lay sealed up in the Altringham strong-box. What a fool she had been to think that Strefford would ever believe she didn't care for them!

The Ambassadors, a blank, perpendicular person, had been a shade less affable than Susy could have wished; but then there was Lady Joan—and the girl was *handsome*, alarmingly handsome—to account for that; probably every one in the room had guessed it. And the old Duchess of Dunes was delightful. She looked rather stiff in a wig and false pearls (Susy was sure they were as false as her teeth); and her cordiality was so open and demonstrative that the future bride found it more difficult to account for than Lady Asco's coldness, till she heard the old lady, as they exchanged their congratulations, say, "I'm bringing your nephew, 'Streff, dearest, when you have a minute's time, and can drop in at my wretched little pension, I know you can explain in two words what I ought to do to pacify her. And so it would be no disadvantage to everything if you requisite American to see me, won't you?"—"No, Joan Senechal's too fair for my taste— Inspired—"

Yes; the taste of it all was again sweet on her lips. A few days later she began to wonder how the thought of Strefford's endorsement could have been so inspiring. To be sure, he was not lavish of them; but when he did touch her, even when he kissed her, it no longer seemed to matter. An almost complete absence of sensation had mercifully succeeded to the first wild hurry-scurry of her nerves.

And so it went in the days that followed. To be sure, in her new life. If it failed to provoke any acute reactions, whether of pain or pleasure, the very absence of sensation would make for peace. And in the meanwhile she was tasting what, she had not time to suspect, was the maximum of bliss to most of her women friends: days packed with engagements, the exhilaration of fashionable crowds, the thrill of snapping up a jewel or a *bibou* or a new "model" that one's best friend wanted, or of being invited to some private show, or some exclusive entertainment, in which one's own name couldn't get to. There was nothing, now, that she couldn't buy, nowhere that she couldn't go; she had only to choose and to triumph. And for a while the surface-excitement of her life gave her the illusion of enjoyment.

Strefford, as she had expected, had postponed his return to England, and they had now been for nearly three weeks together in their new, and virtually avowed, relation. She had fancied that, after all, the easiest part of it would just be the being with Strefford—the falling back on their old tried friendship to efface the sense of strangeness. But she had so soon grown used to his caresses, he himself remained curiously unfamiliar; she was hardly sure, at times, that it was the old Strefford she was talking to. It was not that his point of view had changed, but that she had new things opened and absorbed him. In all the small side of her life, the situation he took an almost childish satisfaction; and he still laughed at both his privileges and his obligations, it was now with a jealous laughter.

It amused him immensely, for instance, to be made up to by all the people who had always disapproved of him, and to unite at the same table persons who had to dissemble their annoyance at being invited together lest they should not be invited at all. Equally exhilarating was the capricious favoring of the dull and dowdy on occasions when the brilliant and disreputable expected his notice. It enchanted him, for example, to ask the old Duchess of Dunes and Violet Melrose to dine with the Vicar of Altringham, on his way to Switzerland for a month's holiday, and to watch the face of the Vicar's wife while the Duchess narrated the details of her difficulties with book-makers and money-lenders, and Violet proclaimed the rights of Love and Genius to all that had once been supposed to belong exclusively to Respectability and Dunes.

SUSY had to confess that her own amusements were hardly of a higher order; but then she put up with them for lack of better, whereas Strefford, who might have had what he pleased, was completely satisfied with such trivial trifles.

Somehow, in spite of his honors and his opportunities, he seemed to have shrunk. The old Strefford had certainly been a larger person, and she wondered if material prosperity were always a beginning of ossification. Strefford had been much more free than when she had first met him; now, when he tried to talk of politics, or assert himself on some question of public interest, she was startled by his limitations. Formerly, when he was not sure of his ground, he had turned to the solidity of his money; now, when he was actually dull, he sometimes pompously noticed too, for the first time, that he did not always hear clearly when several people were talking at once, or when he was at the theater; and he developed a habit of saying over and over while the Duchess narrated the details of her difficulties, "I'm getting dumber, I wonder?" which were on her nerves by its suggestion of a corresponding mental infirmity.

These thoughts did not always trouble her. The current of life activity on which they were both gliding was so swift and so buoyant, as he, and never had it tide been so swift, its waves as buoyant. In his relation to her, too, he was full of tact and consideration. She saw that he still remembered their frightened exchange of glances after their first kiss; and the sense of this little hidden spring of imagination in him was sometimes enough for her thirst.



OLD DUCHESS OF DUNES, THE INTERESTED SPECTATORS COULD NOT BUT THE RUMOR OF SUSY'S MARRIAGE"

she had learned how to set off her massive lines instead of trying to disguise them. As she held up her long eye-glass in glance absentmindedly at the dancers he was struck by the large beauty of her arm and the careless assurance of the gesture. There was nothing nervous or fussy about Coral Hicks; and he was not surprised that, plastically at least, the Princess Mother had discerned her possibilities.

Nick Lanning, all that night, sat up and stared at his future. He knew enough of the society into which the Hickses had drifted to guess that, within a very short time, the hint of the Prince's *aide-de-camp* would reappear in the form of a direct proposal. Lanning himself would probably—as the one person in the Hicks' entourage with whom one could intelligently commune—be entrusted with the next step in the negotiations; he would be asked, as the *aide-de-camp* would have said, "to feel the ground." It was clearly part of the state policy of Teutoburg to offer Miss Hicks, with the hand of its sovereign, an opportunity to replenish the treasury.

She had always had a rather masculine punctuality in keeping her word, and after she had promised Strefford to take steps toward a divorce she had promptly set about doing it.

A sudden reluctance prevented her asking the advice of friends like Ellie Vanderlyn, whom she knew to be in the thick of the same negotiations, and all she could think of was to consult a young American lawyer, practising in Paris, with whom she felt she could talk the more easily because he was not from New York, and probably unacquainted with her history.

She was so ignorant of the procedure in such matters that she was surprised and relieved at his asking few personal questions; but it was a shock to learn that a divorce could not be obtained, either in New York or Paris, on the easy ground of desertion or incompatibility.

"I thought nowadays—if people preferred to live apart—it could always be managed," she stammered, wondering at her own ignorance, after the many conjugal ruptures she had assisted at.

The young lawyer smiled, and colored slightly. His lovely client evidently intimidated him by her grace and still more by her inexperience. "It can be—generally," he admitted; "and especially so if—as I gather is the case—your husband is equally anxious—"

"Oh, quite!" she exclaimed, suddenly humiliated by having to admit it.

"Well, then—may I suggest that, to bring matters to a point, the best way would be for you to write to him?"

She recoiled slightly. It had never occurred to her that the lawyers would not "manage it" without her intervention.

"Write to him—but what about?"

"WELL, expressing your wish—to recover your freedom. The rest, I assume," said the young lawyer, "may be left to Mr. Lansing."

She did not know exactly what he meant, and was too much perturbed by the idea of having to communicate with Nick to follow any other train of thought. How could she write such a letter? And yet how could she confess to the lawyer that she had not the courage to do so? He would of course tell her to go home and be reconciled. She hesitated perplexedly.

"Wouldn't it be better," she suggested, "if the letter were to come from—from your office?"

He considered this politely. "On the whole, no. If, as I take it, an amicable arrangement is necessary—to secure the requisite evidence—then a line from you, suggesting an interview, seems to me more advisable."

"An interview? Is an interview necessary?" She was ashamed to show her agitation to this cautiously smiling young man, who must wonder at her childish lack of understanding; but the break in her voice was uncontrollable.

"Oh, please write to him—I can't! And I can't see him! Oh, can't you arrange it for me?" she pleaded, choking back her tears.

She saw now that her idea of a divorce had been that it was something one went out—or sent out—to buy in a shop: something concrete and portable, that Strefford's money could pay for, and that it required no personal participation to obtain. What a fool the lawyer must think her! Stiffening herself, she rose from her seat.

"My husband and I don't wish to see each other again. I'm sure it would be useless—and very painful."

"You are the best judge, of course. But in any case a letter from you, a friendly letter, seems wiser—considering the apparent lack of evidence—"

"Very well, then; I'll write," she agreed, and hurried away, scarcely hearing his parting injunction that she should take a copy of her letter.

That night she wrote. At the last moment it might have been impossible, if at the theater little Breckenridge had not bobbed into her box. He was just back from Rome, where he had dined with the Hickses ("a bang-up show—they're really *lancés*—you wouldn't know them!"), and had met there Lansing, whom he reported as intending to marry Coral "as soon as things were settled." "You were dead right, weren't you, Susy," he snickered, "that night in Venice last Summer, when we all thought you were joking about their engagement? Pity now you chucked our surprise visit to the Hickses, and sent Streff up to drag us back just as we were breaking in. You remember?"

He flung off the "Streff" airily, in the old way, but with a tentative side-glance at his host; and Lord Altringham, leaning toward Susy, said coldly, "Was Breckenridge speaking about me? I didn't catch what he said. Does he speak indistinctly—or am I getting deaf, I wonder?"

After that it seemed comparatively easy, when Strefford had dropped her at her hotel, to go up-stairs and write. She dashed off the date and her address, and then stopped; but suddenly she remembered Breckenridge's snicker, and the words rushed from her, "Nick, dear, it was July when you left Venice, and I have had no word from you since the note in which you said you had gone for a few days, and that I should hear soon again."

"You haven't written yet, and it is five months since you left me. That means, I suppose, that you want to take back your freedom and give me mine. Wouldn't it be kinder, in that case, to tell me so? It is worse than anything to go on as we are now. I don't know how to put these things—but since you seem unwilling to write to me, perhaps you would prefer to send your answer to Mr. Frederic Spearman, the American lawyer here. His address is 100 Boulevard Haussmann. I hope—"

She broke off on the last word. Hope? What did she hope, either for him or for herself? Wishes for his welfare would sound like a mockery—and she would rather her letter should seem bitter than unfeeling. Above all, she wanted

to get it done. To have to rewrite even those few lines would be torture. So she left "I hope," and simply added, "to hear before long what you have decided."

She read it over, and shivered. Not one word of the past—not one allusion to that mysterious interweaving of their lives which had enclosed them one in the other like the flower in its sheath! What place had such memories in such a letter? She had the feeling that she wanted to hide that other Nick away in her own bosom, and with him the other Susy, the Susy he had once imagined her to be.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER'S new novel, "The Greers," is a story we wish to boast of. It is about a blunt hero, wary of women and afraid of the herd; about a society vampire; an amazing private secretary; a pack of ambitious business men; something new in the way of a daughter; and a mild-mannered man who belongs to the "Upper Ten." This serial, complete in four instalments, begins in our August number. It is full of action, human nature, and surprises.

Neither of them seemed concerned with the present business.

The letter done, she stared at the sealed envelop till its presence in the room became intolerable, and she understood that she must either tear it up or post it immediately. She went down to the hall of the sleeping hotel, and gave two francs to the night porter to carry the letter to the post-office across the street, tho he objected that, at that hour, no time would be gained. "I want it out of the house," she insisted; and waited sternly by the desk, in her dressing-gown, till he had grumblingly performed the errand.

As she reentered her room the disordered writing-table struck her; and she remembered the lawyer's injunction to take a copy of her letter. A copy to be filed away with the documents in "Lansing *versus* Lansing"! She burst out laughing at the idea. What were lawyers made of, she wondered? Didn't the man guess, by the mere look in her eyes and the sound of her voice, that she would never, as long as she lived, forget a word of that letter—that night after night she would lie down, as she was lying down to-night, to stare wide-eyed for hours into the darkness, while a voice in her brain monotonously hammered out, "Nick, dear, it was July when you left me—" and so on, word after word, down to the last fatal syllable?

STREFFORD was leaving for England.

Once assured that Susy had taken the first step toward freeing herself, he frankly regarded her as his affianced wife, and could see no reason for further mystery. She understood his impatience to have their plans settled; it would protect him from the formidable menace of the marriageable, and cause people, as he said, to stop meddling. Now that the novelty of his new situation was wearing off, his natural indolence reassessed itself, and there was nothing he dreaded more than having to be on his guard against the innumerable plans that his well-wishers were perpetually making for him. Sometimes Susy fancied he was marrying her because to do so was to follow the line of least resistance.

"To marry me is the easiest way of not marrying all the others," she laughed, as he stood before her one day in a quiet alley of the Bois de Boulogne, insisting on the settlement of various preliminaries. "I believe I'm only a protection to you."

An odd gleam passed behind his eyes, and she instantly guessed that he was thinking, "And what else am I to you?"

She changed color, and he rejoined, laughing also, "Well, you're that at any rate, thank the Lord!"

She pondered, and then questioned, "But in the interval—how are you going to defend yourself for another year?"

"Ah, you've got to see to that; you've got to take a little house in London. You've got to look after me, you know."

It was on the tip of her tongue to flash back, "Oh, if that's all you care—!" But caring was precisely the factor she wanted, as much as possible, to keep out of their conversation and their thoughts. She could not ask him how much he cared without laying herself open to the same question; and that way terror lay. As a matter of fact, tho Strefford was not an ardent wooer—perhaps from tact, perhaps from temperament, perhaps merely from the long habit of belittling and disintegrating every sentiment and every conviction—yet she knew he did care for her as much as he was capable of caring for any one. If the element of habit entered largely into the feeling—if he liked her, above all, because he was used to her, knew her views, her indulgences, her allowances, knew he was never likely to be bored, and almost certain to be amused, by her; why, such ingredients, tho not of the fieriest, were perhaps those most likely to keep his feeling for her at a pleasant temperature.

She had had a taste of the tropics, and wanted more equable weather; but the idea of having to fan his flame gently for a year was inexpressibly depressing to her. Yet all this was precisely what she could not say. The long period of probation, during which, as she knew, she would have to amuse him, to guard him, to hold him, and to keep off the other women, was a necessary part of their situation. She was sure that, as little Breckenridge would have said, she could "pull it off"; but she did not want to think about it. What she would have preferred would have been to go away—no matter where—and not see Strefford again till they were married. But she dared not tell him that either.

"A little house in London?" She wondered.

"Well, I suppose you've got to have some sort of a roof over your head."

"I suppose so."

He sat down beside her. "If you like me well enough to live at Altringham some day, won't you, in the meantime, let me provide you with a smaller and more convenient establishment?"

Still she hesitated. The alternative, she knew, would be to live on Ursula Gillow, Violet Melrose, or some other of her rich friends, any one of whom would be ready to lavish the largest hospitality on the prospective Lady Altringham. Such an arrangement, in the long run, would be no less humiliating to her pride, no less destructive to her independence, than Altringham's little establishment. But she temporized. "I shall go over to London in December, and stay for a while with various people—then we can look about."

"All right; as you like." He obviously considered her hesitation ridiculous, but was too full of satisfaction at her having started divorce proceedings to be chilled by her reply.

"And now, look here, my dear; couldn't I give you some sort of a ring?" he went on.

"A ring?" She flushed at the suggestion. "What's the use, Streff, dear? With all those jewels locked away in London—"

"Oh, I dare say you'll think them old-fashioned. And, hang it, why shouldn't I give you something new? I ran across

Ellie and Bockheimer yesterday, in the Rue de la Paix, picking out sapphires. Do you like sapphires, or emeralds? Or just a diamond? I've seen a thumping one. I'd like you to have it."

Ellie and Bockheimer! How she hated the conjunction of the names! Their case always seemed to her like a caricature of her own, and she felt an unreasoning resentment against Ellie for having selected the same reason for her unmating and remating.

"I wish you wouldn't speak of them, Streff—as if they were like us! I can hardly bear to sit in the same room with Ellie Vanderlyn."

"Hullo! What's wrong? You mean because of her giving up Clarissa?"

"Not that only— You don't know— I can't tell you—" She shivered at the memory, and rose restlessly from the bench where they had been sitting.

Strefford gave his careless shrug. "Well, my dear, you can hardly expect me to agree, for after all it was to Ellie I owed the luck of being so long alone with you in Venice. If she and Algie hadn't prolonged their honeymoon at the villa—"

He stopped abruptly, and looked at Susy. She was conscious that every drop of blood had left her face. She felt it ebbing away from her heart, flowing out of her as if from all her severed arteries, till it seemed that nothing was left of life in her but one point of irreducible pain.

"Ellie—at the villa? What do you mean? Was it Ellie and Bockheimer who—?"

Strefford still stared. "You mean to say you didn't know?"

"Who came after Nick and me—?" she panted.

"Why, do you suppose I'd have turned you out otherwise? That beastly Bockheimer simply smothered me with gold. Ah, well, there's one good thing: I shall never have to let the villa again! I rather like the little place myself, and I dare say once in a while one might go there for a day or two— Susy, what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

She returned his stare, but without seeing him. Everything swam and danced before her eyes.

"Then she was there while I was posting all those letters for her—?"

"Letters—what letters? What makes you look so frightfully upset?"

She pursued her thought as if he had not spoken. "She and Bockheimer arrived there the day that Nick and I left?"

"I suppose so. I thought she'd told you. Ellie always tells everybody everything."

"She would have told me, I dare say—but I wouldn't let her."

"Well, my dear, that was hardly my fault, was it? Tho I really don't see—"

BUT Susy, still blind to everything but the dance of dizzy sparks before her eyes, pressed on as if she had not heard him. "It was their motor, then, that took us to Milan! It was Algie Bockheimer's motor!" She did not know why, but this seemed to her the most humiliating incident in the whole hateful business. She remembered Nick's reluctance to use the motor—she remembered his look when she had boasted of her "managing." The nausea mounted to her throat.

Strefford burst out laughing. "I say—you borrowed their motor? And you didn't know whose it was?"

"How could I? I persuaded the chauffeur—for a little tip—to save our railway fares to Milan—extra luggage costs so frightfully in Italy—"

"Good old Susy! Well done! I can see you doing it—"

"Oh, how horrible—how horrible!" she groaned.

"Horrible? What's horrible?"

"Why, your not seeing—not feeling—" she began impetuously; and then stopped. How could she explain to him that what revolted her was not so much the fact of his having given the little house; as soon as she and Nick had left it, to those two people of all others—tho the vision of them in the cool, clear villa, and under the plane-trees of the terrace, drew such a trail of slime across her golden hours? No, it was not that from which she recoiled, but from the fact that Strefford, living in luxury in Nelson Vanderlyn's house, should at the same time have secretly abetted Ellie Vanderlyn's love-affairs, and allowed her—for a handsome price—to shelter them under his own roof.

The reproach trembled on her lip—but she remembered her own part in the wretched business, and the impossibility of availing to Strefford, and of revealing to him that Nick had left her for that very reason. She was not afraid that the discovery would diminish her in Strefford's eyes; she knew he was untroubled by moral problems, and would laugh away her avowal, with a sneer at Nick in his new part as a villain. But she was just as sure as she could be that any one should cast a doubt on the sincerity of Nick's standards, or should know how far below them she had fallen.

She remained silent, and Strefford, after a moment, drew her gently down to the seat beside him. "Susy, upon my soul, I don't know what you're driving at. Is it you're angry with—or yourself? And what's it all about? Are you disgusted because I let the villa to a couple who weren't married? But, hang it, they're the kind that pay the highest price—and I had to earn my living somehow! One doesn't run across a bridal pair every day—"

She lifted her eyes to his puzzled, incredulous face. Poor Strefford! No, it was not with him that she was angry. Why should she be? Even that ill-advised disclosure had told her nothing she had not already known about him. It had simply revealed to her once more the real point of view of the people he and she lived among, had shown her that, in spite of superficial superiority, he felt as they felt, judged as they judged, was blind as they were—and as she would be expected to be, if she should once again become one of them.

What was the use of being blind by fortune above such shifts and compromises, if it left her heart all but constricted then? And she would have to—she would catch the general note, grow blunted as those other people were blunted, and gradually come to wonder at her own revolt, as Strefford now honestly wondered at hers.

She felt as she were on the point of losing some new-found treasure, a treasure precious only to herself, but beside which all he offered her was nothing, the triumph of her wounded pride nothing, the security of her future nothing.

"What is it, Susy?" he asked, with puzzled gentleness.

Ah, the loneliness of never being able to make him understand! She had felt lonely enough when the flaming sword of Nick's indignation had shut her out from their paradise, but there had been true bliss in the pain. Nick had not opened her eyes to new truths, but had waked in her again something which had lain unconscious under years of accumulated indifference. She had not suspected secret and revealed since, and had somehow kept her from utter loneliness because it was a secret shared with Nick, a gift she owed to Nick, and which, in leaving her, he could not take from her. It was almost, she suddenly felt, as if he had left her with a child.

"My dear girl," Strefford said, with a resigned glance at his watch, "you know we're dining at the Embassy—"

AT THE Embassy? She looked at him vaguely; then she remembered. Yes, they were dining that night at the Ascots, with Strefford's cousin, the Duke of Dunes, and his wife, the young, handsome, irreproachable Duchess, with the old gambling Dovey, whom her son and daughter-in-law had come over from England to see; and with other English and French guests of a rank and standing worthy of the Duchess's. Susy knew that her inclusion in such a dinner could mean but one thing: it was her definite recognition as Altringham's future wife. She was "the little American" whom one had to ask when one invited him, even on ceremonial occasions. The family had accepted her; the Embassy could not follow suit.

"It's late, dear; and I've got to see some one on business first," Strefford reminded her patiently.

"Oh, Streff—I can't, I can't!" The words broke from her without her knowing what she was saying.

"I can't go with you—I can't go to that dinner. I can't go on any longer like this—" She lifted her eyes to his in desperate appeal. "Oh, understand—do please understand!" she wailed, knowing, while she spoke, the utter impossibility of what she asked.

Strefford's face had gradually paled and hardened. From sorrow it turned to a dusky white, and lines of obstinacy deepened between the ironic eyebrows and about the nose, a amused mouth.

"Understand? What do you want me to understand?" He laughed. "That you're trying to chuck me—already?"

She shrank at the sneer of the "already," but instantly remembered that this was the only thing he could be expected to say, since it was just because he couldn't understand that she was flying from him.

"Oh, Streff—if I knew how to tell you!"

"It doesn't so much matter about the how. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

Her head dropped, and she saw the dead leaves whirling across the path at her feet, lifted on a sudden wintry gust.

The reason," he continued, clearing his throat with a stiff cough, "is not quite as important to me as the fact—" She stood speechless, agonized by his pain. But still, she thought, he had remembered the dinner at the Embassy! The thought gave her courage to go on.

"I thought you'd do, Streff. I'm not a bit the kind of person to make you happy."

"Oh, leave that to me, please, won't you?"

"No, I can't. Because I should be unhappy too." He flicked at the leaves as they whirled past. "You've taken after a long time to find it out." She saw that the new-born sense of his own consistency was not the only thing more than his wounded affection, and that again gave her courage.

"If I've taken long it's all the more reason why I shouldn't take longer. If I've made a mistake it's you who would have suffered from it—"

"Thank," he said, "for your extreme solicitude."

She looked at him helplessly, penetrated by the despairing sense of their inaccessibility to each other. Then she remembered that Nick, during their last talk together, had seemed so inaccessible, and wondered if when human souls try to get too near each other, they do not inevitably become more blurs to each other's vision. She would like to say this to Streff—but he would not have understood it either. The sense of loneliness enveloped her again in its icy fog, and she groped in vain for a word that should reach him.

"Let me go home alone, won't you?" she appealed to him.

"Alone?"

She nodded. "To-morrow—to-morrow—"

HE TRIED, rather valiantly, to smile. "Hang to-morrow! Whatever is wrong, it needn't prevent my seeing you home." He glanced toward the taxi that waited them at the end of the deserted drive.

"No, please. You're in a hurry; take the taxi. I wait immensely a long, long walk by myself—through the streets, with the lights coming out—"

He laid his hand on her arm. "I say, my dear, you're not ill?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm not ill. But you may say I am, to-night at the Embassy."

His hand dropped from her arm. "Oh, very well," he answered coldly; and she understood by his tone that the knot was cut, and that at that moment he almost hated her. She turned away, hastening down the deserted alley, flying from him, and knowing, as she fled, that he was still standing there motionless, staring after her, wounded, humiliated, uncomprehending. It was neither her fault nor his.

As she fled on toward the lights of the streets—the breath of freedom seemed to blow into her face.

Like a weary load, the accumulated hypocrisies of the



"NICK HAD WAKED IN HER AGAIN SOMETHING WHICH HAD LAIN UNCONSCIOUS FOR YEARS"

last months had dropped from her; she was herself again, the lost Susy, Nick's Susy, and no one else's. She sped on, staring with bright, bewildered eyes at the stately *facades* of the La Muette quarter, the long perspective of bare trees, the awakening glitter of shop-windows holding out to her all the things she would never again be able to buy.

In an avenue of shops she paused before a milliner's window, and said to herself, "Why shouldn't I earn my living as they do?" She met work-girls streaming out under a doorway, and scattering to catch trams and omnibuses; and she looked with newly awakened interest at their tired, independent faces. "Why shouldn't I earn my living as well as they do?" she thought. A little farther on, a man in a dark suit, with a high forehead, a calm, anonymous glance, and hands hidden in her ample sleeves, Susy looked at her and thought, "Why shouldn't I

be a Sister, and have no money to worry about, and about under a white coat helping poor people?"

All these thoughts whirled in her mind in passing, and eventually glanced back upon, were free from the necessities that enslaved her, and would not have known what she meant if she had told them that she must have so much money for her dresses, so much for her cigars, so much for bridges and bridges, and so on. She stopped at a street-corner, drawing long, panting breaths, as if she had been running a race. Then, slowly and aimlessly, she began to saunter along a street of small private houses in damp gardens that led to the Avenue du Bois. She sat down on a bench under the arc of the Arc de Triomphe raised its august bulk, and beyond it the river of lights streamed down toward Paris, and the stir of the city's heart-beats troubled the quiet in her bosom. But not for long. She was to be looking at it all from the other side of the grave; as she got up and wandered down the Champs Elysées, half-empty in the lull of the Autumn evening between dusk and dinner, she felt as if the glittering avenue were really changed into the Field of Shadows. And again it takes its name, and as if she were a ghost among ghosts.

Half-way home a weakness of loneliness overcame her, and she seated herself again under the trees near the Rond Point. Lines of motors and carriages were beginning to animate the converging streets, and the lights, alas, crossing, winding in and out of each other in a tangle of hurried pleasure-seeking. She caught the light on jewels and shirt-fronts, and hard, bored eyes emerging from obscure billows of hair, and she remembered that she and the couples were saying to each other; she pictured the drawing-rooms, restaurants, dance-halls they were hastening to, the breathless routine that was hurrying them along, as Time, the old vacuum cleaner, swept them away with the dust of their carriage-wheels. And again the loneliness vanished in a sense of unutterable release.

At the corner of the Place de la Concorde she stopped, recognizing a man in evening dress who was hailing a taxi. Their eyes met, and Nelson Vanderyn came forward to her. He was the first person she cared to run across, and she shrank back involuntarily. What did he know, what had he guessed, of her complexity in his wife's affairs? No doubt Ellie had blabbed it all once by this time; she was just as likely to confide her love-affairs to Nelson as to any one else, now that the Beckheim piece was landed.

"Well—well—well—so I've caught you at it! Glad to see you, Susy, my dear!" She found her hand cordially pressed in Vanderyn's, and his round, friendly face bent on her with all its old urbanity. Did nothing matter, then, in this world she was fleeing from; did no love or hate or remember?

"No idea you were in Paris—just got here myself," Vanderyn continued, visibly delighted at the meeting. "Look here—don't suppose you're out of a job this evening by any chance, and would come and cheer up a lone bachelor, eh? No? You are? Well, that's lucky for once! I say, where are you going to be at the place where they dance, I suppose? Yes, I twist the light fantastic once in a while myself. Got to keep up with the times! Hold on, taxi! Here—I'll drive you home first, and wait while you jump into your trolley. Lots of time." As he waved his hand toward the carriage she noticed that he limped a little, and pulled himself in after her with difficulty.

"Mayn't I come as I am, Nelson? I don't feel like dancing. Let's go and dine in one of those nice smoky little restaurants by the Place de la Bourne."

HE SEEMED surprised but relieved at the suggestion, and they rolled together. In a corner at Baug's they found a quiet table, screened from the other diners, and while Vanderyn adjusted his eyeglasses to study the *carte* Susy stole a long look at him. He was dressed with even more than his usual formal trimness, and she detected, in an ultra-fair wrist-watch and discreetly expensive waistcoat buttons, an attempt at smartness altogether new. His face had undergone the same change: its familiar look of worn optimism had been, as it were, done up to match his clothes, as the sort of moral cosmetic had made him plainer, shiner, and spacier without really rejuvenating him. A thin veil of high spirits had merely been drawn over his face, as the shining strands of hair were skillfully brushed over his baldness.

"Here! *Carte des vins*, waiter! What champagne, Susy?" He chose, fastidiously, the best the cellar could produce, grumbling a little at the *bourgeois* character of the dishes. "Capital food of its kind, no doubt, but coarsish, don't you think? Well, I don't mind—it's rather a jolly change from the *Lux* cooking. A new sensation—I'm all for new to-night, aren't you, my dear?" He refilled their champagne-glasses, flung an arm sideways over his chair, and smiled at her with a foggy benevolence.

As the champagne flowed his confidences flowed with it. "Suppose you know what I'm here for—this divorce business? We wanted to settle it quietly, without a fuss, and of course Paris is the best place for that sort of job. Live and let live; no questions asked. None of your dirty newspapers. Great country, this! No hypocrisy—they understand life over here!"

Susy gazed and listened. She remembered that people had thought Nelson would make a row when he found out. He had always been addicted to truculent anecdotes about unfaithful wives, and the very formula of his perpetual ejaculations—"I'm all for new to-night"—seemed to hint at a constant preoccupation with such ideas. But now it was

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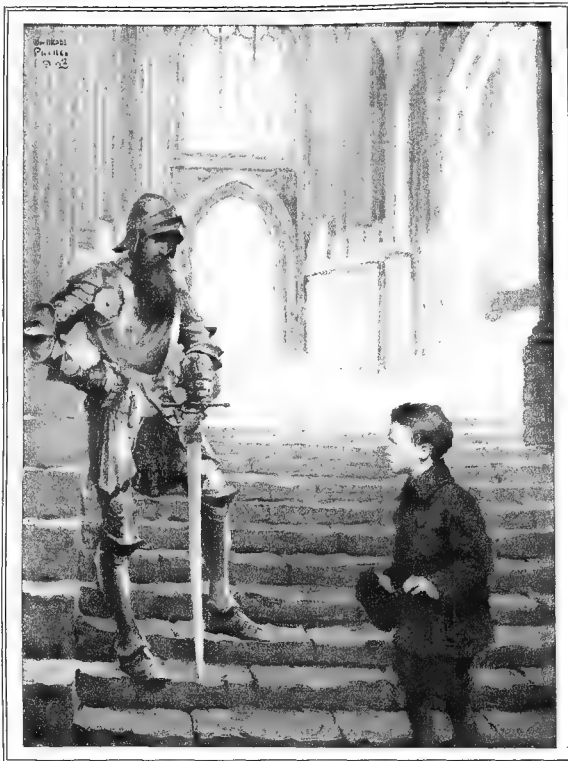
THE old town, like human beings, had its moods of excited reminiscence. Why should it not?—now brooding, now suddenly waking into lightning-flashes of dramatic history so that every one in the place, scarcely knowing why, began to dream of the old days when armored men fought all the way down the High Street and up again, and the Black Bishop rode on his great horse to the cloisters of the rock where the Cloisters now are and saw the beggarly heretics flung over, far down into the waters below, and the peasants had their fair up on the hill above the Pol (and were all so be-drunkened that they set the town on fire so that the quarters of it was burned to the ground in 1457), as every one knows, and the Cathedral itself only saved by a miracle; and the meeting of the maidens in the market-place, who brought a flag which they had worked to send to Monmouth in Bridgewater, and the last drowning of a witch—old Mother Hucklebush—in the Pol in 1723—and so further and further and further. History, history, history—it lay thick as dust about the town, and only needed a little stirring of the town's soil to send the dust up into people's eyes, making them think of times dead and gone, and ghosts closer still about them perhaps than they cared to think.

It must have been during one of these moods of the town that Jeremy was caught. He was, as all readers of these reminiscences of his early days will have discovered, a two-sided boy, and he had already a strange, secret interior life within his very healthy and normal exterior one. There is nothing harder perhaps in our own experience than to look back and discover when it was that that secret life was, as it were, first confirmed and strengthened by something in the real world that corresponded to it. For some of us that actual moment was so dramatic, so strangely concrete and definite, so friendly (as tho it were some one suddenly appearing out of the rock and speaking to us and showing us that we were not alone, either in experience or desire, as we had supposed) that we can not possibly forget its precise time and color. With others two or three occasions can claim to have worked the miracle; and with others again that confirmation was gradual, arising out of no definite incident, but rather creeping forward like a finger of the rising sun and suddenly gradually lighting one's path and showing one where to go.

With Jeremy there had been already definite signs—his actual years ago—with the sea captain, his days on the beach at Rafael, his friendship with Uncle Samuel—but his actual realization of something strange and mysterious, ancient and yet present, friendly and yet hostile, reassuring and yet terrifying, active and yet quiescent—his recognition of "that life beyond the wall" dated quite definitely from his discovery of Saladin and his strange adventure in the Cathedral.

As I have already said on that particular week—the last week of his Christmas holidays—the town was up to its tricks. Had it not been, Jeremy would surely never have felt the spirit of adventure so strongly, never gone into the old bookshop, never—*"you shall hear!"*

Last week—yes, beautifully, until the last three days, when the devil (who is always on the wait for young gentlemen when they are about to return to school) or the town or Uncle Samuel or something or somebody suddenly got hold of him and led him to the strangest dance. It must have been



"JEREMY LOOKED UP, AND THERE OPPOSITE HIM, STANDING ON THE RAISED STEPS LEADING TO THE CHOR, WAS THE BLACK BISHOP"

SALADIN AND THE BLACK BISHOP

The Fourth of the "Jeremy and Hamlet" Stories

BY HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrations by William Meade Prince

the devil that led to the adventure of the night-raiders (and that is quite another story), but, again, it *might* have been the old town—nobody knows. How can anybody know thirty years after it was all over and done with?

UNTIL those last three days Jeremy behaved like an angel—that is, he listened to Aunt Amy and washed his hands when she told him to; he did not tease his little sister Barbara nor hide Helen's hair-ribbons; he allowed Mary to go walking with him, and gave Miss Jones a present when she returned from her holiday. He felt perhaps that as the holidays had begun so awfully with that terrible disaster of the Christmas presents it was up to him to see that it ended properly; and then he was truly a good little boy who wanted things to go well and every one to be comfortable and happy, only so strangely moods would creep in, and desires and ambitions, and grown-up people would have such an amazing point of view about boys and misunderstand their natural impulses so dreadfully! what he meant was that if he were grown up and had a boy "he wouldn't be such an ass!"

The trouble of these last three days all began by his suddenly remembering that he had never read his holiday task. He did not remember of himself, but was reminded by Bill Bartlett, whom he met in the High Street, who said that the last two days had been miserable for him by having to swot at his rotten holiday task and other things

didn't know anything about it now!

Jeremy had completely forgotten his. He hurried home and dragged it forth from his deserted corner. "The Talmans: A Tale of the Cascaides, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

It was a horrible-looking book with a dark-green cover, no pictures, and rows of notes at the end. Jeremy was not as yet a very good reader of anything, being slow and lazy about it, and very eager to skip the difficult words.

His favorite two books were "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson," simply because, in those books, people invented things in a jolly way. And, after all, any day one might be on a desert island, and it was useful to know what to do. Of "Sir Walter Scott, Bart," he had never in his life heard, nor did he wish to hear of him. Nevertheless, something must be done. Old Thomas took holiday tasks very seriously indeed. Jeremy's report last term had not been a very good one, and father's eye was upon him.

HIS first idea was that he would get Uncle Samuel to tell him the story, but when he showed his uncle the book, that gentleman waved his paint-brush in the air, and said that "Walter was a fine old gentleman who did games, but a rotten writer, and it was a shame to make kids wade through his horrible prose." There was, then, no hope here. Jeremy looked at the book, read a page, and then threw it at Hamlet.

But the stern truth of the matter was that in such a matter as this, and indeed in most of the concerns of daily life, he resembled a spy working his way through the enemy's camp, surrounded on every side by foes, compelled to consider every movement, doomed to death and dishonor if he were caught. It had come to it now that there was in practical fact nothing that he desired to do that he was not forbidden to do, and because his school life had given him rules and standards that did not belong to his home life, he criticized at every turn. That they were becoming!

He could understand that Helen and Mary should not go by themselves because there was apparently something mysterious and precious in girls that was destroyed were they left alone for a single moment. But a boy! a boy who traveled by himself all those miles to a distant corner of the town in all probability would be the half-back for the school next term, a boy who in another two years would be at a public school!

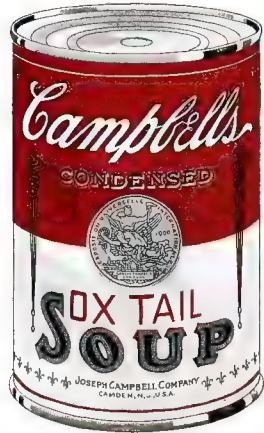
What it came to of course was that he was continually giving his elders the slip; was, indeed, like the spy in the enemy's country, because every move had to be concealed, and at the end, all the excuses ranged for the school were there or no, and that Miss Jones, delighted as she always was with the shop (knowing them by heart and yet never tired of them!), would optimistically trust that he would very soon reappear, and at any rate, he knew his way home. He was always delighted with the marches on market-days.

On this particular afternoon—the first of the last three days of the holidays—he gave Miss Jones and Helen the slip days of the holidays—he gave Miss Jones and Helen the slip in the market-place. This was to-day easy to do because it was market-day; he knew that Helen was to go to the market, and that Miss Jones, delighted as she always was with the shop (knowing them by heart and yet never tired of them!), would optimistically trust that he would very soon reappear, and at any rate, he knew his way home. He was always delighted with the marches on market-days.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

CHILDREN LOVE GOOD SOUP

The best-fed nation on earth—
That's the test of what we are worth!
We're leaders in wealth
Because of our health,
Our hustle, our vigor and mirth.



The best-fed nation on earth

Campbell's Soups prove it. In no other nation on the globe can you find such a City of Kitchens as the famous Campbell's plant. It is unique, serving a unique country. Americans will accept "none but the best," which explains the enormous popularity of Campbell's Soups.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

is one of our best-liked blends and no wonder. This soup is a strength-giver and a delight to the appetite. Meaty, marrowy sliced ox tail joints and invigorating broth are combined with plump, choice barley, crisp white celery, diced carrots and turnips, flavored delicately with French leeks and parsley fresh from our own farms.

No meal is complete
without soup!

No other article of food can take the place of good soup, either for the enjoyment or the benefit you get from it. Soup is delicious—a constant and varied delight to the taste. Also—and this is very important—soup stimulates appetite, makes you eat more food and digest it better. Thousands of people have added soup even to the daily breakfast menu!

21 kinds. 12 cents a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Never, altho so constantly repeated, did it lose its savor for him. He adored everything—the cattle and the sheep in their pens, the farmers with their thick, broad backs and thick, broad chests talking in slow, solemn and serious clatters; the avenue down the middle of the market-places; where you walked past stall after stall—stalls of vegetables, stalls of meat, stalls of cups and saucers, stalls of china ornaments, stalls of pots and pans, and, best of all, the flower-stalls with the profusion of beautiful flowers, their seeds, and their tiny plants growing in rows in wooden boxes. But it was not the outside market that was the most truly entrancing! On the right of the market-place there were strange, mysterious passages—known to the irreverent as the Catacombs—and here in a dusk that would, you would have supposed, have precluded any real buying or selling altogether, the true business of the market went on.

It was here, under these dark ages, that in his younger days the toy-shop had enchanted him, and even now, altho he would own it to no one alive, the trains and the air-guns seemed to him vastly alluring. There was a pocket-book too small for him, not at all the football that he wanted to buy—but nevertheless better than nothing at all. He looked at it. The price was eight-and-sixpence, and he had in his pocket precisely fivepence halfpenny. He sighed. Fingering corners that were the price of the pocket-book, he turned and round in the most entrancing manner. The old woman with the mustache, who had, it was reputed, ever since the days of Genesis, managed the toy-shop, besought him in wheedling tones to purchase it. He could only sigh again, and tell her that he was lovingly, and once more, and pass on. He was in that mood when he *must buy something*—an entrancing, delicious, and intoxicating mood, a mood that Helen and Mary were in all the time and would continue to remain in it, like the rest of their sex, until the end, for them, of seas, money, and all earthly hopes and ambitions.

Near to the toy-domain stall was a funny old book-stall. Always hitherto he had passed this; not that it was uninteresting, because the old man who kept the place had colored plates that he stuck, with pins, into the wooden sides of his booth, and these prints were delightful—funny people in old costumes, coaches crackling in the snow, a lady standing on the edge of one toe, or a number of stout men tumbling about the floor after drinking too much. But the trouble with Mr. Samuel Porter was that he did not change his prints often enough, being, as any one could see, a man of lazy and indolent habits, and that Jeremy had seen the same prints for over a year, he naturally knew them by heart.

On this particular day, however, old Mr. Samuel had changed his prints, and there were some splendid new ones in purples and reds and greens, representing "Skating on the Ice," "Going Up to Beacon," "An Evening in Vauxhall," and "Fun of the Fair." Jeremy stared at these with open mouth, especially at the "Fun of the Fair," which was most amusing because it a pig was running away and upsetting everybody, just as it might quite easily do here in the market-place. He stood looking, and Mr. Porter, who looked grumpy in the snow, a lady standing on the edge of one toe, or a number of stout men tumbling about the floor after drinking too much. But the trouble with Mr. Samuel Porter was that he did not change his prints often enough, being, as any one could see, a man of lazy and indolent habits, and that Jeremy had seen the same prints for over a year, he naturally knew them by heart.

He would then have passed on had it not been by the strangest coincidence that at that very instant his eye fell on a little pile of books at the front of the stall, and the book on the top of the pile had the very name of his holiday task: "The Talisman: or, the story of a boy's adventures in the land of the living dead." It was the strangest-looking book, very different indeed from the book at home.

He stared at it as tho it were a lucky charm. How strange that it should be there, and appearing so strangely different from the book at home! It was dressed in shabby and faded yellow covers; he picked it up. On the outside he read in large letters, "Stead's Penny Classics!" Penny! Could it be that this book was only a penny? Why, if so, he could buy it, and four others like it! This sudden knowledge gave him a new proprietary interest in the book, as when you discover that a stranger at a hotel lives, when at home, in your own street! Opening the little book, he saw that the print was very small indeed, that the lines were crooked, and irregular, here very black and there only a dim gray. But in the very fact of this faint print there was something mysterious and appealing. No note here of course, and no undue emphasis on this "Scott, Bart," man, simply "The Talisman," simple and sweet.

Old Mr. Porter, observing the unusual sight of a small boy actually taking on his hands and reading it, was interested. He had seen the

small boy often enough, and altho he would never admit it to himself, had liked his look of sturdy independence and healthy self-assurance. He had not thought that the boy was a reader. He leaned forward. "Only a penny," he wheezed (he suffered terribly from asthma, and the boys of the town used to call after him, "Old Barrel Organ"). "And just the story for a boy like you." "I'll have it," said Jeremy with sudden pride. He was of half a mind to buy some of the others: he saw that one more was by "Scott, Bart." But no; he would see how this one was before he ventured any further.

He walked off with his prize.

THAT night he did what he had never done before: he read in bed.

He was doing, as he well knew, what was absolutely forbidden, and the novelty of the event, the excitement of his disobedience, the strange, wabbly light that the candle flung as it shifted when his movements were very impetuous, in its insecure china saucer; the way the lines of the printed page ran tumultuously together—all these things helped his sense of the romantic.

He had found every line a difficulty in the other edition; now the sense of indulging the forbidden carried him across the first page or two, and then he was fairly inside it! The little book was very difficult to read; not only was it vilely printed, but also the words ran in a kind of cascade down into the very binding of the book, and you had to pull the thing apart as wide as it would go and then peer into the very depths of darkness and obscurity. Nevertheless it was his book, bought with his own money, and he read and read on and on. And in the morning he read again, and in the evening; and on the fourth day, late in the night, the candle, very bright in its china socket, the room lit with sudden flashes of bizarre brilliance, the book was finished.

He was dazed, bewildered. He could think of nothing else at all. The very first meeting of the knights in the desert had marvelously caught his fancy. He had never imagined anything like that, so courteous, so amiable, and so fierce! Just so would he entertain the dean's Ernest did he meet him in the desert, sharing his food and drink with him, complimenting him on his armor and his horse (he would be very shrewd, would the dean's Ernest), and the next day sticking his spear through his vitals. Yes, that would be intensely pleasing; but the trouble would be that the dean's Ernest would most certainly not play fair, but would seize some mean advantage (steal all Jeremy's dates when he wasn't looking or give him one in the back).

Then the visit to the hermit's cave, and the silence of the chapel, and the procession of the wonderful ladies, and the dropping of the rose at Sir Kenneth's feet.

From that point forward Jeremy dived under enchantment. Nothing could take him from it. And he believed every word of it! Just as true to him these men and deeds of the Eastern desert were the men and deeds of Orange Street, Polichester. True, indeed! He never quite believed in Uncle Samuel and Aunt Amy and Barbara—but in Sir Kenneth and King Richard and Edith Saladin—how could he not utterly believe?

Saladin! His was the figure that ultimately emerged from the gilded background of the picture. Saladin! He became at once Jeremy's ideal of everything that was beautiful and "like a man" and brave. He haunted Jeremy's dreams, he followed him in his walks, came before him as he ate and drank. He must know more about him than "Scott, Bart." told you, and once again Uncle Samuel was sought. Jeremy must form a habit now of dropping into Uncle Samuel's study whenever it pleased him.

The other children watched him with eyes of wonder and desire. Even Aunt Amy was surprised. She said a little,

but sniffed a lot, and told her brother that he "would regret the day." He laughed and told her that Jeremy was "the only article among the lot of them," at which Aunt Amy went to Jeremy's father and told him to be careful because her brother "was filling the child's head with all sorts of notions that could do him no possible good."

Jeremy behaved like a saint in the uncle's study. He had his own corner of the shabby sofa where he would sit curled up like a dog. He chattered on and on, pouring out the whole of his mind, heart, and soul, because he knew that because his uncle seemed to understand everything he never made you feel a fool. He attacked him at once about Saladin and would not let him alone. In vain Uncle Samuel protested that he knew no history and that Saladin was a colored devil, as wicked as sin. Jeremy stuck fast to his ideal, so that at length Uncle Samuel in sheer self-defense was compelled to turn to a subject about which he did know something, namely, the history of the town Polichester, in which they were living.

Never to any living soul had Uncle Samuel confessed that he cared in the least about the old town; in his heart, none, theless, he adored it, and for years had he been studying in life and manners. To his grave his knowledge would have gone with him had not Jeremy, in the secrecy of the study, lured him on.

Then so that they were dream-thinking together did the two sit close and talk about the town, and under the boy's eyes the streets blossomed like the rose, the fountains played, the walls echoed to the cries and shouts of armored men, and the Cathedral towers rose higher and higher and higher, gigantic, majestic, wonderful, piercing the eternal sky.

BEST of all he liked to hear about the Black Bishop, that proud priest who had believed himself greater than the High God, had defeated all his enemies, lived in the catkins on the hill above the town like a king, and was at last smothered by a ring of foes, caught in the Cathedral Square, and did there fighting to the end.

Jeremy would never forget one afternoon when he sat on the floor, his head against the shabby sofa, and Uncle Samuel, who was doing something or other, had been carried away with the picture of his story. He drew in Jeremy the old town with the gabled roofs and the bawkins and the cobble roads, and the Cathedral so marvelously alive above it all. As he talked the Winter sun poured into the room in a golden stream, and the window pane was swan-colored, turning some old stuffs that he had hanging on the door and near the window into winered shadow and purple light; and the trees beyond the high windows were stained copper against the dusky sky.

Uncle Samuel's steps stopped, and the room all into gray. Jeremy stared before him and saw Saladin and the Black Bishop, gigantic figures hovering over the town that was small and colored like a musical box. The Cathedral was a new place to him, no longer somewhere that was tiresome and dreary on Sunday and dead all the rest of the week. He longed to go there by himself, alone, alone, to see what he would do and hear what he would say. He would go! He would go! He needed to himself in the dark.

All very well; but he must be quick about it if these holidays were to see him bring it off. Only three days!

Then Aunt Amy announced that she intended to go that afternoon to pay a call on Miss Nightingale, who lived in the Precincts, and to her great surprise Jeremy suggested that he should accompany her.

She was rather flattered, and when it was discovered that Miss Jones and Helen were also going to see and visit old Miss Nightingale and bring him home, she agreed to the plan. Jeremy and she were old, old enemies; he had insulted her again and again, played jokes upon her, had terrified her

of temper with her, but even when a wretched little boy had laughed at her, he had fought the little boy and she had never forgotten that. As he grew older something extraordinary happened to him; he was a thorough boy, so sturdy and manly. She adored the way that his mouth went up at the corners when he laughed, and she liked his voice when it was hoarse with a scream of effort to persuade somebody of something. Then, altho he had so often been ruled by her she could not deny that he was a thorough little gentleman in all that she meant by that term. His manners, when he liked, could be beautiful, quite as good as those of a prince, and his intellect, when he cared for boys at all, which Aunt Amy must confess that he did not—let us care for. She had in fact to care for a family and an individual pride in him.

He was very funny to-day walking up the High Street she could not understand him at all.

"Would you jolly me, Aunt Amy, if you suddenly saw the Black Bishop on his black horse, with his helmet and mail of mail, flinging down the High Street?"

"The Black Bishop? What Black Bishop?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

"ONLY A PENNY," HE WHEEZED (HE SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM ASTHMA, AND THE BOYS USED TO CALL AFTER HIM, "OLD BARREL ORGAN"), AND JUST THE STORY-BOOK BOY LIKE YOU."

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



Just wait till you're hungry!

And then treat yourself to a heaping plateful of Campbell's Beans as they come hot and savory to the table! You'll say you never tasted beans so rich in flavor and with such delicious tomato sauce. Eat as many of them as you want, for they are slow-cooked and easily digested.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

***Campbell's* BEANS**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

"I did not come again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Your skin can be improved by one of these famous treatments

*Different types of skin need different care—are you using
the right treatment for your special type of skin?*

NO matter what the condition of your skin—you can improve it by using the right Woodbury treatment for its needs.

Skins differ widely—and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fall to benefit another. If your skin is pale and sallow it needs a different treatment from a skin that is super-sensitive. An oily skin should be differently treated from one that is coarse in texture.

YOU will find the right treatment for each different type of skin in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Each one of these famous

skin treatments represents the ideal way of caring for a special type of skin. By using the treatment that meets the needs of your skin, you can give your complexion a freshness and beauty you never thought was possible.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—find the treatment your skin needs in the booklet wrapped around it, and begin using it tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.



IF your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, give it the special care described on page 6 of the booklet of special treatments wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

*Send today for a complete miniature set
of the Woodbury skin preparations*

FOR 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

The treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 307 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 307 Sherbrooke St., Paris, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quicke & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

*IF your skin is inclined to be too oily, use the special Woodbury treatment given on page 5 of the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."*

IF your skin is of the pale, sallow type, it needs a stimulating treatment. The right care for this type of skin is given on page 6 of the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Alec and Al

THE BEAUTY CONTEST

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN



1 "Al, how can girls like such a fool
As Oswald Vere, the little sprat?"
"He tells each one she's beautiful,
And women like men who say that."



3 "Let's hurry, quick. I know I'll win
With Oswald judge; he's always said
He likes the way my toes turn in
And how my curls set off my head."



5 "My name is Mike and I am tough;
So, Mister Judge, just you get this:
Your face will look like some old muff!
If you don't give first prize to Sis."



7 As he was passing homely Sis
He caught sight of her brother Mike;
So nervously he called out, "This
Wins first prize, just the face I like."



2 "Because you know the girls the best,
You be the judge and give the prize."
(And Alec wondered what the rest
Would do to Oswald's hair and eyes.)



4 "Am I too late?" said Ella Bray.
"No, no," said Alec; "take your place.
I think you ought to win to-day
If Oswald knows a pretty face."



6 "Allow me to present to you
As judge of beauty Oswald Vere.
I hope," said Alec, "he will do
What pleases everybody here."

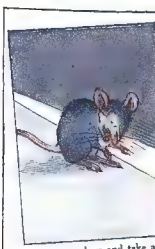


8 At that a storm of yells and cries
Made Oswald beat a quick retreat,
And those who didn't win the prize
In chase of him down the street.

The Nibbler Boys

WHY COOKS LEAVE HOME

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The Pictorial Review Company
New York City



"Come over here and take a
peep
At dear, sweet Cookin' fast
asleep."



"For goodness' sake! are those
things feet?
They look like slabs of butcher-
er's meat."



"Her foot is dead, I'm sure of
it:
I've tickled till the feather's
split."



"Now get all set to beat it
quick;
This hagin' ought to do the
trick."



"Help! Help! O'vin kilt! Oh,
glory be!
There must be shpooks
ahauntin' me."



"Am Oi awake or am Oi dead?
Me feet is burnin', so's ine
head."



"O'ld rather sit here tired an'
cold
Than use that bed for untold
gold."



"Good-by, old Cookin' dear,
sleep tight;
Don't leave your feet exposed
at night."

Next month, while swimming, some one goes
And steals both Al and Alec's clothes.
While the Nibbler Boys, on their mad quest
For trouble, find it in a nest.



One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, for home, for sport. Comes also in a high model. For children and grown-ups, too.



*They are not Keds unless
the name Keds is on the shoe*



The boys' favorite in the Keds line. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction sole.



One of the newest Keds for girls and women. With either white or colored trimming. Well construction, composition sole.



A popular pump for girls and women. With or without strap. With or without heel. Also on Nature last for children.

Every child and grown-up can now enjoy the comfort boys have always known

FOR years boys have delighted in "sneakers" or "tennis shoes." Unconsciously they were choosing the shoes that were anatomically right for their feet.

The muscles of the feet, we know now, grow stronger naturally in flexible shoes—the best prevention for fallen arches and the foot troubles so common today.

A well known orthopedic physician has said: "The low-heeled canvas rubber-soled shoe is the greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time."

Indeed a blessing for all. The big development of the Keds line, with rubber-soled canvas shoes for every need, has made it possible for the entire family to enjoy the comfort and healthful foot freedom that boys have always known.

Why you should insist on Keds

Keds will give you an entirely new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes. The canvas is fine and strong. The soles are of tough springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations and are made as durable as our long

years of experience have taught us to make them.

The construction throughout, in such details as stitching, reinforcing and vulcanizing, has been perfected with the purpose of combining greatest strength with most attractive appearance.

Keds are trim and shapely—smart models for girls and women to wear with dainty dresses, others rugged enough for the hard wear of playing children.

There are many kinds of Keds in addition to the well-known "tennis" shoes—pumps with low heels, oxfords, high shoes and low—all made of canvas with rubber soles. For men, women and children.

If your dealer doesn't carry the kind you wish he can get them for you. But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

You will be interested in our booklet "Outdoor Games for Children." Write for free copy to Dept. P-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

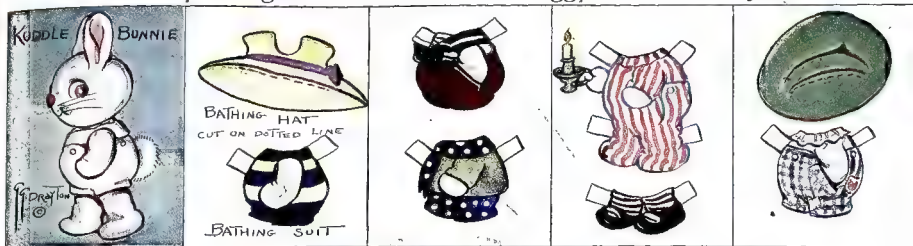


Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

Dolly Dingle's Little Friends Peggy-Anne and Joel



Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

BUNNIE GOES BATHING

put on his  and his  And then he ran down to the beach. On the way he met who asked him to put on his  and come in swimming. So  got dressed and they both jumped in. Poor  couldn't swim worth a  so  told him to hang on to him and he swam ashore. Then they each got their  and made lovely sand pies 

Moral.

It's better to stay where you belong than venture where you don't.



PEGGY-ANNE'S DUCKY BATHING SUIT.



DOLLY'S LITTLE FRIEND
PEGGY-ANNE



JOEL'S FROGGIE BATHING SUIT.



G. G. DRAYTON
©

JOEL

Pictorial Review for July, 1922

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TESSA KOSTA is the charming star of the *Sampsons'* latest musical success, "The Rose of Stambul," in which she enchants audiences with her delightful singing.

Photo by Rex L. Smith

NORMA TAMMAZE than whom there is no greater screen star. The favorite of millions who enjoy seeing good actors combined with good looks.

Photo by Rex L. Smith

LYNORE ULRIC, star in "Kiki," David Belasco's latest successful play, is making the greatest triumph of her career.

Photo by Rex L. Smith

Olive Oil Makes Lovely Hair

*Let us send you one
shampoo free and results
will quickly prove it*

Palm and olive oils have been found to possess peculiar qualities—qualities of especial benefit to the hair. Their action imparts gloss and creates softness. It produces a beautiful, silky texture.

This is proved by one shampoo with Palmolive, which contains palm and olive oils. This first shampoo we ask you to accept free. We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial size bottle if you will mail us your name and address on a postal.

A scientific booklet on the care of the hair accompanies this trial bottle. Read it carefully. It tells you how to shampoo with Palmolive so you will enjoy its luxury to the utmost. It explains the care which results in heavy, luxuriant hair, which is woman's greatest beauty.



Sold Everywhere

How these oils act

The softening effects of olive oil are responsible for gloss and softness. It produces a mild, penetrating lather which softens and relaxes the scalp and enters roots and hair cells.

The accumulation of dirt and oil is thoroughly dissolved. Dandruff is penetrated and removed.

Palm oil contributes richness and body to this lather and makes it lasting. Both oils have been famous since Cleopatra's day for their softening, relaxing qualities which no others possess.

Frees the scalp from dandruff

Dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea and say causes most hair troubles, is not removed by most shampoos. The dry, oily scales are impervious to usual cleansing. It makes them more powdery and flaky.

But they must be got rid of some way or you may lose your hair. Dandruff packs around the roots and interferes with nutrition. This makes even the normal secretion found on every scalp dangerous to hair health.

The softening, penetrating lather produced by the combination of palm and olive oils, loosens the scales and dislodges them from the scalp. The delicate organism of each hair is free for healthy activity.

Every drug and department store can supply you with Palmolive Shampoo. But first write for the free 15-cent trial bottle and booklet on the care of the hair. One shampoo proves this blend of palm and olive oils benefits the hair. Address Dept. B-301.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

BUILD YOUR BEAUTY IN NATURE'S WAY

By A. Jamieson Karr

Authorized Interviews with Miss Irene Franklin, Monsieur Victor Vivaudou, Mrs. M. G. Scott, and the makers of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish

IRENE FRANKLIN, the always delightful comedienne and famous star of the "Greenwich Village Follies," is talking modestly of the secret of her charms said: "A good complexion is not always quite enough to make popularity on the stage. A firm and youthful contour is quite as important. I have found that both a beauty of contour and a beauty of complexion may be won through the use of a most delicate and delightful preparation—and it is ideal to use right in your own home.

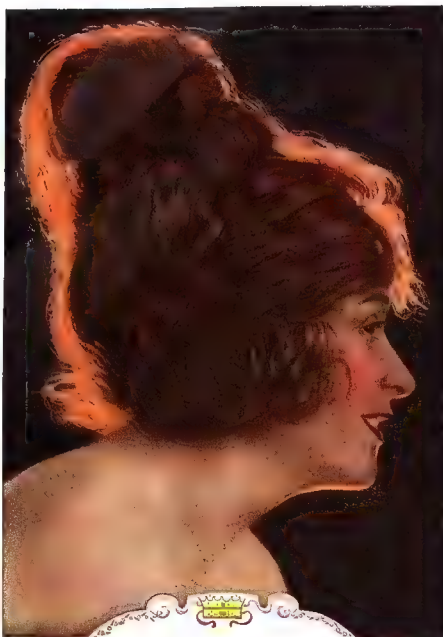
"Every woman wants a beauty no other woman can have," said Miss Franklin, with a smile. "A beauty expressive of her own individuality, her own charm. The beauty which can be put on, which any woman can imitate, does not win lasting and sincere admiration. Nature does not copy. She gives to each individual woman her own charm to develop—her own personal beauty of skin which can be brought out. Every beautiful woman has simply found her own beauty. She has followed Nature's way to beauty. She does not imitate."

TWENTY-THREE years ago in her exclusive and fashionable Beauty Parlor, Mrs. M. G. Scott discovered and perfected Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish with the one aim to stimulate the individual beauty of individual women. The Mineralava Treatment does not "imitate" beauty. It actually achieves a natural beauty of skin and contour by Nature's own method—the stimulation of blood circulation. Mineralava builds the vibrant, virile, under-skin tissues and muscles, which are so essential to the radiant and rounded face and form of youth. Mineralava removes wrinkles.

Mineralava does not give you another's skin, but it gives you your skin as you have yearned for it—soft, firm, fresh, colorful, free from flaws. It gives you the beauty Nature intended you to have.

EVERY woman knows the name of Victor Vivaudou, famous Parisian Perfumer and master of cosmetics and toilet preparations. Listen to Monsieur Vivaudou's opinion of Mineralava, formed after years of search and research for just such a treatment:—"I know that the Mineralava Treatment is the one-filled desire of women the world over—a care of the complexion which is at once natural, convenient, and inevitably successful. I personally guarantee to refund full purchase price to any reader of PICTORIAL REVIEW who will continue the full 18 treatments that one Mineralava Set contains and does not find Mineralava everything represented."

THE Mineralava Treatment is simple, safe, sure, lasting, pleasant, economic. Apply Mineralava Beauty Clay to face and neck with the brush supplied. The clay dries quickly into a fragrant moulding mask. Wash away with warm, then invigorating cold water and apply Mineralava Face Finish, a colorless fragrant liquid with great protective and nourishing qualities, which dries instantly and forms a perfect base for powder. At the first application you will feel quickened circulation, freshened tissues, vitalized muscles—proof that Mineralava will aid Nature in Nature's way to remove



IRENE FRANKLIN

famous star of

The Greenwich Village Follies, says:

"The firm and youthful contour is as important on the stage as a good complexion. Both are secured by the continued use of Mineralava, which I find dainty and delightful for home use."

Irene Franklin



wrinkles, tighten sagging muscles and banish complexion blemishes.

For over twenty years the ultra-fashionable women of the stage and society have been paying five, ten and even as high as fifteen and twenty dollars for Mineralava treatments. To-day every woman can purchase a complete Mineralava Set (Beauty Clay and Face Finish) at her own Department or Drug Store at a cost of less than 20c per application. One bottle of Mineralava Beauty Clay (containing eighteen treatments) costs but \$2.00 and one bottle of Mineralava Face Finish but \$1.50.

—A. JAMIESON KARR.

Manufacturer's Offer—Try Mineralava at Our Risk!—You are absolutely protected in your purchase of Mineralava.

Thousands of individual women, many of them famous throughout the world on stage and screen, have written unsolicited, personal testimonials to the remarkable results of Mineralava.

Thousands of the leading Department and Drug Stores in every State of the Union have put themselves on record that their most discriminating patrons have been more than delighted and surprised at the personal improvement Mineralava has brought them.

Monsieur Vivaudou, head of the great firm of Vivaudou, Inc., New York and Paris, makers of Mavis Mai d'Or and distributors of Mineralava, Parisian master of face lotions and toilet preparations. Mrs. Scott, the discoverer of Mineralava, and many of the most beautiful women on our stage *all* testify to the success of Mineralava.

You Are to Be the Judge—Our Money Back Guarantee—As the manufacturers of Mineralava we guarantee to you that after the application of one Mineralava Set, eighteen treatments, you will actually see a freshened complexion. You will see that your wrinkles are being removed. You will feel the tightening muscles filling out your contour. Go to your Department or Drug Store—buy your Mineralava Set—if the results are not as promised, your money will be refunded by your Dealer immediately. We absolutely guarantee this. You are to be the judge.

Warning: Avoid Imitations—Mineralava is successful. Because it is successful it is imitated. Go to dependable Drug and Department Stores. Demand the original Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish. The original is your only protection. *Mineralaves keeps indefinitely and that is why we are able to sell it to you through your favorite dealer.*

Make This Test—Yourself!—We do not conduct a mail-order business. We know you want to purchase your Mineralava from your own dependable Drug or Department Store. Buy your set-to-day—try it at once as per instructions—with the distinct understanding that satisfactory results will be obtained or your dealer will cheerfully refund the purchase price. If your dealer does not, for the moment, have a supply, send us his name on coupon below and you will receive C. O. D., through your dealer, a full set with the guarantee of your satisfaction or your money will be refunded by your dealer. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 10 East 38th Street, New York.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Our Money Back Offer

Scott's Preparations, Inc., 10 East 38th St., N.Y.C.
Please deliver to me C. O. D. through my dealer (name below), a complete set of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish under your guarantee. I agree to pay the small purchase price, \$3.50, with the understanding that if the results are not as stated above, my dealer will refund the price.

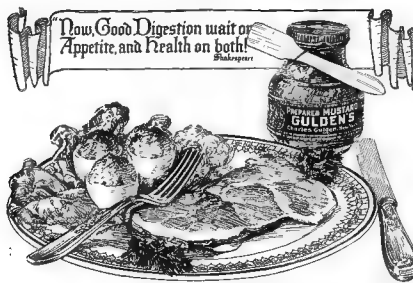
Name _____
Street _____
Town _____ State _____
My Dealer's Name is _____

237



23rd Successful Year
Mineralava
Beauty Clay & Face Finish
MADE IN U.S.A.
PARIS VIVAUDOU, U.S. DISTRICT
BOSTON





New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram).

How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry, or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color, and unless this condition is corrected, the hair will soon become entirely gray.

The Only Way Color Can Be Restored

If only one hair in your head is gray, it is a danger signal. The cells of pigmentation need nourishment and stimulation. If the hair is streaked with gray, instant action is necessary, otherwise the hair will lose all its color. If the hair is entirely or almost entirely gray, the sure way to restore it to its natural color is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with the natural coloring matter.

The ordinary hair "restorer" is a dye or tint that merely colors the gray hair artificially. It makes the hair coarse and

brittle and the artificial color gradually wears away. But Tru-Tone, the wonderful new scientific discovery, actually restores the true color of the hair by strengthening and nourishing the pigment cells so that they once more function normally and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

Tru-Tone is not a dye, or a stain, or a tint. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless. It does not act on the hair at all but on the tiny pigment cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only one color and that is the natural color. If your hair was auburn originally, Tru-Tone will restore it to its auburn color. If it was blond, or brown or black, Tru-Tone will restore it to the exact shade and lustre it had in youth. And at the same time it will make your hair glossy, thick, beautiful!

Special Introductory Offer
Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful

power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making the very special offer.

If you will fill in the coupon below and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-size bottle of Tru-Tone. Don't send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair—Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair: it restores it to its own natural color. Just send the coupon—but be sure to do it at once.

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results simply return what is left and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer: the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-157, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

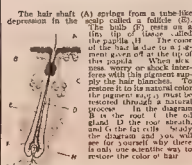
Our Guarantee Backed by Million Dollar Bank

State Bank of Philadelphia
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE, Inc. has deposited in this Bank Ten Thousand Dollars and that this special fund has been set aside and held for the use of the State Bank of Philadelphia in connection with the sale of DOMINO HOUSE, Inc. hair restorer. This is a full and complete guarantee of the product and the service of DOMINO HOUSE, Inc. to the user of DOMINO HOUSE, Inc. hair restorer.

Very truly yours,

R. H. H. H. H.
President.

Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color



Domino House, Dept. T-157
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postage \$1.45 (plus postage). Although I am sending by the special introductory price, I am nevertheless purchasing the product and the service of Domino House, Inc. to the user of Domino House, Inc. hair restorer. I am not asking for a refund of my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name

Address

City..... State.....
If you wish, you may send money with coupon.

Has your baby the vitality to resist summer illness?

*Strength must be stored
by sleep and comfort*

More babies fall ill in summer, according to physicians, than in all the rest of the year. Every ounce of their energy must be guarded if infants are to keep well and grow. Fiery rashes, chafing, sleeplessness, crying and nervousness—all these things which lessen strength—must be prevented. Ways of doing this are described below.



DO YOU know that baby's health depends partly on the skin? Thousands of nerves have their centers near its surface. An uncomfortable skin means a "nervous" baby.

Because it banishes tormenting irritations, Johnson's Baby Powder relieves nervous fidgeting.

A Safe Way to Win Health-Building Sleep

Above all things, it is sleep that stores energy.

Every day after the warm water bath dust plenty of cooling, comforting Johnson's Baby Powder all over the tender body, massaging it gently in all the folds and creases. The beneficial powder puts the skin at ease. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves. Baby is ready to fall asleep the minute it is back in the crib.

Your Druggist is More Than a Merchant. Even children know this fact. Once of life's first lessons in "Try the Drug Store whenever you need relief and comfort." Yes—and quality.

Four Reasons Why Physicians Prefer Johnson's

- 1—It is made by Johnson & Johnson—makers of Red Cross Absorbent Cotton and 400 other health articles.
- 2—It is more cooling and soothing.
- 3—First suggested by a noted skin specialist especially for baby skin.
- 4—Does not clog the pores or cover the skin with a shiny, moisture-proof film.

Use Johnson's Baby Powder regularly for a week. One generous massage a day and several powderings. Dust it in the groin after each toilet. You will be rewarded by a happy, comfortable, sleep-loving baby.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
New Brunswick, N. J.



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Johnson's Baby Powder

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FIGS: By Donald Corley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41



DONALD CORLEY
The Man Who Wrote "Figs"

HE WAS born in Piedmont County, Ga., and brought up in a house of books and other engrossing enticements—an orchard, a cane-brake, a poppy-garden, and pomegranates and figs in abundance. These wonders lured him to dream of writing stories and of building palaces. Subsequently he became an architect. He worked for the Panama-Pacific Exposition and planned the scenery for the green version of "This" for Mary Garden. During the War he was first architect of a shipyard, then camouflaged—marine—for the Shipping Board. A little play of his was recently produced at the Provincetown Theater, New York City. He draws, and makes "little ships." But his real purpose in life is to write.

He leaves by the Gate of the Gilded West at sunrise, said Dobryas; "take these and go with the caravan to distant places, look not to women for dreams for solace, but to the tarnished stars that accompany every man in loneliness through the prison of his life. The daughter of a City-king is not for you. In there not blood of a mace-bearer in your veins, and did not your father leave to you the gift of acceptance? Go you to a foreign land and become a litter-bearer."

But Parazoor shook his head, and closed the door, refusing the pieces of money that Dobryas offered him. He went his way, wagging his long white beard. And that day passed, and the daughter of a City-king was not for you. In there not blood of a mace-bearer in your veins, and did not your father leave to you the gift of acceptance? Go you to a foreign land and become a litter-bearer."

NOW Dractimera, the handmaiden, who was daughter to the tree-pruner of the palace, was a shrewd and wise woman whose eyes saw much and whose tongue spoke little, and she had seen, behind the lattice of Dobryas's eyes, that he had heard no idle questions of her concerning Lullime, and had behaved accordingly. And well she knew her mistress, as one woman knows another.

And so she said to Dobryas upon the morning of the Proconsul's coming, "And for whom do you tangle your brows. O Dobryas, when on the day when the ruler of the ravisher of Phenicia?"

And Dobryas said to her, "Toward the rising sun is a gate, and in the gate the gate waits a youth in a fever; his hands will place the stone upon the door, and his eyes are turned to the wall. He knows not what he does; the dejection of his mind is so deep and the home of his heart is so low. To which Dractimera listened.

He had dreamed a dream, and entered into it," continued Dobryas, "and unless the woman of the dream enters it also, he will pass on." "Is the Gate of Azure?" inquired Dractimera.

To which the old man bowed his head. "And is not the holy well of Diernitheus beyond that gate?" she further inquired. "Figs," cried Dobryas, "and then—"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

in a tightly stoppered bottle—an apple in an ivory box, kept inviolate from all minds—to be suspected, and not tasted! Thou fool!"

But he said the last with no vengeance, for in his youth had Dobryas looked to high places, being himself the son of a sheik, and because he remembered that the father of Parazoor, his friend, had been mace-bearer to a distant king, so he added more softly: "It was not for mere earning of date-money that the illustrious Dovan, your father, taught you your skill. Why sat ye here so long, idly and humbly as a camel-cobbler to merchants? Have you not more exalted pride in your veins, and more arrogance in your nostrils, than to kneel forever at the heels of desert-ships? Have you not long fingers and a ready wit, and does not the seller of spells always stoop to tell you a story of other places and other lives when he passes? The world is as wide as the sky, and the caravan routes as many as the spokes of a wheel. Why linger you here, to torture your heart with impossible dreams, and devote your mind with the worms of longing?"

But Parazoor had turned away his face, and was plucking at a piece of sackcloth that hung by the window. And as time dropped from the zenith to the pit, and the sun passed and repassed, the Gateway of Azure came to be distant places, look not to women for dreams for solace, but to the tarnished stars that accompany every man in loneliness through the prison of his life. The daughter of a City-king is not for you. In there not blood of a mace-bearer in your veins, and did not your father leave to you the gift of acceptance? Go you to a foreign land and become a litter-bearer."

And so custom ceased for Parazoor the Maker of Camel-shoes, since the caravans sought other entry and exodus from Baladan. And his earnings dwindled, and the slender store of them vanished, Parazoor was driven to sell, first his tools, and then his new garment of jun by night; and the camels of three caravans had stumbled over unseen things in the dark not twenty paces from the gate, and had been dispersed. And so the gate was closed to all except Dobryas the Bringer of Figs, to whom were jun no more than flies drooping upon a wall. But the caravans went on at that gate.

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And he took the book, tied about with the hair of the dancing-woman's head, to all the market-places. And no one would buy it of him, neither in the market-places of the sellers of scrolls nor in the shops of the enamel-sellers; and not until he came to the street of the thieves' market did he find a pedler who would give him a silver coin for the parchment that was in the book. For the book's labors of love are ever thus disdained, and their value is lost.

And with the silver coin he bought dates and eggplant and cracked rice, and ate of them, and at dawn to die, since the marriage-banquet already floated from the fiery towers of Baladan, the marriage of Lullime and the Proconsul.

And Dobryas the Bringer of Figs shook his head when he came on the next morning, and scratched his nose. And when he came to the door of hammered ebony in the palace wall, and to his summons came Dractimera, the handmaiden of Lullime, to take his bringings, he said to her, "Ah, how, O footstool of the Princess, is your exalted floor to-day?"

To which answered Dractimera, "She

has not slept; her days are numbered; she would escape the hour of her marriage, and be no more a princess of the court," for Dractimera was niece to Dobryas, and open of speech with him always.

"So," said Dobryas, "and has she other fashions in her mind that she looks not to the pomp of her marriage, nor to the exaltation of being queen of a satrapy?"

And Dractimera, the handmaiden, replied, "It is even so. O bringer of dew-sprinkled figs, her mind wanders to some distant land of her imagination, companioned by no other than a strange young man, who captured the model of her heart on the night of the feast of the Festival, when—"

But a gong of iron rang beyond the court-yard where Dractimera stood whispering, and with a finger to her lips, she sped away.

And Dobryas went to the house that held his camel and him, and dug in the floor and took out a sack. And from it he drew pieces of money, and, having fed his camel, he set off toward the Gateway of Azure, and there stood the door of Parazoor, the maker of camel-shoes. And to him came Parazoor, with despair in his eyes, and his hands filled with nothing and looked at him.

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And he took the book, tied about with the hair of the dancing-woman's head, to all the market-places. And no one would buy it of him, neither in the market-places of the sellers of scrolls nor in the shops of the enamel-sellers; and not until he came to the street of the thieves' market did he find a pedler who would give him a silver coin for the parchment that was in the book. For the book's labors of love are ever thus disdained, and their value is lost.

And with the silver coin he bought dates and eggplant and cracked rice, and ate of them, and at dawn to die, since the marriage-banquet already floated from the fiery towers of Baladan, the marriage of Lullime and the Proconsul.

And Dobryas the Bringer of Figs shook his head when he came on the next morning, and scratched his nose. And when he came to the door of hammered ebony in the palace wall, and to his summons came Dractimera, the handmaiden of Lullime, to take his bringings, he said to her, "Ah, how, O footstool of the Princess, is your exalted floor to-day?"

To which answered Dractimera, "She

has not slept; her days are numbered; she would escape the hour of her marriage, and be no more a princess of the court," for Dractimera was niece to Dobryas, and open of speech with him always.

"So," said Dobryas, "and has she other fashions in her mind that she looks not to the pomp of her marriage, nor to the exaltation of being queen of a satrapy?"

And Dractimera, the handmaiden, replied, "It is even so. O bringer of dew-sprinkled figs, her mind wanders to some distant land of her imagination, companioned by no other than a strange young man, who captured the model of her heart on the night of the feast of the Festival, when—"

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FIGS: By Donald Corley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

smiles, and said, "Bid the youth raise his eyes above dejection."

For Dractimerra knew that, on the day preceding, had Lullume the Extravagant craved of the City-king, her father, three wishes, in the guise of three whims, which had been granted, since she who had never been free was about to enter into eternal bondage. And the first whim had been to visit the quarters of the city that she had never known, in a litter unsignified of rank, quietly, as a woman who went where she would. And so had she gone, from street to street, from market to market, shuddering behind her black litter-curtains, to hear, perchance, a voice that had lingered in her ears like an echo, peering at every passer-by, to see him whom she sought, a youth tall and comely, with quick hands, and the distances of love in his eyes.

And so she came, unannounced by the preceder's wooden drum, and with no sound of inka-sha-lak-ka-kat-tik-ka—inka-sha-lak-ka-kat-tik-ka, to the rag-pickers' market, where fragments of silk with figs and pomegranates woven into them were to be had, and squares of old linen, and strips of praying-carpet filched from temples and sold, and many things purloined by thieves. And to her litter came the rag-merchants and the buyers of thievery, with many things in their hands, thinking her litter to be that of a woman who sought to find a stolen ring, or an ankle-clasp. And to all of them, from behind her curtains, she murmured the word of dismissal, peering through a slit in the silk that she had made with the dagger out of her hair, and searching each face restlessly.

NOT until a tall buyer of thievery came with a mirror of shining bronze did she stretch out her hand. The mirror had been stolen from the bathing-room of a noted courtesan of Baladan, and upon the back of it were inscribed verses of love and voluptuous images.

And at the same time a rag-seller approached the litter from the other side with an eight-sided book of parchment, tied with a woman's hair, and she stretched out her hand for that.

And having looked into the mirror, and seen her own beauty, and having broken the hair that tied the book and seen that it was like her own, and then looked into the book—the heart of Lullume became as a bird held in the hand, and eagerly she turned the parchment leaves, and looked at each of the drawings done in black, in blue, in purple, in scarlet, in green, and in gold, and took up the mirror again and studied the truth that it held. And having summoned her Nubian, who stood with drawn simitar behind the litter, she bade him pay the two sellers.

But of the rag-seller she asked, "Whence came this book tied with a woman's hair?"

And he, greedy of gold, told her many lies: that a bird had brought it to him, that he had found it in a doorway, that an old seller of spells had made it; and not until the Nubian had paid him thrice, and then threatened him, did he confess, "O flower of perfection, I had the book of a tall youth, who himself had made it—it is, as you see, an adoration of the Princess Lullume—may she be ever fruitful!"

"But the tall youth?" asked she.

"As to him I know nothing," answered the seller; "he came with a look of anguish, and went his way like the sun of yesterday."

With which she had to close her litter-curtains. But these matters she confided to Dractimerra, her handmaiden, who smiled, as she combed her mistress's hair, and said, "But has not my little flower of love still two more wishes to do what she wishes with?" Dractimerra paused to add mysteriously.

"Beyond the Gateway of Azure is a holy well, not more than fifty cries of a camel-driver. The water of the well of Diermitrous is very sweet. It is said that if a bride drink of it, she—"

At this the knees of Lullume smote together, and her mouth became acrid at the word.

"But," sighed Dractimerra, "only the litter of my Princess need go to the well."

"And why the litter?" asked Lullume, seeing a lantern afar in the speech of her handmaiden.

"That you may be elsewhere while the litter pauses at the holy well," stammered Dractimerra bravely.

Lullume reflected, and to aid her reflection took up the bronze mirror of the courtesan and lost herself in it, until Dractimerra, her handmaiden, insinuated the parchment book beneath her notice. And then she turned the book, leaf by leaf, finding here a young woman like a slim legistrina-tree, and here a woman reclining upon a couch of blue and gold, and holding in her hands a pomegranate, of which she ate the seeds—and the two breasts of the woman were as two white domes upon the horizon of her body—and her legs as two slender balusters of ivory carved for a shrine—and her shoulders were as two dunes carved by the sea—

And she began to see the meaning of Dractimerra's words and questioned her with her eyes.

"The gate is very narrow," said Dractimerra, "but wide enough for a litter, and in the wall of it there is a door, a door high up; behind the door dwell ardor and lamenta-

tion and estrangement, the three handmaidens of despair."

Lullume the Extravagant nodded her head four times, as one who comprehended the universe, and gave to Dractimerra her sleeve-clasping, that was a dragon-fly of gold with green wings. And between them passed that accordance of understanding that two women share without spoken speech.

And Farallin, the City-king, coming to visit Lullume, his daughter, that day, was asked the granting of the second whim, which he, altho a suspicious man and a jealous father, granted kindly and with acquiescence, since on the morrow his holding of favors for her would cease.

And the following morning, when the bell-ringers were in the forty towers of Baladan, cleansing their metal with perfumed sand against the marriage-ringing, Dobryas came to the door of hammered ebony, and held long whispered converse with Dractimerra. And she to her mistress brought the half of a newly divided fig, and stained her sleeping lips with it.

And the dawn-bells rang in unison, and the women of the bath came to wake Lullume the Extravagant, and clad her in wine-colored silk and new sandals, made each of a single piece of amber, and a girdle embroidered with the eyes of a peacock's feathers (after they had bathed her in the pool in her courtyard, perfumed with rare spices, and with flowers of the honeysuckle floating upon it). And they perfumed her hair with poppy-pollen, and put bands of gold about her arms, and threaded pale-blue opals like tears through her hair. For this was the morning of her transfiguration to the populace of Baladan and the day of her marriage to the Proconsul. And the litter of legistrina-wood came to the door of ebony in the white wall, decked with branches of hyssop, and hung with ripened grapes, both white and purple, and Lullume stepped into it, and the preceder rode forward upon a white horse, beating upon his wooden drum, and making the sound of pom! pom! And the litter-harness made a song of inka-sha-lak-ka-kat-tik-ka—inka-sha-lak-ka-kat-tik-ka as they set out for the holy well of Diermitrous, that Lullume might drink of the sweet waters of it, and return, to ride for a sun-hour with open curtains, in the streets, with Farallin, her father, and thence to meet the Proconsul, her destined consort.

And the first couriers arrived in Baladan to cry the coming of Shuqarkib, the Proconsul, who advanced through the desert from the west, with captive slaves and wines, and piles of vanquished shields in chariots, and Phœnician helmets upon lances and figure-heads of captured ships, to lay at the little feet of the arch-extravagant.

The litter traversed the city, first the great squares, where Lullume, cowering upon her cushions, knew beautiful buildings stood, by the sound of the pigeons; then through lesser streets where men toiled at stonemasonry and wood-bewing, and then through the streets of the artificers of ivory and brass and ebony, and the streets of the thumpers of wet clay and the dyers of linen.

And even as the litter passed, the carved peacocks on the roof of it caught from the wind a thrum of silken thread, dyed purple, and it became fastened in their beaks. And this was the remnant of the thread that Parazoor had strung from the ebony door to his house that he might find the way again—

THE litter went past the open windows of the street of the gold-beaters, who were finishing the last platters for the marriage-feast. And the beating of their hammers answered the beating of Lullume's heart, and so she came to the Gateway of Azure, peering fearfully through her curtains.

And she saw, opposite the curtains of her litter, a door of cedar, that stood ajar in the wall, and knew it, by reason of one of the drawings in the book of parchment, and being given the strength of love, which is understanding, and therefore moves not falsely, she leaped from the curtains of her litter and through the door, unperceived by the litter-bearers and the guards that stood behind.

And the gate being opened, the empty litter passed out into the desert—a casket robbed of its jewel, a flower bereft of its perfume.

And having reached the holy well of Diermitrous, the litter-bearers paused, and the captain of the outriders stood on foot, awaiting the pleasure of Lullume. And the priests of the well stood upon one foot and upon the other, in the burning sand, and the sweet waters of the well poured unceasingly into its pool.

But no hand stirred the litter-curtains from within, and since no man could approach nor interrogate the daughter of the City-king, the captain to his first man understood that perhaps the Princess slept.

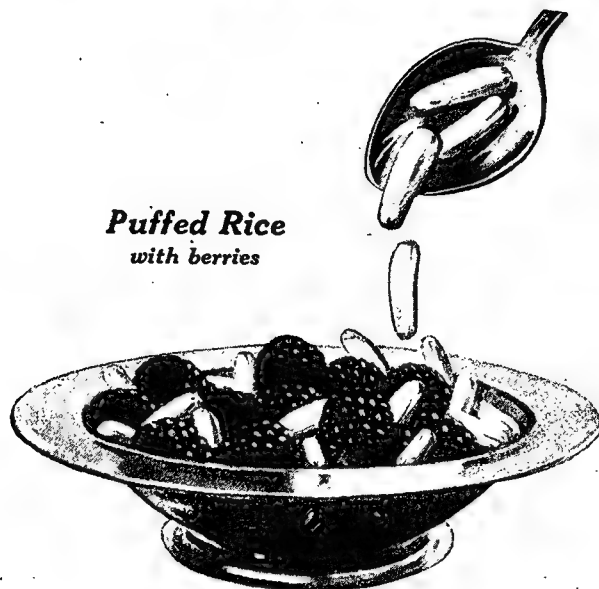
And so the litter stood silently, until the captain deemed best to return to Baladan, slowly, with the preceder's wooden drum silenced.

Inside the door of the house, in the wall of the Gateway of Azure, had sat Parazoor, in a corner, with coarse cloth over his head, and ashes upon it.

And the sound of a wooden drum outside had seemed to him a dream-sound, as did

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Joys of July

Puffed Rice
with berries

Like Fruit and Nuts

Puffed Grains, light and airy, taste like toasted nuts. The texture is like snowflakes, crushing at a touch. So these flimsy morsels mixed with fruit add what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

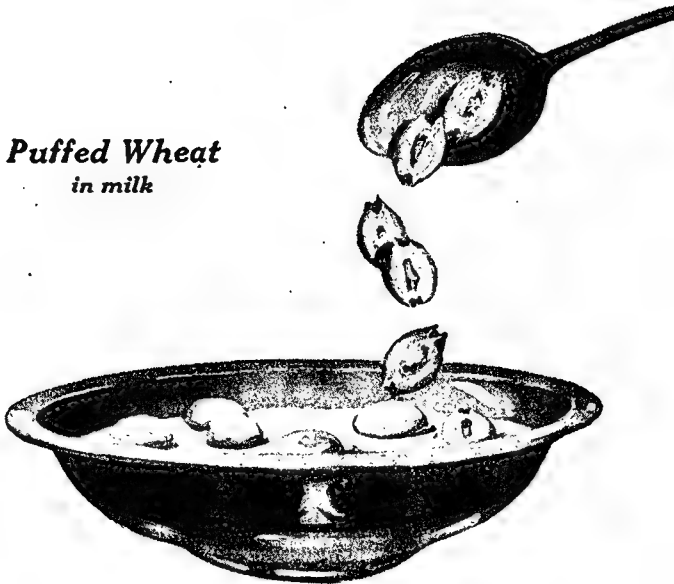
They are also used in candy making and as garnish on ice cream.

Puffed Rice
with cream

Morning Bubble Grains

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are bubble grains, puffed to 8 times normal size. The fearful heat gives an enticing flavor.

So these are the finest breakfast dainties children ever get. And millions now enjoy them.

Puffed Wheat
in milk

A 16-Food Delight

Puffed Wheat in milk forms a supreme food.

Here is whole wheat steam exploded. Every food cell has been blasted. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process, so every granule is fitted to digest.

Whole wheat yields 16 needed elements, including phosphorus, lime and iron. With milk it is practically a complete food.

This tempting form makes children revel in it. They eat it often and in plenty. And in this form—easy to digest—it forms the ideal night dish.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Every food cell steam exploded

S. HOUSEKEEPER'S BIG

The Sixth and Closing Article in Our
"Eat and Be Healthy" Series

By JENOISE B. SHORT
and HARRIET T. BARTO

DRAWINGS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

THE housekeeper of to-day is more than the keeper of the house. She combines in her position the role of executive and manager of "Family & Co." Her work is diversified. She plans and directs the food department, the housekeeping department, and the social department of the firm. She is responsible for the comfort, efficiency, and happiness of all the members, large and small, young and old. According to her ability, vision, and resourcefulness, is she successful in her "job." She is in every sense as much a business woman as her sister in the office.

There are as many different angles in her business as in any other, as many new problems, as many decisions—and as important ones—to be made. She must keep abreast of the times, be up to date in her profession, or slum her own in efficient.

How does she do this? Like any other business man or woman—by consulting authorities in her field; through books and magazines dealing with the business of the household; by testing carefully and with open-minded interest, in her own work; and, the new methods suggested, adopting those which, after fair trial, prove themselves to be worth while and an improvement over the old; by availing herself of the knowledge of the essentials to health and vitality (she goes to her aid); and by realizing that the business of the household is, in every sense, a business, that her position as director is one of dignity and importance, and, more than that, that it calls for brains, energy, and experience.

As manager of the food department she has to know what food and how much her family needs. To be healthy, happy, and wise—in other words, to be well nourished, energetic, and efficient—every person needs enough of the right kind of food—first, to supply energy for his work; second, to make new body-tissue (bone, muscle, and blood); if a child, or to repair tissues broken down in the wear and tear of daily living; if an adult; and third, to keep the various parts of the body working in harmony (the secretions of the different glands, the heartbeat, and other operations which are included in the general term "body processes"). The "balanced diet" is our only way of meeting all these requirements for health and normal living.

The foods which furnish energy, that is, the fuel foods, are those which contain carbohydrate (sugar and starch), fat, and protein. Body-building requires foods rich in protein and mineral matter, and of the latter especially calcium, phosphorus, and iron. The smooth working of the heart, a well-regulated body, demands a liberal supply of mineral matter and vitamins.

Transferred into terms of food materials, these are:

Foods rich in carbohydrates are cereals of all kinds—oatmeal, spaghetti, rice, potatoes, sweet potatoes, molasses and other starchy.

Foods rich in fat are cream, butter, lard, and other vegetable materials, olive oil and other vegetable oils, bacon and other fat meats.

Foods rich in protein are meat, cheese, eggs, meat, fish, nuts, oatmeal and other cereals.

Foods rich in calcium are milk, cheese, and vegetables.

Foods rich in phosphorus are milk, eggs, whole-grain cereals, and vegetables.

Foods rich in iron are eggs, oatmeal and other whole-grain cereals, lean meat, spinach and other green vegetables, dates, figs, prunes, and raisins.

Foods rich in vitamins are milk, green vegetables, and fresh fruits.

One of the most striking recent developments in scientific research has been the discovery of what we call "vitamins." While we know as yet very little of the nature of vitamins we know a good deal more of the effects on children and grown people of a lack of one or more of these substances. We recognize to-day at least three different vitamins, and even advertisements speak familiarly of vitamins A, B, and C.

Vitamins A and B are associated chiefly with growth and good health, vitamin C with the prevention of scurvy. All three are indispensable for the health of children and adults. Vitamin A may possibly be concerned in some way with the development of rickets in children, although scientists believe that there are other factors which cause this vitamin illness.

The foods which are richest in vitamin A are milk, cream, butter, eggs, and green vegetables. Vitamin B is found in large amount in milk, eggs, vegetables, fruits, and whole-grain cereals. Fresh fruits and vegetables supply vitamin C. Meats, fruits, and vegetables, and fruits must therefore be eaten as part of the family diet every day.

A knowledge of nutrition is important, not simply from the present point of view, but also from the standpoint of economy. The housewife who knows what foods are necessary, is able to eliminate expensive non-essentials and to choose from the market not only the best but the most economical sources of energy, protein, mineral matter, and vitamins. In this way she gets the maximum return for time and money expended.

She checks her market list, this careful manager, to make sure that it includes foods from each of these groups—the balance her diet—but she also checks herself.

"How much does my family need?"

She estimates her husband's requirement for energy, and her own, according to the amount of physical activity in the life they lead and to their weight.

Experiments have shown that an individual who weighs about one hundred and fifty-five pounds and leads a sedentary life requires, as a lawyer, teacher, or domestic, a larger amount of energy than a bookkeeper, or banker—requires from 2,500 to 3,700 calories a day. (A calorie is the unit of measure used to express the amount of energy or heat supplied by food when burned in the body. Just as temperature is measured in degrees on a thermometer.) If he is moderately active, such as a street-car conductor, cashier, farmer, or house-painter, he must have in the neighborhood of 3,000 calories a day. If he is a heavy worker, such as a farmer, a miner, or a heavy laborer, he requires from 3,500 to 4,500 calories a day. Men and women whose weight is less than 150 pounds and who lead a sedentary life require from 2,000 to 2,500 calories—how much less you can quickly estimate. For example, if you weigh one

hundred and thirty pounds and do all your own housework for a family of four, you are probably "moderately active" and you need 3,000 to 3,500 calories. If you weigh one hundred and seventy pounds you need 2,700 to 3,000 calories. If you are overweight you would eat less than this. If you are too thin you should eat more.

The table of normal weights for men on the left is suggested as a guide to deciding whether the man is over or undernourished.

The energy requirements of children whose weight is normal for their age and height are given below:

Average Total Energy Requirement of Children*

AGE	Boys	Girls
Under 2	900-1200	900-1200
2-3	1000-1300	1000-1300
3-4	1100-1400	1050-1350
4-5	1200-1500	1100-1400
5-6	1300-1600	1200-1500
6-7	1400-1700	1300-1600
7-8	1500-1800	1400-1700
8-9	1600-1900	1500-1800
9-10	1700-2000	1600-1900
10-11	1800-2100	1700-2000
11-12	1900-2200	1800-2100
12-13	2000-2300	1900-2200
13-14	2100-2400	2000-2300
14-15	2200-2500	2100-2400
15-16	2300-2600	2200-2500
16-17	2400-2700	2300-2600

* From Sherman and Gillett's "Food Allowances for Healthy Children."

But this table does not tell the whole story of how to feed children. To-day, as never before, we recognize the importance of right food for normal growth and the development of full physical and mental powers in boy and girlhood and in man and womanhood. The examination of school-children in various parts of the country has brought to light a startling fact: a large proportion of them are suffering from malnutrition due to a variety of conditions, among which faulty diet or an otherwise defective program is the most frequent. Statistics gathered recently in New York City showed that at least one-third of the children in public schools were below the normal standard of growth, while a study of health conditions among Iowa school-children showed that twenty per cent. of the city children and thirty per cent. of the children in rural districts were seriously underweight.

Public-spirited doctors, nurses, and teachers are aiding in the solution of this problem by advising mothers of all ages from toddlers to high-school seniors the importance of health and how to attain it through right eating and right living. But

however much is done in educating the children in the schools and in health classes and clubs, the final responsibility rests upon the mothers, for unless they do their share in putting before the child the foods he needs and training him in habits of eating and in faithfulness in keeping the other rules of health, sleep, fresh air, regular habits of toilet, and cleanliness, the hands of the nurse and teacher are more or less tied.

Here again the efficient manager consults authorities for help in meeting her problem. She will find in "Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose, a clear and detailed discussion of the food requirements and diets for children from babyhood on.

The following paragraphs will be found suggestive in planning children's meals:

"Feeding of Young Children," Caroline Hunt, Bureau of Child Hygiene, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

"The Diet of School Children," Child Health Organization, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

"Diet for the School Child," Department of the Interior, Health Education Series No. 2, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Supposing you study your family, and note:

- (1) Husband weighs one hundred and eighty pounds—provides for himself and family proper allowance per day 2,900 calories.
- (2) Wife weighs one hundred and thirty pounds—needs 2,300 calories.
- (3) Baby, aged six months, needs 1,200 calories.
- (4) Ruth, aged seven, needs 1,500 calories.
- (5) Joe, aged three, needs 1,100 calories.

We are not suggesting "How can I know whether my meals provide 10,000 calories each day?"

Arrive at your own set of references and consult "Feeding the Family." There you will find in conveniently arranged tables the number of calories furnished by varying quantities of most of the common foods.

We are not suggesting that you make these calculations every day. This is by no means necessary, tho it is interesting and useful, while occasionally to set down on paper the amounts and kinds of food actually consumed for (not simply provided for) your family for a day, and to estimate roughly the calories furnished.

As for the protein and mineral matter, it is possible to calculate the amounts of each of these in your menus and the requirements of your family; however you can reasonably make that the protein, vitamin, and vitamins inadequately represented on your table if you use liberally the amounts of which they are found in large amounts.

One quart of milk a day for each child in the family and at least one quart of milk a day for each adult supply plenty of calcium, and help greatly toward providing protein, phosphorus, and vitamins. At least one vegetable in addition to potatoes (preferably a green vegetable like peas, asparagus, spinach, or beans) and some kind of fresh fruit every day are necessary if the family diet is to show the value of the vitamins.

While this method of meal-planning seems burdensome at first thought, and one wonders how, if the manager of the family business well, she can have any time left to think of things outside of her family, study and some practice will make it much easier than the old way, and the results will show the value of the vitamins.

Mrs. Housewife, remember, your job is a man-sized one. Respect it!

Table of Weight and Height for Men at Different Ages*

Height	19 yrs.	20	21-22	23-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-59
5 ft.	107	110	114	118	122	126	130	134	138	142	145
5 ft. 1 in.	112	115	118	121	124	128	130	133	135	138	140
5 ft. 2 in.	117	120	122	124	126	130	132	135	137	139	141
5 ft. 3 in.	121	124	126	128	130	133	135	137	139	141	143
5 ft. 4 in.	124	127	129	131	133	136	138	140	142	144	146
5 ft. 5 in.	128	130	132	134	136	140	142	144	146	148	150
5 ft. 6 in.	132	134	136	138	140	144	146	148	150	152	154
5 ft. 7 in.	136	138	140	142	144	148	150	152	154	156	158
5 ft. 8 in.	140	141	143	145	147	151	153	155	157	159	161
5 ft. 9 in.	144	145	147	149	151	155	157	159	161	163	165
5 ft. 10 in.	148	149	151	153	155	159	161	163	165	167	169
5 ft. 11 in.	153	154	156	158	160	164	166	168	170	172	174
5 ft. 12 in.	158	159	161	163	165	169	171	173	175	177	179
6 ft.	163	165	167	169	171	175	177	179	181	183	185
6 ft. 1 in.	168	170	172	174	176	180	182	184	186	188	190
6 ft. 2 in.	173	175	177	179	181	185	187	189	191	193	195
6 ft. 3 in.	178	180	182	184	186	190	192	194	196	198	200
6 ft. 4 in.	183	185	187	189	191	195	197	199	201	203	205
6 ft. 5 in.	188	190	192	194	196	200	202	204	206	208	210
6 ft. 6 in.	193	195	197	199	201	205	207	209	211	213	215

In ascertaining height—measure yourself in shoes, stand erect, and press measuring-rod down against heel. Weigh yourself in indoor clothing and shoes. Subtract one inch for height if wearing shoes.

* This table was prepared by Thomas D. Wood, M.D., Professor of Physical Education, Columbia University, and is used by the United States Bureau of Education and the Child Health Organization of America. A similar table for women appeared in Pictorial Review for March.

57



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HEINZ Fruits and Vegetables are grown in the *Garden Spots of the World*

WHERE sun and soil combine to produce the best, choice fruits and vegetables are grown under Heinz care and supervision for use in the Heinz spotless kitchens. Heinz kitchens, too, are located at many of these places, where quick handling is combined with skillful preparation to preserve the delicious freshness so readily detected in Heinz 57 Varieties.

But Heinz care and supervision begins still further back than this. Even the seeds that grow many of these products are raised on Heinz seed farms—and tender young plants are grown in Heinz own hot houses.

It is literally true that Heinz foods are “controlled from soil to consumer”—from the seed to your dining room table.

This is just another care actuated by our feeling of responsibility to serve you with only the best in foods.



H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
57 Varieties

Free to Mothers Liberal trial packages of Bauer & Black's two new nursery requisites. Mail coupon below.

Well and happy or—

Does your baby suffer the common discomfort which baby specialists say makes 3 in 5 healthy babies cross and fretful?



THREE babies in five suffer with diaper rash, prickly heat or other form of skin irritation.

Baby specialists say those disorders are responsible for more crossness and discomfort, among healthy babies, than any other disturbances of infancy.

But many mothers, they add, are ignorant of this fact, and when baby is fretful and trying, charge every source but the true one.

For that reason, the correct care of a baby's skin is being urged as second in importance to no other detail of the nursery.

The purpose of the following is to explain, in simple terms, the cause of baby rash and skin irritations. Also to offer mothers, free and postpaid, liberal trial packages of a new comfort creator, now being widely employed by baby doctors and maternity hospitals.

This new preparation is a Bauer & Black product—B & B Baby Talc. More than 100 baby specialists, dermatologists and experts in infant hygiene helped perfect it. Highest authorities urge all mothers to use it.

Simply mail the coupon below, and soon your baby will be enjoying the soothing comfort it brings.

Important Facts

Mothers Should Know

The pores of baby's skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from

the body. Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine, but more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender, susceptible to rash. Infection often follows. Urine scald is sheer torture—yet few babies escape it.

Hence the problem, as your doctor will tell you, is to combat these acids—to make them harmless to the skin.

Now We Combat the Acids

B & B Baby Talc goes to the base of preventive skin treatment. It combats the irritant acids of perspiration and of urine—makes them harmless to the skin.

This is a new effect; the result of months of research work in our laboratories. Old time methods failed to achieve it. They aimed merely to dry the moisture—did not effectively combat the acids.

Thus B & B Baby Talc strikes at the cause of irritation. Discomfort is prevented. Present irritation is allayed. Results are quick and amazing. Thousands of mothers will tell you this. Tell you, too, from practical experience, that this new way not only makes baby's days happier, but mother's days less trying.

The Correct Treatment

Use B & B Baby Talc just as you would use an ordinary pow-

der. Apply it after the daily bath. Sprinkle it freely on diaper cloths, on all garments that come in contact with the skin. Where irritation is already present, apply three or four times a day to the affected parts.

A Soap, Too!

B & B Baby Soap is offered for use in place of those soaps, strong in caustics, which tend to irritate a baby's skin. It is made of edible fats, lathers freely and rinses off readily. A slight percentage of zinc oxide makes it gently healing—a safe soap for the nursery. It is tempered to the infant's skin.

Mail Coupon for Free Samples

So that all mothers may know this way to baby comfort, liberal trial packages of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap will gladly be sent free and postpaid—simply mail the coupon.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings
and Allied Products

3 Babies in 5 Suffer This Hidden Discomfort

Recent investigations show that three in five healthy babies are fretful and cross because of skin irritations in one form or another.

The cause of these disorders has been learned and is now successfully combated. Noted baby specialists and prominent maternity hospitals are employing a new way, which is fully explained elsewhere on this page.

It places at mothers' disposal the most recent discoveries of modern science in overcoming diaper rash, skin irritations and urine scald.



B&B Baby Talc
B&B Baby Soap

B&B Products

Your druggist offers you, in all Bauer & Black products, the results of 28 years of ethical service to the medical profession and the public.

MAIL THIS

Pic Rev. 123

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Toronto, Canada.

Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part.

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Address.....

City and State.....

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-In Hospital, New York City

BABY AT SIX MONTHS OF AGE

MY DEAR MRS N—: So Baby Paul has safely reached his six-month birthday. I am sure he must be very bright and cunning from what you write in your report. As you say he weighs seventeen pounds, he just strikes a happy medium between Dr. L. E. Holt's figures and those gotten up in the Government chart. No child exactly follows a weight-chart during all his life, but if he stays within a pound or so of the average, the mother has no cause to worry. His length of twenty-six inches is also quite normal.

Allow him now to sit propped up with pillows for half an hour at a time two or three times daily at least. He is not yet old enough to sit alone or to use a high chair. Do not constantly talk and play with him, but let him amuse himself with his string of spoons or one toy at a time, and let him play for a half-hour after his nap or before he goes to bed in the afternoon. Now for your question:

1. Is thumb-sucking really bad for babies, and if so, why? How shall I stop Paul from doing it, he has lately begun to show a strong tendency to suck one thumb.

Ans. Thumb-sucking is exceedingly bad because it often causes enlarged tonsils, adenoids, sore mouth, badly shaped jaw, indigestion, and sore throats or other finger. Never tolerate it and never give a pacifier or anything else to suck in its place. If Paul has just begun this, nip it in the bud immediately; the longer you wait the harder it will be to control. First try little cotton bags or mittens on his hands. If he sucks these, then try a cardboard cuff or splint around his arm over the elbow outside of his shirt, but inside of his dress-sleeve. One mother I knew made a very good splint by taking one of father's cuffs and cutting it down, sewing tapes to it and fastening these on the baby's arm. At the hospital we often use a malleable tube, cut down to fit the little arm, with cotton on the edge so it will not hurt the baby in any way.

The child will take this with his hands free to play with toys, but can not bend his elbow to get the thumb into his mouth. There are some other ready-made contrivances to prevent thumb-sucking; at any rate it must be stopped.

2. "We have taken a cottage in the mountains for the month of August and it will take us three days by train to get home. How shall I manage the bottle-meals on the train?"

Ans. For the first day you may take the bottles packed in a cool box or in your little nursery ice-box, getting the disinfectant-carrier to fill the box with fresh ice if it melts. For the next three days you will have to use some form of dry milk-powder, which you can prepare by adding boiling water for each meal. Select the kind you mean to use, after consulting your family doctor, and try it several times at home once a day to see if it agrees well with the baby before you start. The porter will usually be able to fill the boiling water for you, and you may have to boil some yourself on a little soldered alcohol stove, which you can use in the dressing-room. If you can afford to take a little drawing-room for the journey you will be much more comfortable.

3. "How shall I manage about Paul's napkins on the journey?"

Ans. Save up old table-linen and make as many diapers from this as you can. As Paul is well trained to use the small chamber in your lap you will not have much trouble. The wet linen may be thrown away and the outside napkins simply rinsed out, if they are damp too. Cheese-cloth may be used in place of the linen if you have not enough of the latter; but be sure to wash the new cheese-cloth out first at home, so it will not be too stiff and uncomfortable. Have a rubber-lined bag for wet diapers, which you can not have time to dry on the train, and keep one suitcase separate for the baby with all his little things in it by themselves. Take a bottle of some good spring water. Change in water often upon a baby for a few days.

4. "What formula shall I use for Paul's bottle-meals this month? I may have to give a third bottle soon, as he is so hungry now. If I do this, at what meal shall I give it, and shall I then let him nurse from one or both breasts at meal-times?"

Ans. I give you herewith a formula for three bottle-meals in case you have to use them before your next report. If you find this necessary, alternate the breast- and bottle-meals as follows: 6 A. M., breast-milk; 9 A. M., bottle-milk; 12 M., breast-milk; 3 P. M., bottle-milk; 6 P. M., breast-milk. 12 P. M., bottle-milk. Nurse him fifteen minutes from each breast if you give the three bottles. Here is the formula:

Whole, certified milk 1½ cups
Milk- or malt-sugar 7 ounces
Four 6½ ounces into each one of three bottles.

To make the barley-water for this formula take two teaspoonsful of the barley-flour to the seven ounces of water and boil half an hour on a double boiler as directed previously. Give one tablespoonful of strained orange-juice in one of bottled water at 8 A. M.

Do not give crackers, bread-crusts, or anything else between meals; very careful not to allow any one to offend the baby's "tastes" of table-food. On very warm days add one more ounce of barley-water to the formula and subtract an ounce of the milk and give the baby more boiled water between meals. Omit the orange-juice if the weather is hot. Be exceedingly careful to inquire about the milk-supply at the place you are going to get your milk. Country milk is often far more dangerous than city milk, unless the farmer understands just how to dress and discard this rich cream. Be right for the baby the milk should contain not more than four per cent. butter fat.

5. "Do you think Paul is now old enough to wear rompers?"

Ans. If you like them, you may begin their use; personally I do not care for them while the baby has to wear diapers. They are apt to get very wet and leak back and it is more difficult to change a baby who wears rompers than one who wears dresses. If you want to save laundry and traveling and in the country, make some little clean dresses. These are easily washed out and do not really require ironing.



Teeth You Envy Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental

science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

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REG. U. S.

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Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

You'll enjoy it

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Get the agreeable after-effects of a naturally alkaline mouth.

10-Day Tube Free 857

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You've never tasted anything so good and refreshing as the rootbeer you make from Hires Household Extract. And no other drink is so easy to make.

Simple directions for mixing are enclosed in the package. Bottle with tight corks or get Hires Patent Bottle Stoppers from your grocer. Forty-eight hours after mixing, your rootbeer is sparkling and ready to drink. If you like it tell your friends how delicious it is, how easy and economical to make. Be sure to

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CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Ltd.
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Canadian price 35c the package



ARMAND COLD CREAM POWDER. In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

A FACE POWDER that spreads evenly, blends naturally into the skin and stays on till you wash it off—that is Armand Cold Cream Powder.

Armand is the only dry face powder with a base of delicate cold cream. Try it just once! Unless it pleases you perfectly you may return it and get your money back. Buy a box today—it is \$1, in the little pink-and-white hat-box—everywhere. For trial send us 15c for three guest-room boxes of Armand Cold Cream Powder, Talcum and Vanishing Cream. Address

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A clean tooth never decays—the Prophylactic keeps teeth clean



USING UP SOUR MILK

BY ELNA H. WHARTON

SOUR milk has the same food value as it had when sweet, food specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture say, because it is still a source of lime for bone-building, of protein for tissue repair. The bacteria which have caused the souring are not necessarily harmful if the milk was properly cared for, and the effect of those which caused the development of lactic acid in the milk is thought by some to be beneficial.

Sour milk may be utilized in dozens of ways in cooking as well as converted into cottage cheese.

In Place of Sweet Milk

IN CAKE or quick-bread recipes sour milk or buttermilk and baking-soda may be substituted for sweet milk (or water) and baking-powder, in the proportion of one-half level teaspoonful of soda to every cupful of sour milk. The soda may be omitted with the dry ingredients. One teaspoonful of baking-powder as called for is omitted when the one-half teaspoonful of soda is used. Thus biscuits made with sour milk differ but slightly from those made with sweet.

Sour-milk Biscuit (12 Biscuits)

2½ Cupfuls Sifted Flour
¾ Teaspoonful Salt
¾ Teaspoonful Soda
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-soda

2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2½ Teaspoonfuls Shortening
1½ Cupfuls Sour Milk or Buttermilk
Sift together the flour, salt, baking-powder, and soda, and chop in the shortening, and the sour milk, and mix as usual. Bake thoroughly in a hot water bath to twelve minutes. Be sure that the milk is sufficiently sour to neutralize all the soda. If desired, a cup-ful of buttermilk may be made, using about one cupful of the sour milk for mixing and one-half teaspoonful of soda.

Sour milk in the griddle-cakes is preferred by many skillful cooks, who, when using it, dispose with one or more of the egg called for. The following recipe can be used for either sweet or sour milk.

Bread Griddle-cakes

1½ Cupful Dry Bread- 1 Teaspoonful Shortening
1½ Cupful Sweet Milk 1 Egg
1½ Teaspoonfuls ½ Cupful Flour
Sweetening, If De- 2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1½ Teaspoonful Salt

SCALD the milk, add the crums, let stand fifteen minutes, then mash and beat to a paste. Add the salt, sweetening, melted shortening, and well-beaten egg. Finally add the flour and baking-powder, which have been sifted together. Bake on a hot griddle until nicely browned on both sides. In place of baking-powder and sweet milk alone, one-half cupful of sweet milk may be used to moisten the crums, and one cupful of sour milk with one-half teaspoonful of baking-soda for thinning and leavening the mixture. This serves six people.

A delicious corn bread, so soft that the heat of cook is in an iron skillet, is made with sour milk.

Spicer Corn Bread

1½ Cupful Corn-meal 2 Eggs
2 Cupfuls Sour Milk 2 Teaspoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Salt

MIX the dry ingredients. Add the eggs, well beaten, and the milk. Place the butter in a frying-pan, melt it, and grease the pan well. Heat the pan and turn in the mixture. Bake in a hot oven and cook twenty minutes. This serves six people. Another unusual way of disposing of surplus sour milk is to make a honey-cake, which keeps very well.

Soft Honey-cake

½ Cupful Butter 1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Honey ½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Cupful Sour Milk ½ Teaspoonful Ginger
4 Cupfuls Flour

RUB the butter and honey together; add the egg, well beaten, then the sour milk and the flour sifted with the soda and spices. Bake in a shallow pan.

These and many other delicious cakes and breads that can be made with sour milk may be found in the Farmers' Bulletin titled below, which is now upon request sent to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Farmers' Bulletin 1136, "Baking in the Home."
Department, Circular 109, "Cottage-cheese Dish."
Farmers' Bulletin 505, "Corn-meal as a Food and Ways of Using It."
Farmers' Bulletin 553, "Honey and Its Uses in the Home."
Farmers' Bulletin 487, "Cheese and Its Economical Use in the Diet."

Cousin Martha's Advice to Brides



Summer's Fruits Are Winter's Treats

Summer's fruits are winter's treats, my dear, and it's soon time to pack or preserve your favorite fruits. Put them up in stoneware because nothing else preserves their natural flavor, freshness and beauty so perfectly.

My grandmother told me, and told me true, that nothing else preserves the full freshness and deliciousness of foods so well, as good, old fashioned, sanitary, stoneware jars.

There are jars for packing fruits and vegetables and eggs, as you know, and suitable jars for everything you keep in your pantry. By the way, pack all the eggs you can this summer and you will save a great deal of money next winter.

In packing your fruits, vegetables, meats and everything, by all means use Dr. Goodie's recipes. He is the great food authority, you know, and he gives wonderful recipes in his book and includes those selected from thousands by the U. S. Government itself. You ought to have this book, and the nearest Stoneware Manufacturers will send it to you just write the one nearest you. Here are their names.

Yours as ever,

Cousin Martha,

American Clay Products Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
Red Wing Glass Stoneware Co.	Red Wing, Minn.
White Hall Sewer Pipe & Stoneware Co.	White Hall, Md.
Whitcomb & Sons	Whitcomb, Pa.
Zanesville Stoneware Co.	Zanesville, Ohio
Albany, Ohio	Albany, Ohio
Plattburgh Pottery Co.	Plattburgh, N.Y.
Ohio Pottery Co.	Ohio, Pa.
Louisville Pottery Co.	Louisville, Ky.
Western Stoneware Co.	Monmouth, Ill.

P.S.—I know that Grocery Department, Hardware and General Stores have all styles and sizes of stoneware jars and jugs for every purpose. C. M.



Mail Coupon to Nearest Company

Please send me your book of economy suggestions, with Dr. Goodie's recipes and those compiled by U. S. Government officials.

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Cookies

are both Good and Good for You ~ If Made the Rumford way

SUMMER days are "Cookie" days.

Cookies pack easily in a picnic basket or box and stay crisp until eaten. Father will love the spicy ones—the kind he used to get from grandmother's cookie-jar, and when mother serves tea on the porch, nut cookies will be just right. Any variety will suit the youngsters and let them have all they want, for they are home-made, therefore wholesome and nourishing.

WHY? Because every ingredient in them is good—the butter, the eggs, the nuts and salt but not least the RUMFORD BAKING POWDER which, with its health-giving phosphate, makes the most digestible food.

Below is a basic recipe, and, if you want variety, omit the flavoring, divide the dough into four parts; into one portion put a teaspoon of caraway seeds, into another a teaspoon of grated orange rind, into the third, two-thirds of a teaspoon of mixed spice (cinnamon, ginger and clove) and into the fourth, a half-cup of chopped nuts.

There You Are!—all the varieties you want and the labor of making only one batch!

Try this recipe for SUGAR COOKIES (All measurements are level)
 1 cup butter for 4 teaspoons vegetable shortening
 2 cups sugar
 3 eggs
 4 cups flour
 2 teaspoons flavoring extract

Cream the butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, sift and add the flour, baking powder and salt alternately with the milk and flavoring. Add a little additional flour if the dough is not soft enough to roll. Turn out on a floured board and roll even; cut into fancy shapes and bake in moderate oven.

Send for your copy of the RUMFORD MODERN METHODS OF COOKING, containing 150 RUMFORD recipes.

Rumford Co., Dept. 15, Providence, R. I.



A granular phosphate product superior in baking quality and healthfulness. Manufactured from selected CRITICAL MINES. Patented.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER



ICE-CREAM for dessert! A cheer from the children and a smile from the grown-ups greet such an announcement. And when it is home-made ice-cream, what more can one desire? Nothing!—unless it may be, for a change, home-made ices, parfaits, mousse, sherbet, or other frozen and therefore popular desserts.

DESSERTS—ICE-CREAMS

WITH a good freezer making ice-cream is not a laborious task. An electric attachment for the freezer or a small boy with a good right arm, moreover, will be helpful.

For any frozen mixture crush the ice fine. A burp bag and a heavy wooden mallet make this an easy task.

When packing for freezing use eight parts of ice to one part of salt, as this comparatively small amount of salt makes a cream or ice smoother than when more salt is used. After the cream is frozen turn off the water and repack, using four parts of ice to one of salt.

Plain Ice-cream

1 Quart Thin Cream 1/2 Cupful Sugar
 1 Teaspoonful Salt 1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
 MIX well and freeze according to general directions.

French Ice-cream

1 Tablespoonful Flour 2 Cupfuls Milk
 1/2 Cupful Sugar 3/4 Cupful Thin Cream
 2 Teaspoonful Salt 1 1/2 Teaspoonful Vanilla
 1 Egg or 2 Egg Yolks
 MIX the flour, sugar, salt; add the eggs, slightly beaten, and the milk gradually. Cook over hot water twenty minutes, stirring constantly with a fork, until it thickens. Cool, add the cream and flavoring, and freeze.

Fruit Ice-cream

ALLOW equal parts of fruit and cream. Crush the fruit, sweeten to taste, add to the cream, and freeze according to directions.

Chocolate Ice-cream

CUT two squares of chocolate into pieces and boil three minutes with a half-cupful of water. Add to either the plain or French ice-cream mixture and follow directions.

Caramel Ice-cream

USE the recipe for French vanilla ice-cream. Caramelize the sugar by placing in a smooth iron frying-pan and stirring

constantly until the sugar melts. Add slowly to the hot custard. Add to the cream and test for sweetness. More sugar may be needed, as caramelizing takes away some of the sweetness from sugar.

Burnt-almond Ice-cream

USE the recipe for either the plain or French ice-cream, reserving the sugar to add later. Grind one-half pound of burnt almonds (almonds with a dark-sugar coating) and add to the cream, stirring well. Add more sugar if necessary, and freeze according to directions.

Maple Parfait

4 Eggs 1 Cupful Hot Maple
 1 Pint Cream 1 Cupful Hot Maple
 BEAT the eggs slightly and pour on slowly the maple-syrup. Cook until the mixture thickens, cool, and add the cream, beaten until stiff. Mold, pack in salt and ice, and let stand four hours.

Coffee Mousse

1 1/2 Tablespoonful Gel. 1 Cupful Hot Boiled
 1/2 Tea. 1/2 Cupful Cold Water 1 Cupful Sugar
 1 Quart Cream
 ADD the gelatin, soaked in cold water, to the hot coffee, in which the sugar has been dissolved. Set in a pan of ice-water and stir until it begins to thicken. Then fold in the whipped cream, put in a mold, cover, pack in ice and salt, two parts to one, and let stand four hours.

Fruit Mousse

1 1/2 Tablespoonful Gel. 1 Box Berries or
 1/2 Tea. 1/2 Cupful Chopped
 1/2 Cupful Cold Water 1 Cupful Sugar
 1/2 Cupful Gelatin 1/2 Cupful or More Sugar
 1 Quart Cream
 SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve with the boiling water. Crush the berries, with the sugar; add to the gelatin, and follow the directions for coffee mousse.

Sherbet

1 1/2 Tablespoonful Gel. 1 Box Berries or
 1/2 Tea. 1/2 Cupful Chopped
 1/2 Cupful Cold Water 1 Cupful Sugar
 1/2 Cupful Gelatin 1/2 Cupful or More Sugar
 1 Quart Cream
 SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve with the boiling water. Crush the berries, with the sugar; add to the gelatin, and follow the directions for coffee mousse.

ICES AND SHERBETS

ICES, made with fruit-juices or with fruit, crushed or chopped, in themselves make the most refreshing of warm-weather desserts. The very sound of lemon or strawberry ice on the menu is cooling, and we hail their appearance on the table as a fitting climax to a Summer dinner or supper. For the company dinner, Summer or Winter, ice may be combined with mousse or parfait. A melon mold, for instance, lined with strawberry ice as soon as it is frozen, the center filled with coffee or vanilla mousse, may be packed in ice and salt, two parts to one, for four hours.

Ice is also served on special occasions with the meat course. Lemon or ginger ice is particularly suitable for this purpose. As delicious as it is at this point in a heavy dinner, its use as part of the salad course, while less common, is fully as good. A fruit salad, mixed with a well-seasoned French dressing, topped by a small amount of lemon ice, garnished with a cherry or a strawberry, and served on crisp lettuce, is something which once tried will be repeated. Frozen fruit mayonnaise may also be used in this way. Try this frozen salad as dessert.

Lemon Ice

2 Cupfuls Sugar 4 Cupfuls Water
 1/2 Cupful Lemon-juice 1/2 Cupful Lemon-juice
 BOIL the sugar, water, and lemon-rind together for three minutes. Remove the rind, add the lemon-juice, cool, and freeze.

Fruit Ice

4 Cupfuls Water 2 Cupfuls Fruit-juice
 1/2 or More Cupfuls Sugar 1/2 Cupful Lemon-juice
 1 Orange- or Lemon-rind (Grated)
 MIX well and freeze according to general directions for ice-cream.

Frozen Punch

1 1/2 Cupful Water 1/2 Cupful Orange-juice
 1 Cupful Sugar 1/2 Cupful Bottle Ginger
 1 Small Branch Mint. 1 Quart Weak Tea
 TIE the mint in a piece of cheese-cloth and boil with the water and sugar for five minutes. Cool, remove the mint and the fruit-juices and the ale or tea. Freeze

according to directions. Color may be used instead of ale or tea. Green coloring added before freezing will make an attractive, cooling-look ice to serve with the dinner course.

Ginger Ice

1/2 Pound Candied Ginger 4 Cupfuls Water
 1/2 Cupful Sugar 1/2 Cupful Sugar
 FREEZE well and freeze according to general directions for ice-cream.

Frozen Fruit

1 1/2 Quart Fruit 1 Cupful or More Sugar
 (Crushed) 1 Cupful Water
 MIX well and freeze according to general directions for ice-cream.

Chocolate Sherbet

2 1/2 Squares Chocolate 1 1/2 Cupful Sugar
 1 Cupful Cold Water 1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
 1 Quart Milk
 CUT the chocolate into pieces, add the water, and cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Add the salt, sugar, cinnamon, and milk, and heat until foamy, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Cool, freeze according to directions, and serve with whipped cream in glasses.

Lemon Sherbet

4 Cupfuls Milk 1 1/2 Cupful Sugar
 1/2 Cupful Lemon-juice
 MIX well and freeze according to general directions for ice-cream.

Frozen Fruit Mayonnaise

1 Cupful Mayonnaise 1 Cupful Marsh-
 1 Cupful Whipped mallova
 2 Teaspoonfuls Gelatin 1/2 Cupful Blanched
 1 Tablespoonful Water 1 Cupful Shredded
 1 Cupful Canned Cherries
 ADD the whipped cream to the mayonnaise, melt over hot water, and add to the mixture. Cut the marshmallows into pieces with the scissors, add the almonds, and add with the fruit. Place in a mold and pack in salt and ice for four hours. Serve on a bed of lettuce as a salad.

THE FACT that Wesson Oil is pure vegetable oil and nothing else means that it has the highest possible food value. Wesson Oil not only makes things good to eat but is itself a more nourishing food than almost anything else you eat.

Wesson Oil is much richer than butter, because butter contains salt and water and curds as well as fat, while Wesson Oil is all pure fat.

You may be interested in the following table of calories which shows the relative fuel value of Wesson Oil compared to some of the other things we eat:

	CALORIES PER LB.
Wesson Oil	4080
Oleomargarine	3525
Butter	3450
Bacon	3030
Cheese	1950
Sugar	1860
Cereals	1665
Beef	1275
Eggs	720
Milk	325
Vegetables	229

PURITY—health—is in the ice cream you make. You know the cream, the milk, the eggs. You know that the freezer is clean. And you will know, too, that it is easy if you have a

Triple Motion White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer

Built for service throughout, a White Mountain Freezer is the lowest cost long term investment that you can possibly make. It lasts a lifetime and returns you satisfaction-dividends 52 times a year. Duplex beaters and revolving can reduce the time to a minimum and make your ice cream deliciously smooth in texture.

You should get the "freezer at home" habit. It will prove both economical and delightful. Write for fifty copies of the new White Mountain Freezer booklet "Freeze Delicacies." Sent free.

The White Mountain Freezer Co., Inc.

Nashua, New Hampshire



CANDY MAKING MADE EASY

ANYBODY can make candy with this new machine. It makes all kinds of candy, from the simplest to the most elaborate. Write for the new book "Candy Making Made Easy." Sent free.

Send Us Your Spare Time. Personal, domestic, house or business. We pay you for your spare time. Write for the new book "Candy Making Made Easy." Sent free.



A better way to can at home



One easy turn of the Lorain red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

JUDGE for yourself whether the Lorain Oven Method is "A Better Way to Can at Home." Take peaches, for instance. The luscious, golden yellow peach, firm, sweet and full of flavor, is one of America's favorite fruits.

Here's the way to can peaches by the Lorain Oven Method: Wash and sterilize the jars, covers and rubbers, just as you always do. Scald the peaches to loosen skins; dip quickly in cold water; skin, and cut in halves; pack halves in jars.

Now fill the jars with boiling water, or with syrup if additional sweetening is desired. Place rubbers in position, and adjust covers loosely.

Light the gas oven. Set the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator at 250 degrees. Place the filled jars in the oven; close the door. Leave quart jars in oven one hour; pint jars forty minutes. Then go out of the kitchen and forget you are canning until the alarm clock tells you time is up. When the clock signals, remove jars from oven and tighten the covers. Your canning is done! Simple, isn't it? Yet this is what you've accomplished by this new method:

- First: The fruits or vegetables retain that fresh-from-the-garden flavor.
- Second: They keep firm.
- Third: They have a much finer appearance.
- Fourth: You've avoided all kettle-boiling and all standing and stirring over a hot stove.
- Fifth: You've done your canning in much less working-time than is required by any other process.
- Sixth: You've saved gas.

Any fruit or vegetable may be canned perfectly by the Lorain Oven Method. The process was perfected in the laboratories of the American Stove Company after months of experimentation. Today this method is being used successfully by thousands upon thousands of housewives who are the happy possessors of gas ranges equipped with this remarkable device—the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

Wherever gas is used you'll find dealers who sell Lorain-equipped gas ranges. If you want to know how to make canning a joy instead of a task, go to one of these dealers and ask him to demonstrate this method. He'll be glad to do it. If you want a copy of the Lorain Canning Chart which explains in detail how to can 37 different fruits and vegetables, just fill in and mail the attached coupon.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
67 Chouteau Avenue

Largest makers of gas ranges in the world

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain" cannot be used on these

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
67 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

1922



Glass—The eternal garment of light

THE Rose Window of Rheims, with its hallowed, mellow light, was the centuries-old symbol of the glass-makers' art. The marvelous lighthouse lens, with its uncanny control of light, is the modern emblem of the glass-makers' science. Globes and shades are essential for proper home illumination, and in their making, art and science should be combined in pleasing and efficient proportions. In glass alone can this combination be effected.

The extraordinary demands of the great war restricted the manufacture of glass shades. Consequently, dealers recommended a candle-type fixture without shades. As a result, in thousands of homes the unmodified light from candle fixtures is creating an irritating and unpleasant atmosphere.

Now, the New Macbeth Candle Shades!

Since the war the Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, America's oldest and largest makers of fine illuminating glassware, has perfected a glass shade particularly designed for the candle-type electric fixture. These Macbeth Candle Shades are made in various shapes and many designs, individually decorated in rich colors. They are easily removed for cleaning, and, with care, will last a lifetime, as they cannot rot or fade like silk.

Each Macbeth Candle Shade is furnished with a metal holder that fits any standard candle-type fixture. This patented device is guaranteed to hold the shade in an unvarying vertical position.

Shaded Light Beautifies Your Home

Properly shaded light gives animation to every room. It is associated with and accentuates the pleasing details of the furnishings. When evening comes, with its gathering shadows, the mellow light of a fixture equipped with Macbeth Candle Shades is diffused like artificial sunshine through the room, filling it with glow and warmth. The effect produced is in striking contrast with the monotonous white glare of unshaded lamps, which creates a cold, uncomfortable atmosphere.

Fixture dealers are now showing Macbeth Candle Shades. If you have candle-type fixtures in your home, decide to examine these new creations of the glassmakers' art at the nearest place showing them. We will be glad to send our brochure "Lighting for Decoration."

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company

Makers of Scientific and Art Glassware for Illuminating Purposes

PITTSBURGH

Branches in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco
Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

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"Onyx" Hosiery



"Onyx" Pointex
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"Pointex"

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Fashioned to accentuate the grace of trim feminine ankles

Emery & Barr Company, Inc., Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors, . . . New York

The Famous ANGÉLUS Lemon Creams



"Let Your Mirror Tell the Story"

NINE complexions out of ten need Angélus simply because nine complexions out of ten can be improved—and that is exactly what Angélus will do.

Prove it to yourself—this—first use Angélus Lemon Cleansing Cream to cleanse thoroughly the pores of the skin. Then apply Angélus Lemon Tissue Cream. Let it remain on overnight—and in the morning let your mirror tell the story.

Be sure to ask for Angélus. Your druggist or department store has Angélus Lemon Cleansing Cream at \$1.00 the 4 oz. jar; \$1.85 the 8 oz. jar; Angélus Lemon Tissue Cream at \$1.00 the 2 oz. jar; \$2.00 the 4 oz. jar.

One of the
Pack & Telford
Quality Group

If your dealer cannot supply you with Angélus ask for introductory tube of Angélus and Angélus Lemon Creams and the interesting booklet "Complexion Beautiful."

PARK & TILFORD, Division A
525 West 42nd Street, New York

Introductory Tube by mail 35 Cents



the song of inka-sha-lala-kat-tikka that the trappings of the litter made. The soft closing of his door did not arouse him, but the perfume of honeysuckle that filled his empty shop made his shoulders quiver.

And Lullime the Extravagant crossed the floor on her toes, lifting her veil of modesty, and knelt beside him, and took the coarse cloth of despair from his head, and with her hands entreated him to look at her. And she saw that his eyes were stained with the hue of figs.

And thus was the first seeing of Lullime by Parazonor, with the eyes of the flesh and the spirit together.

But being in the haze of hunger and despair, he thought her a beautiful thing out of the desert, come to taunt him—having heard the gates screech upon their hinges a moment before.

And he was confounded, and could not gaze at her, because her exceeding beauty dazzled him, and the dark room was lighted in every crevice by her.

SHE smiled at him, and the fringed jalousies of her eyes were lifted to show to him their secret, and the perfume of honeysuckle stole away his surprise, and then her voice fell upon the loneliness of his heart as the memory of bells heard in childhood, and it was the voice of the dancer of Cirassa, with whom he had sat in the little room at the feast of Heaven. It was she who had told him of Lullime the Extravagant, and of all her perfections, and now he saw that this was Lullime, and not the Cirassian, and he was lost in wonder, and his throat was constricted and his legs feeble.

"I have come to you, O maker of beauty," said she, "and her voice was like wine poured from a yellow gourd. 'Did I not speak truly of Lullime the Extravagant no longer? Did I not bring her to your eyes, as now I bring her to your arms? Did I not beguile you with true telling and light the fire of your heart, and sing of the love of loves to you?'"

"O temple of innocence," she said, "playfully, 'Is there no understanding in the lips that spoke to me of Lullime? Is there no answer in your heart, and are your hands not amorous of me?'"

And straightway Parazonor rose up from the floor and kissed her feet, and then of her wine-colored garment, and looked fully at her and saw that she was his, and asked for her. "Flower of the legitim—voice of the first wind—announcer of thirst and destroyer of reason—how came you here?"

"By coming, light of the darkness," said she, "and she took from beside her heart the parchment book and gave it to him, and from her girldie she took the mirror of the mountain. 'These two made known myself to me,' said she, 'made known you to me, and showed to me the road to the sun—you are the sky, and your eyes are the places beyond the sky—you are the plume in the bride of my horse—you are the lord of my womanhood!'"

prevail. They were niggardly in the pleasures they took, but they had a skyraking faith toward immortality and the kingdom of heaven. One can not claim that they were free from hypocrites. No man nor woman is, but they were no self hypocrites, covering their dirt or your dirt with broad-minded views, and magnificent contributions to charities. They were honest, and brave, virtuous hypocrites, my brethren!

NOW things are different. Figuratively speaking, it is not going too far to say that the Church has been wedded to the World and that the World is now her marriage name. This union has completely changed her nature, character, and motives. It has revised her convictions and conditioned her views, and does so. She is far more influential socially and politically. She can elect you to a high office in this Government, and does so. If you contribute enough to her support she can move you in the worst and highest circles of society. She is now like a rich woman who spends the wealth of her rich husband lavishly. She is determined to make a good appearance in this present world. She keeps up with the Dives crowd. Her edifices command favorably, when they do not surpass the most expensive commercial buildings in this country. She will yet buy grand opera for her choir. She demands incredible sums for her charities and her bequests, and she gets them, not merely as she did formerly from her own church collections, but from her husband, the world at large. This is what the unmercenary church "drives" men. Madam wants money for herself, her institutions and her commercial enterprises. She has worked that ten-

FIGS: By Donald Corley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

"I am the stirrup of your horse, the carpet upon your floor, the humble finger of your extravagance, the beam, and the tip of your fire," said he.

"You are the key of my palace, and the object of my desire," said she.

"You are the boundless sea of my surprise, and yet you are in the mirage beyond it," he answered in kind.

AND thus they babbled to each other, through the day, losing themselves in the labyrinth of each other's eyes, heedless of the bells that rang in the city, heedless of the hue and the cry that filled the streets.

For upon the return of the empty litter to the palace (where Farallin, the City-king, had drawn the curtains with his own hands and found the truth, and on a sandal of amber that lay on the cushions where the Princess's feet had rested), the city was searched.

But when the searchers had come to the door of Parazonor, the dust of the desert that lay upon the threshold had deceived them, as well as the spider-web across the top of the doorway, since the dust was of many days' thickness, gathered since Parazonor had sat within. Now Lullime, in leaping through the doorway, had not touched the threshold nor the spider-web, with her feet with her head. And so the searchers placed upon that door the mark of red chalk that signified that they had looked within.

And as darkness fell, and the light of the two found each other, and the bells of the city ceased, Lullime the Extravagant perceived secret things to Parazonor, and he answered her. And shortly before moonrise a sisal-like knock came at the window, and Dobryas the Bringer of Figs leaped from his camel and conversed in low tones through it. But it was not with Parazonor that he spoke.

In a cell beside the palace, where bats were querulous, languished Dractinners, the faithful handmaids of Lullime, bound and gagged, and the door of her first cell was fire from her punishment that had come to her as it does to every woman who endeavors to leech another to her desire. But the tears that crept from her eyes were of no avail, for she had not spoken, and she begged her time in thinking of the third whim of her mistress—

WHEN the last footfall of the searchers had ceased and in that quarter of the city which the Golden and the Amber and the Brass came down the street of the gold-bee, where the feet of his camel wrapped thickly in soft cloth.

And in the darkness of the gateway he stopped, and the door of Parazonor opened with no sound.

When the gray camel of Dobryas alighted through the gate, and the sleepy gatekeeper scooped the rider, "And what carry you to the lord of the staler of figs?" Dobryas answered him.

"Two young fig-trees to transplant in Smyrna. O rusty knave of the gate!"

HAS THE WORLD CONQUERED THE CHURCH?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

der conscience developed through her earlier ministry to a finish with these demands for money. She would be in bankruptcy if it were not for the money she has received from the world.

Never has the church spent such sums for the support of the poor, and she has saved the poor been further removed from the world. The church has been more and more they are given by hatred, envy, strife, and strikes. Never have there been such activity and efficiency in the church as there has been in the church of the past. The church affords to those attributes which fit men for a useful life are noticed everywhere. The church is not gaining the people of the world, but it is losing the whole church. She is engaged upon a vaster scale than ever before in Christian education, and she is doing it. The church is there any marked difference between the graduates of her institutions and others? More money is being spent by the church for religious purposes than was ever spent before in the history of the world, and never before have men and women been so indifferent to the teachings of religion. Never has the church been so interested in the successes by Christian influences. You may join the church and still remain entirely of the world in your life and character.

Gone are those old hell-roaring saints who preached to the people and made men and made even the very good pray for a closer walk with God. Preachers must be produced suitable for the church. We have them. They do not lead the people. They look like children. They are intelligent, entertaining speakers. But they do not speak with authority. Some of them are sensational preachers, but not all the times they make, with all the publicity they get from the press, they come woefully

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



Unseen, it must reveal your charm

Gay summer evenings—youth's enchanted playtimes—present exacting tests for your face powder.

Dancing contacts are intimate and revealing. To preserve and enhance the soft clear bloom which is woman's chief charm, the powder you use must be supremely fine.

Coarse powders show, giving that coated look you see so often because they fill the thousands of tiny depressions—visible only under the microscope—existing in the smoothest skin.

Why mask your beauty?

Such powders hide your beauty instead of disclosing it. Only a super-fine powder will follow these invisible contours and lay a uniform and transparent bloom over all.

Of all the face powders ever made, Melba alone satisfies this super-fine requirement of complexion beauty. By virtue of an exclusive new process of

air-sifting, every scented atom in any Melba package is so fine it floats on air.

So fine it floats on air

Bolted through silk gauze in the usual fashion, Melba powder falls through a current of filtered air which carries only the super-fine particles to the settling chamber for finished powder. The rest goes back to be milled over again.

Test this fine-ness for yourself. Compare Melba air-sifted powder with any other powder you can buy. Note how much finer Melba powder is. How closely it clings. How hard it is to blow away. How natural and transparent is the effect it gives. How delicately it blends with the individual: tone and texture of your skin.

Because it clings and blends so intimately—because it contains nothing

which will change color or absorb moisture—Melba face powder is not affected by wind or heat or moisture. You can dance or ride, golf or go bathing without fear for your complexion. Instead, Melba's transparent fine-ness allows all the radiant color induced by exercise to shine through.

Protects sensitive skins

Further to protect sensitive skins against the wind-driven dust and sunburn of cross-country motor tours, Melba Skin Cleanser has no equal. Not only does it make thorough and perfect cleansing possible. The emollient oils of which it is composed soothe and restore the delicate surface textures and allay all irritation.

Melba air-sifted powders in a variety of delightful odors can be bought—with Melba Skin Cleanser and other Melba toilet requisites—at 40,000 drug and department stores in the United States. Buy them and test them today.



Melba Face Powder
Price, 75 cents



Melba Toilet Water
Four ounces, \$1.00



Melba Skin Cleanser
Price, 35 cents

MELBA

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THE MAD: By Wilbur Daniel Steele

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

same empty-minded. She was shivering a little, tho, as if she began to feel the bite of the wind through the quilt. Andrew sneezed about her ears. "There y'are, I tell you! There's y'r baby! Look!" Between eagerness and misgiving he clapped a hand on her head and bent it down, pointing wildly with the other at the shapeless parcel on her knees.

"There's y'r baby. Misus! Hoped it is!" One of her hands fumbled out of the quilt and touched the shawl, and then retreated swiftly. She turned her gaze to Andrew, a curious little bobbed pucker between the brows.

"Mine! Are—are you sure?" "Sure! Course I am!" His feet danced up to the end of the shawl, his voice broke forth like a boy's in his teens.

"Don't you worry; that's yours, all right!"

Memory seemed to break open again that chilly night. With one swift and terrible gesture the quilt was flung wide, and the shawl plucked off, the quiet little creature crouched to her bosom and strained there.

"Mine!" It was a peen now, underlined. It was roaring.

Before Andrew knew what the woman was about she was up and a dozen ways, leaving the quilt and the shawl where the wind flung them up the slope of the dune. She was not going anywhere at all; the gesture was as sudden as a dance. She stopped and returned a look up on bacchanalian tiptoe, toasting her white trophy on the outflung crook of an arm, flaunting it high in the face of ocean and heaven and the flame-streathed sands. She too was all white now; the wind, heling the single shift about her limbs, sculptured her being in vibrant marble, a kind of a wild "Victory" alive. Andrew crouched where she had left him, his cheeks pressed between his hands. He did not know what he was thinking. His whole creature from head to toe was like a harp of strings, and the strings all lacking strange tunes; flickering quavers of panic, thenes cool and hells of beauties that his mind was never meant to know, and under them all a tumultuous running of forked lightning down his night, and many notes he could not even grasp at, and under them all the meaning discord of his own conscience and his own guilt.

IT WAS he, Andrew, that had brought that dead thing to her, hoping against hope that she would see it and wouldn't see. And she hadn't seen. It was so awful now.

"Don't do that!" he chattered. "Don't carry on like that!" He clapped his hands over his eyes to keep from staring.

"That's decent!" he yelled. "That's right!"

It did him no good to close his eyes against his and leave his ears unattended. She was singing. He heard it running in the roll of her feet, penetrating and binding up his million trillion silent shavings of the sea. It had no words. It was tone unutterably pure. He heard it mounting from instant to instant, shaking off the lagged waves, soaring alone along the disordered shore, and the quick charr in Andrew walked and lunged in strange pain, and out of the pain there crept a portentous suspicion and a blackness.

"Supposin' that there woman is—simple. Oh, gawd alive!" Some one ran and grunted near there. There began to be outcries, stentorian hails and instant replies. "Andrew's eye poppin' open. He saw one black figure floundering over the sand and another skipping in the poverty-grass. Still another charged him in silhouette against the fires.

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

The Man Who Wrote "The Mad"

FOR three years this distinguished author has been represented in the O. Henry Memorial Collection of Prize Stories, and this year a special prize of \$500 has been awarded him by the Society of Arts and Sciences for the general excellence of his work. He was born in North Carolina of New England parents, but his life has been spent in many lands. For years before he thought of writing as a career, he studied art abroad. Recently he has returned from North Africa, where he has been seeking the exotic atmosphere so characteristic of his fiction. He has a wife and two sons, who accompany him on his travels and who share his love for the sea.

He scrambled up and ducked in front of the last one and waved his arms like a man trying to stop a train.

"Here—here! Look! I know all about this. Let me tell you about—"

Once again he went down sprawling under a windmill sail, and this time he lay still for a moment before he tried to get up.

The world went round and round and round. He had to take pains with his feet. He wandered back on uncertain courses into the garden of fire. He saw a boy of seven crouched by one of them trying with infinite patience to put together again a little wheelbarrow painted red. The glue had gone soft in the wet.

"Here—here!" cried Andrew, kneeling beside him. "Let me lend you a hand with that."

It was almost noontime, and the like was going on dense around the door of the barn-like house behind the coast-guard. There had been a crowd each day for the last two weeks as the children of the cents were brought forth; there were people everywhere now, every house found itself in a new head-line.

But this noon the crowd was bigger by half than on any noon before because the news had spread that Rose Trent was coming out to-day. Henry Smith, the island fish, had won the victory on his high hat; now it was the only high hat in the gathering this time. Men with notepads and other men with cameras had captured all the posts of vantage, and no one had helped them more vociferously to clear the way than Andrew, the village fool.

It was one of the gala-days in Andrew's history. He had a taste for animation and he loved the sense of marshaling crowds. He was a born announcer. When the figure appeared in the doorway at last and the cinema man beside him began to grind his machine, Andrew discerned that this must be the one for whom all were waiting, and the business of his existence pulled him up on his toes.

"That's her!" he cried in a loud, officious tone. "That's her!" He accented the word and scouted among the people, his face surcharged with the heat of importance.

"Yes," he informed them, "except in the well-dressed gentlemen, strangers to the island, standing on their toes in the outer fringe."

"That's her!" He accented the word and scouted among the people, his face surcharged with the heat of importance.

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How To Be Free From Laxatives

Science has found a Newer, Better Way to Overcome Constipation

THE wide-spread use of laxatives and cathartics has caused medical authorities to issue a warning regarding their use in the treatment of constipation.

An eminent physician says that an inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the expense of permanent injury. Another even goes so far as to say that all laxatives are irritant poisons which affect the stomach, as well as the colon and small intestine. In time, he asserts, their long continued use gives rise to gastric and intestinal catarrh, colitis and the varied evils which accompany these disorders, especially hemorrhoids, appendicitis, and intestinal toxemia, as well as an aggravation of the constipation which they are given to relieve.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in lubrication, a means as simple as nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated, this natural lubricant is not sufficient.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word and, like pure water, it is harmless. These facts have led to its adoption in leading hospitals throughout the world for the treatment of constipation. Specialists consider it indispensable in treating chronic constipation.

The lubricating action of Nujol has helped thousands of people to overcome constipation, and free themselves from laxatives and cathartics, thereby wonderfully increasing their capacity for usefulness, activity and enjoyment of life.

Test Nujol yourself. For sale at any drug store, or send coupon today for free sample.

MISTOL, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paronychia of Athlete and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

Nujol

A Lubricant, not a Laxative

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Nujol, Room 801 M, 44 Beaver St., New York.

For this coupon and 15 cents, stamps or coin, enclosed, to cover packing and postage, I have sent you a trial bottle of Nujol and 25¢ worth of Mistol. "Dangers of Constipation." (For booklet only, check here) and send without money.

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Same old salad

—SPRINKLED

“LOOK—Father is actually smiling”

FATHER has a supercilious way of frowning at a salad.

“Same old stuff, I see,” he used to say.

And sometimes mother would speak up sharply; and sometimes she would just say nothing.

But one day at lunch she sprang a surprise; she sprinkled the salad with Dromedary—father actually smiled.

Even the most critical respond to Dromedary—even good old father.

A plain frappé becomes a French frappé with a dab of whipped cream and a cherry; a little cinnamon makes a big difference in the taste of your toast. And an old dish takes on a wholly new flavor if you add a touch of Dromedary Cocoanut.

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One minute
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Sprinkle Dromedary
 Cocoanut on beet salad.

Sprinkle Dromedary
 Cocoanut on each serving of corn soup or tomato bisque.

Sprinkle Dromedary
 Cocoanut on left-over pastry. Cut into narrow strips and bake.

Sprinkle Dromedary
 Cocoanut in the griddle cake batter to add a new flavor.

Sprinkle Dromedary
 Cocoanut on plain biscuit dough. This makes a new supper or luncheon bread.



Sprinkle
Dromedary Cocoanut
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THE MAD: By Wilbur Daniel Steele

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

It was more than ever beyond Andrew. He scratched his hatless poll and retreated. Warming his way through the crowd, he announced at intervals: “That’s her husband there. Poor Trent!”

It made people smile.
 The little escort had won through the throng to the carriage by this time. Once settled on the rusty cushions, Trent took smiling stock of the faces turned all about her and the sincere acclaim. She tried to rise again and throw them kisses, but her husband restrained her with one hand, while with the other he prodded Henry Smith between the shoulder-blades with his cane.

“But they’re such dears!” she laughed.
 “All of ‘em!”
 “Drive on!” growled Longmeadow.

THE horses pulled and shied and balked and pulled again. Henry wagged his high hat and shook his whip at the clogging crowd; Longmeadow stood up and frowned. Rose Trent paid no heed. She lay back in the seat and was content. It was as if she loved all those faces turned upon her and tried to give to each the separate recompense of a smile. There was a smile even for Andrew, and the smile did something sudden and funny to him. It seemed to go inside and jar and hurt, like a stone dropped in the gears of a machine. He licked his lips; his fingers plucked rapidly at the hem of his reflex; and his feet, hidden by all the others, executed a nervous dance.

What was wrong with him?
 The crowd wouldn’t open and the horses wouldn’t go. Longmeadow, sensing the effect on the woman, did a flog and a cumulative homage, leaned forward and swore in Henry’s ear. But his proximity was too late. Trent shook off his hand and leaped to her feet. It was so wonderful to come out on the other side of the valley disaster and find the old bright world at her feet again.

“I adore you all!” she cried. “All of you!” It was a pavan. “All!” It was soaring. And she flung out her arms to them in a gesture unbridled and flaunting of her joy. She was dressed all in white to-day, a kind of wild “Victory” alive. There was a roaring in Andrew’s ears like the roll of surf, and in the black heaven of his brain a star swelled and exploded.

The crowd had broken at last; the carriage was under way with a rattle and a jolt. Andrew grabbed at the door and it went rocking by and pulled himself up on the step and clung.
 “Here—here!” he cried to the lady.
 “Look! Wait! I know now! Member! It’s—me!”

She leaped toward him, and her tone was indulgent and gentle.
 “What is it?”
 “You know, Missus! About that—member? About—well—now—well, how’s that baby o’ yours?”

“That what of mine?”
 She turned to her husband a look of humorous mystification. “He bustled himself

with the intruder, frowning at him and striking at his fingers on the door. Henry Smith turned his high hat and observed the trouble.”

“Git along out o’ that, Andrew! Git! Don’t you folks mind him, do. That’s nobody but Andrew. Git, I say!”

He made a play with his lash about the disturbers’ heads.

Andrew didn’t like whips. He let go his grip and jumped, and, lighting backward, he went and over and several times to the dust, and vanished forever out of his betters’ ken.

On the open road, after the crowd, there went with peace and turned to her husband.

“They’re all so sweet to me, so sweet—Jim! what are you looking at me for—like that?”

“Nothing,” said he. But he continued to study her. “I was only thinking,” he went on.

“Rose, look here—tell me honest—have you ever particularly thought of wanting a baby?”

“Baby! Me?”
 He avoided her eyes. His cheek was redder than usual.

“I don’t know why I said that. Rose, it was simply—well, it was just something about the evening. When I found you, what did you have hugged tight in both arms, but a big water-bugged doll that some poor kid had lost. It was just the queer way you happened to be—

“See clear-headed turn it stopped him.
 “Oh, that’s funny, Jim. I probably thought it was a life-preserver. The last time I was in the water, when I was a kid, life-buoy, grabbing and grabbing in perfect despair at one of the things—the doughnut that I was hanging around under my arm. That was it!”

“I suppose so.” Longmeadow stared solemnly at his knees. “It was just that it set me thinking, somehow—thinking maybe that somewhere in the bottom of every woman’s heart—somewhere—there must be a kind of secret hankering—unconscious—

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake, Jim!”
 She pulled him around and look at her squarely, her eyes brimming with amusement.

“Me? Now, honest, Jim! A baby! One long squall and mess! And think of my figure, man!”

ANDREW picked himself up from the road, shuffled the dust out of his reflex, and—based after the resting place. For an instant he had the notion of pursuit, but he shied to the side, and was going to lose the other way. Turning the other way, he discovered the vanguard of the returning crowd almost upon him.

As always, his brain was busy, clutched at scraps of remembered speech. He got himself planted in front of the leading couple.

“Ain’t it a and thing, tho? He wagged his head. “Poor Trent! Poor Trent!”

SELL THOSE HOME PRODUCTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

fails every day brought about by a lack of sufficient reserve funds to tide over the first hard months while the business is “getting on its feet.” It is only fair to the women who consent to serve on your board of directors to tell them that they may have to face a deficit at the end of the year, which must be made up in contributions from themselves or from interested friends.

Write to any exchanges near you, and to the large-city exchanges for their catalogues and year-books. On these you can model your plan of organization, your committees, your general rules. Any of these exchanges will answer letters. It is the dream of the leaders of this work to get all the women’s exchanges of the world pegging together, mutually helpful.

AS SOON as possible incorporate. Experience has proved the necessity for this in every successful exchange.

Select with the greatest care the committees to pass on articles submitted for sale. They must be able to insist on the highest standard of work, to encourage every valuable contributor to “find herself,” even if it takes weeks and months of patient effort on both sides.

The manager of the exchange and her assistants should be salaried workers. By all means select a manager who has had real business experience and who possesses a good working knowledge of bookkeeping. Volunteers can not reasonably be held to unsatisfactory responsibility and businesslike service.

The consignee must pay a small yearly fee. From one to two dollars is the usual rate. Some exchanges deduct this fee from the consignee’s first check for sales, so that if nothing is sold for the woman no fee is paid by her.

From ten to fifteen per cent. is the usual commission charged for selling.

It is highly advisable to furnish consignors with printed tickets on which to enter

their consignments. Uniformly printed labels, price-marks, tickets, etc., give the necessary touch of standardization.

First, last, and always, study your field and know what it needs. What it needs it will buy.

If you are one of the women who want to make some money, but who can not or do not wish to leave home, here is a chance to do it.

Go to your nearest woman’s exchange with an article that you have made yourself. Perhaps you will want to make two or three different things same size or if it is too far to go, send. In either case submit a sample that is as perfect as you can make it. Be prepared to receive and follow suggestions for its improvement, or to try a new article.

Don’t give up. There’s something you can make that will sell.

Estimate your product’s profitlessness. Quickly made articles from inexpensive materials bring, of course, the greatest percentage in return. A woman who makes for the New York exchange tiny turkey gobblers for holiday favors. Made up an almost two to three raised turkey feathers, and two toothpicks, one of these turkeys sells for sixty cents! And the exchange of the Oranges never has enough of one girl’s dainty, lingerie-like made by cover of a safety-pine with a tightly crocheted design in white cotton. Recently hemmed dist-towns at twenty-five cents a piece—made up of a white and beautifully embroidered silk bags at twenty-five dollars. Buy your material wholesale. Your exchange will help you about that.

WHEN your offering begins to sell, never fail to fill your orders. Many women miss a fortune because they fall into panic at sight of a big order. Get two or three friends or a whole neighborhood to help you, if necessary. But keep your product up to the standard.

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

He meant, among the shop-girls and their ilk. But the fascinating lips quivered it into a different connotation, with another gentle ripple of laughter.

"I know what you mean. I shouldn't be dancing on electric lights—a jazz orchestra. I should be out underneath the stars dancing on the green grass—with you piping for me! You're right—I have been pined for here by chance to-night."

He had gotten his second chance. And he was almost as much pleased as he had said all that himself. It put one in the mood to crash through.

"Chance! It certainly is Fate that brought us here to-night—Fate," he crashed.

"Fate—the lips sighed—"If you can get the great god Pan Fate—and, indeed, we wood-folk know he is, it was he who set me free and gave me leave to mingle with mortals for one short evening!"

"You must have some drag with Pan, to go away like that."

"Damn it, that didn't sound right, after the poetry of what she had been saying. But with the lips smiled sweetly, the dryad-voice sighed like the wind in her trees."

"Oh, Pan is not fully kind. He has attached conditions—conditions which are hard!"

"His lips were actually sagging in woe. He was seated with incoherent longing in the mood of comfort for the first time in conditions, to knock Pan for a goal."

"It's hot in here," she sighed. "So different from dancing beneath my beloved trees."

THEY were near one of the anterooms, and he paused on this. "Let's sit out for a few minutes. I want to tell you something I'm afraid some one will cut in—there are a lot of people here who've got no more sense of the value of things."

She walked as she danced—slowly, and with the sinister gleam. The anteroom was mercifully deserted; no one by the light pierced from a corner. They sat in another corner.

All sorts of things he had before only dimly imagined, were striving within him for utterance. The night was magical. Fairylike in the half-gloom, she sat beside him. He cleared his throat, and she turned. The dryad-eyes looked at her, and her mark and impressed his speech; he could only gaze,avoring the privacy of the Thill.

"This is the first to speak with that little, sweet half-smile."

"Are we awake, Soldier? Pinch me!"

"I extended one arm about his arm, and his eyes swayed within him—he could feel it swaying. He did not even think that she had called him Soldier instead of Lieutenant, as it was, he only gave a peering thought."

"His soul was swaying toward her. Pinch her!"

There were other ways of proving we are awake, he heard his swaying soul say forth. There had taken her arm back—and the next, little laugh was gone from her lips.

"You make me afraid when you say things like that."

"I said!" His soul was going strong. "Dryad—when I first saw you here to-night—" was afraid. But now—I've passed that stuff up. Let me tell you something—Life's too short—we haven't any of us got time to be afraid."

"Oh!" she sighed. "You sound like those fearfully wicked men who say such brilliant things that explain the awful things they do!"

He had never been called wicked before. A delicious Oscar Wilde sensation permeated his being. Before the sensation he had a chance to pester out, his soul had taken her hand.

He flattered himself that he knew something about holding hands. There was the slippery sort, where one swings hands walking along the road, or something like that. There was the accommodating sort, where the girl expected it of a fellow just to keep her morale, or something like that. And there was the sort where one was—well, leading to more stringent measures.

His came under one of those last. It was something too delicate even to toy with his mind.

The two sat in breathless quiet, each waiting for the other to speak. His soul had been robbed of speech by the sweet shock of contact; but it was gradually gathering itself together to go in search of another wicked—brilliant—brilliantly wicked—remark.

"Impression came."

"We haven't got time to be afraid—in life, or—love!"

"You mean, because love's too short to be afraid."

When he did not meant that, exactly. He did not know what he had meant, exactly. When one's soul was holding hands one did not think, exactly.

"Love is short," the dryad-voice sighed. "That is one thing I know. Like a flower on the field, so it perishes. Like the wind, it passes over us and is gone."

He had a vague feeling that he had heard that before somewhere. But he did not always feel that way about things that come so well.

"But the flower leaves an everlasting fragrance; and the wind returns, to shake and trouble us again."

He viewed this statement with considerable pride. He was getting positively possessed of poetry herself—no near—with his soul embracing her.

He would just as soon stay like this until the party broke up. In fact, almost rather. "Why waste time over the fragrance of dead flowers?" the dryad was murmuring. "It is the wisest plan to seek fresh blooms. That all we wood-folk know."

Rhymed was gone for the moment. "I suppose you mean," he said gloomily, "that after to-night you'll be off picking fresh flowers and never giving—er—scent once a thought!"

Her sweet, little laugh rippled out. "Men always take things so personally! I was only talking in the—er—abstract."

Viewed from this angle, this statement was not particularly reassuring. It committed her to nothing, as she well knew.

"Men can't help being—er—concrete; it's the way we're made. And I don't mind telling you I'm feeling concrete to-night than I ever have before."

There seemed to be no answer ready for this. Her silence was pointed. He had which she would not quite far enough. The world-beater that Flip and Betty were always trying to mold him into would know which it was—he would know whether, alas, silence or a knockout blow should be delivered.

The only way to was to close your eyes and take a little rest. He closed his eyes, and had a ridiculous feeling of "eeny, meeny, miney, mo," and opened them again, completely out of gear. Her face was turned away from him until he could only see the masses and masses of her hair.

"Are you angry with me?"

He could have cursed himself when the words were out. Ever since the first drinking play always demanded just that answer, it was as bad as "Are you afraid of me, little one?" which chaste question Flip had had spouted at her once, and which she roared on at all occasions ever after, with just the proper throaty quaver.

"You—I'm not angry with you." Outside in the ballroom they were playing "Your Eyes Have Told Me So" in a dangerously throbbing waltz. He realized with a rush of emotion that he was still holding her hand.

"Do you know the words to that song?"

She shook her head.

"It's got one line—And love has come at last, I know!"

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last, I know!" I wonder—what it is—that makes these songs so darn true!

Another moment, and— But there was not another moment. She was rising—with lecherous gaze, but with finality.

"I wonder what he better go in and dance—don't you?"

He followed her back into the ballroom. There was nothing more to say, or rather, there was so much to say, that one had to pick and choose.

"He was picking and choosing as the dryad came into his arms, and they moved off to the strains of "And Love Has Come at Last, I know." Suddenly he felt power descending upon him. He could let out all the words that were waiting for utterance within him, and let them out in the right order. No wonder she had tired of his stumblings in the anteroom. But now—

You—

ASHOCK, a bump, a curse, not loud but in a domino, who whirled the dryad farther and farther away from Tom into the thicket of the press. Tom stood in the exact spot where he had been left, with rage in his heart. That egg in the domino—it might even be Dave, and he did not know it!

He stood without motion until a camel-headed fellow swung into him, spilling him nearly off his feet. He gathered himself together and walked to the side-lines, neatly composed, a swift kick full of power, to be delivered to the camel-walkers the next time they curved across his path. Such little recriminations are made easy in a crowded dance-hall.

He stood in the line next to a skinny young drap in a Roman toga, a skinny young fellow, who was posing with arms crossed, and an Indian was sitting alone with the punch-bowl, nor did they seem to note that a fourth one had been added.

"Nothing doing! I'm thinking," he hissed to Tom, who was not, he thought, his pose.

"Well, this is a case of a place to think in!" Tom gave back, and moved away in search of reinforcement.

The punch was in a little side-room, from the main dance-hall. A bare leg and an Indian were sitting alone with the punch-bowl, nor did they seem to note that a fourth one had been added.

"I tell you I mean even now I say!" this the Indian.

"That's what they all say, and they never mean a darn thing"—she of the sullen trousers and floating veil—and if you can think I'm going to go out and sit in your car with you just because you've been blowing me to a wye of hell, you'd better collect your thought-centers and start out again."

"Your line now would charm the birds of the bushes."

"Well, yours won't make this one str off her pants. Come on back and try it on another one."

Tom drank several glasses of punch, his mood one of gloomy superiority. The harem girl and the Indian probably thought the chances were dealing in romance. The dancers were that they considered their conversation a form of delicate flirtation. Poor, hard soul! When could real romance—romance with a thrill—mystery in the shape of a masked drap; poetry in the rhythm of her dance; music in the cadence of her voice—

The punch was very convincing. It was almost as enjoyable to stand drinking it and thinking about the Thrill as it was to go and dance with her in a euphoric anticipation, he nibbled at the thought of dancing with her again. Finally he heard the orchestra moan the opening lift of "Bright Eyes."

"Bright Eyes" was almost a religion with Tom. It meant to him what "Poor Butterfly" once meant to America's young manhood—when that was a time that any but their musical intelligence they made a dash for it. "Bright Eyes" was almost a religion with Tom. It meant to him what "Poor Butterfly" once meant to America's young manhood—when that was a time that any but their musical intelligence they made a dash for it.

Also very, was all this to Tom—all this, and more. Infinitely more. He put down his nose while he made his gesture, and slid back to the dance-hall.

It took but a moment to assimilate himself into the stage-line. It took more than a moment to distinguish form from color on the crowded field of the dryad being danced by the rest of the dancers nothing but raw, massed color. Yes, it took more than a minute. In fact, he soon had to leave the stage-line and walk around the edges of the room for a minute's examination.

And then he gradually gathered horror to him and embraced it. She was not there! Around the hall again, frenzied haste, knocking couples out of their rhythmic motion, and receiving his quota of jobs from high heels—damn you, why did girls wear 'em? Why didn't they realize it wasn't getting 'em any nearer in more ways than one—where was she?

He came to a halt over her by the orchestra. The tumult of the saxophone was as nothing to the tumult within him. He must face the facts, or rather the fact. She was not there—she must have gone. He looked at the watch; it was exactly five minutes after twelve. Could she have been so late? He projected to his dryad's dancing on Sunday morning? Tom thought not. It stood to reason—yet she had said that Pan had attached—conditions!

There was romance involved, and more mystery—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

Warning of trouble to come!

NATURE rarely sweeps down on a man or a woman without warning. Generally, she's fair—she warns in time.

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No. 261—Ladies' Navajo Sweater

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions 261, 30 cents (in England 1/-). This sports sweater buttoned in the front, is made in the latest design of the season. White and tan was used in the original, made of Shetland fleece. The work is also fascinating, involving the use of two pairs of knitting needles.



No. 263
Knitted Drop-Sleeve Sweater
with Knitted Flower Collar

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions 263, 30 cents (in England 1/-). The charm of this sweater is irresistible. Silk Iceland wool is used for the work. This is a slip-over without collar, and may be worn with the dainty Peter Pan collar. The sleeves are short. A wool thread of a contrasting color runs through the drop stitches.



No. 1267
Appliqué on Bear and Hat

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 1267, blue or yellow, 30 cents (in England 1/6). furnishes one of each of the 17 motifs for appliqué embroidery. The scarf is 2 yards long including the 4-inch fringe.



No. 12720—A polka-dot on Dress
1239, 30 cents (in England 1/6),
sizes 6 to 17 years.



No. 12720—Decorative
Dress 1033

No. 12720 places a flower basket on the skirt, and another of its motifs on the sleeves of Dress No. 1033, shown above, 35 cents (in England 1/6), sizes 6 to 14 years. The flowers are made of colored gingham and are appliquéd onto the dress with buttonhole stitches. The basket is outlined with black running stitches. Both sleeves are trimmed with appliqué flowers, placed just above the cuff.

No. 12720 also furnishes an appliquéd boat illustrated above on dress 1043, 30 cents (in England 1/6), sizes 1 to 4 years. The boat is appliquéd with buttonhole stitches, with one mast left unworked for the opening. The masts are white and the keel blue, on a dress of pink linen. The neck edges of the back and front and the sleeves are finished with buttonholing.

No. 12720 is illustrated to the right on dress 1037, 30 cents (in England 1/6), sizes 6 to 17 years. One of the 17 motifs trims the mah and others the collar of the dress. The flowers are made in brightly colored appliqué and are applied with buttonhole stitches. The centers of the flowers are filled in with French knots.



No. 12720—A Boat Pattern
on Dress 1043



No. 12720—The Black Crow Serves
as a Pocket Appliqué
on Dress 1042



No. 262—Knitted Sweater with Painted Design

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions 262, 30 cents (in England 1/6). Tan and green Corinthian yarn was used for the original slip-on sweater, illustrated above. The sweater has a V-neck and short sleeves, both finished with a narrow green border. A narrow knitted strip belt of tan with green buttons at the ends tends to further decorate this unique sweater. The knitting is done to produce a border made up of triangles.

At the left No. 12720 is once again illustrated in appliqué on a child's dress No. 1031, 30 cents (in England 1/6), sizes 6 to 14 years. The flowers are made of contrasting colors of gingham or chambray, appliquéd to the dress with outline or buttonhole stitches. The conventional stamens are made in busy-day stitch, and the center in raised satin stitch. The placing of the motifs on this particular little frock serve to hold the main in place and add greatly to the attractiveness of the style.

The black crow is another of those prize-winning designs from No. 12720, which gives that charming distinctness to the little frock shown above on No. 1042, 30 cents (in England 1/6), sizes 1 to 4 years. The crow is made of black gingham or chambray appliquéd onto the dress in black with outline stitches; an opening is left for the pocket. Very few frocks for little girls could boast so unique an idea for a pocket.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents (in England 1/6), furnishes 17 motifs for appliqué, some of which are shown on the dresses illustrated on this page. Three of the motifs have duplicates, and there is a reverse of the boat and also of the motif decorating the dress to the left. They lend smartness to all garments, and the flower-designs may be used on ladies' blouses and dresses as well as on the children's clothes.



No. 12720—Illustrated on Dress 1037

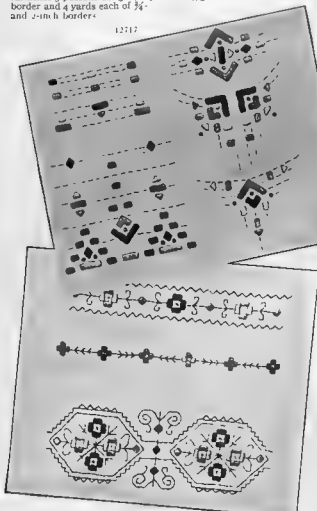
The "Last Word" in Hand Embroidery—Plain and in Colors

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12717 consists of 2 yards of $7\frac{1}{4}$ -inch border, 4 yards each of $1\frac{1}{4}$ - and $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch borders; also 3 motifs $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and 1 and reverse of a motif $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12715 furnishes 3 peasant designs; 2 yards of $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch border and 4 yards each of $\frac{3}{4}$ - and 2-inch borders.

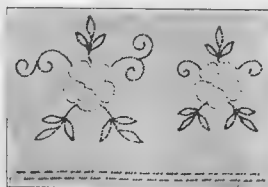
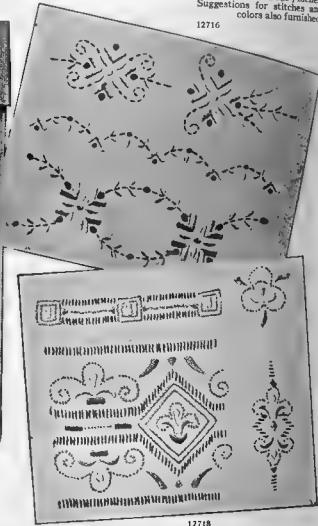
Children's Furnishings in Appliqué

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12716 contains 4 borders and 2 motifs; 2 yards of 5-inch and 4 yards of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch borders, and 4 motifs each of $7\frac{1}{4}$ and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12718 furnishes 2 yards of 10-inch and 4 yards of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch borders, and 6 motifs of $3\frac{1}{4}$ inch, 2 motifs $6\frac{1}{4}$ inch and one 7 inches. Suggestions for stitches and colors also furnished.



12714—Appliqued Curtains for Child's Room

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12714 furnishes 4 transfers of a full-sized butterfly, 4 and 4 reverses of the side view, and one flower-basket. This design was appliqued on curtains for a child's room, made of checked gingham. Two of the full butterflies and 3 of the side view were used for each panel as shown in the illustration.



12712—Four large and four small motifs, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of narrow border are furnished

PRICE LIST FOR EMBROIDERIES

12718—Appliqué figures for child's bed set. Blue or yellow, 25 cents (in England 1/3).

12713—Another appliqué set for child's bed. Blue only, 25 cents (in England 1/3).

12714—Butterflies and basket appliqued on curtains. Blue or yellow, 25 cents (in England 1/3).

12715—Peasant design for dresses and blouses. Blue or yellow, 35 cents (in England 1/6).

12716—Motifs and borders of peasant design. Blue or yellow, 35 cents (in England 1/6).

12717—More peasant designs and also directions. Blue or yellow, 35 cents (in England 1/6).

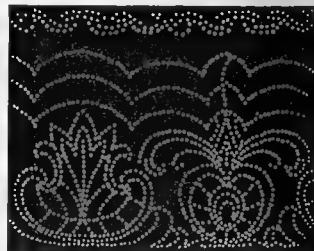
12718—For dresses and blouses there are 2 new borders and 2 motifs of peasant design. Blue or yellow, 30 cents (in England 1/6).

12719—Popular cross-stitch design, for decoration. Blue or yellow, 25 cents (in England 1/3).

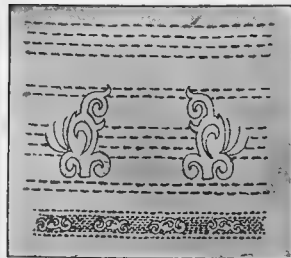
12646—Borders for all-over embroidery worked in leads. Blue or yellow, 75 cents (in England 3/6).

12572—For charming effect on dress or blouse. Blue or yellow, 25 cents (in England 1/3).

12492—A smart design of clever originality. Blue or yellow, 75 cents (in England 3/6).



12646—Three yards and its reverse of a $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch border and 3 yards of a 14-inch border are furnished, appropriate for dresses or blouses.



12492—There are $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of each of the 2-inch and $12\frac{1}{2}$ -inch borders. Silk, chenille, tulle, or beads may be used to carry out design. A dress or blouse may be elaborately embroidered with one or more of the borders worked in any of the embroidery materials or in a combination. Two colors may be used with charming result.



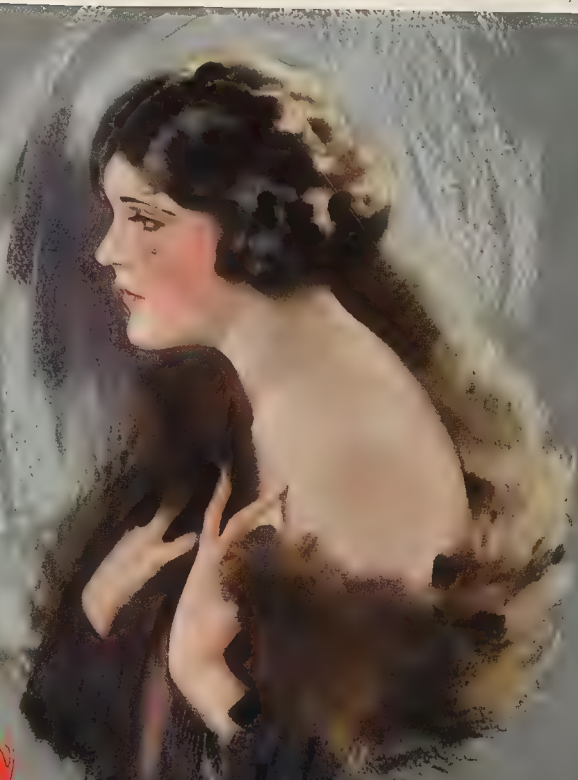
12713—Child's spread with figure of boy, 11 by $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and butterflies arranged as shown above. Two butterflies are appliqued for the pillow. Entire design is 31 inches square.



12719—The whole or part of the 2-yard and $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch borders may be used to decorate a garment. $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide.



12492—This is 1 motif and reverse of the boy standing up, 6 1/2 inches high, 2 1/2 inches wide. (Reverse of the boy standing on his hands, 6 1/2 inches high, 2 1/2 inches wide, 7 1/2 inches high, 2 1/2 inches wide.)



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Style—Cap



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The makers of Lux have helped Mallinson, famous for sport silks, and Max Held, creator of The Forsythe Waist, solve this washing problem. Together they had extensive laundering tests made. Their letters tell why, as a result of these tests, they recommend Lux as the safe way to wash silks.



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NEW YORK

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

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Thorough washing tests with Pussywillow were made by an unquestionable authority on Rose Economics. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times, — a number far beyond the life of the ordinary fabric. We found that these colors absolutely stood up and did not lose a trace of the original color or bloom. There was no roughing up of the fabric even at the end of these exhaustive tests.

Our Sport Silks, Whipoorwill Brocade, Ruff-a-Ruff, and Spumette were also washed with Lux twenty times by the same authority. Neither the color nor the texture of the fabric was affected in the least.

It gives us real pleasure to write you of the success of our tests with Lux. These tests have demonstrated very strikingly that Lux is an ideal product for washing silks, and we are certainly glad to give credit to its unusual purity and mildness.

Very truly yours,

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, INC.



Send for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Department C-4, Cambridge, Mass.

The Forsythe Waist Co.

Lever Bros. Co.,
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Gentlemen:

Once in a while, a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the material we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our workmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

Propped, pulled threads do not always mean a poor quality of silk, but a blouse that has been rubbed to get it clean. The thick Lux lather makes rubbing unnecessary.

The other day a crêpe de Chine blouse was returned to us which had "gone" under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse which was badly soiled with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and a harsh soap and rubbing had completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled, we would not have had the complaint.

For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks.

Very truly yours,

Max Held

LUX

How to wash sport silks

Whisk one tablespoon of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—

don't wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press on wrong side with a warm, not a hot, iron. Don't sprinkle.

For colors, make suds barely lukewarm, use fresh suds for each color and wash quickly.

All Along the Lines of the Midsummer Mode



Dress 1120
Appliqué 12577

Dress 1122

Dress 1126
Appliqué 12584

Dress 1144

Dress 1160
Cross-stitch 12317

Models described on
Page 79



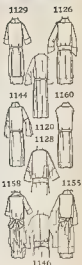
Dress 1158
Appliqué 12629

Blouse 1128



Blouse 1146
Beading 12612

Dress 1155



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Summery Appliqués Lend Interest to New Frocks



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The Mature Woman Adopts the Straight Silhouette



Blouse 8571

Dress 1144
Embroidery 12672

Blouse 1135

Dress 1126
Applique 12672

Dress 9690

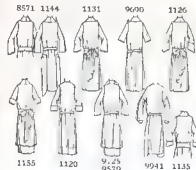
Dress 1131

8571—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar. The back of the waist extends over the shoulders in yoke effect.

1135—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch satin crepe— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch embroidered net. The three-quarter length flaring sleeves are finished with a semi-detached cuff that is quite new. The fronts cross in surplice effect. The fullness of the blouse is confined by a band.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON

PAGE 79



Dress 1155

Dress 1120

Blouse 9725
Skirt 9579Dress 9941
Bending 12574

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The Evening Gown Favors Irregular Hem-Lines



Dress 9802
Beading 12574

Dress 1142
Beading 12647

Blouse 1141
Skirt 9777

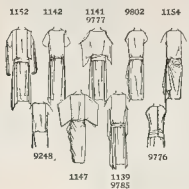
Dress 1152

Dress 1154

1152—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 40-inch crepe meteeur—6 1/2 yards 8-inch lace banding—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An odd feature of this frock is the short sleeves to which two bands are attached that are stitched to narrow wristbands.

1142—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 40-inch Canton crepe. The beading design, 12647, may be carried out in steel or opalescent beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



Dress 1147

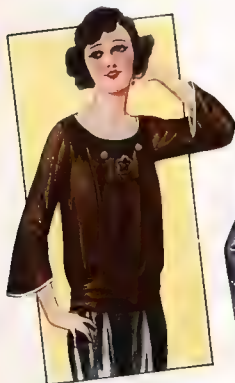
Blouse 1139
Skirt 9785

Evening Blouse 9248

Evening Blouse 9726

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Necklines in Variety Are Sponsored by Paris



Blouse 1146
Applique 12565



Dress 9889
Embroidery 12560



Dress 1158
Applique 12529



Dress 1161
Applique 12572



Blouse 9964



Dress 9991



Dress 9912



Dress 9288
Cross-stitch 12562



Dress 1010



Dress 9740
Cross-stitch 12094



Dress 9958



1146 9889 9288 1135 9958 9964

9991 9912 1010 9740 1158 1161

6691—Ladies' Slip-on Dress.
Designed for 34 to 44 bust.
Width at lower edge about 2 1/2
yards. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards
36-inch dotted swiss—1/4 yard
36-inch voile for collar—
1 1/4 yard frilling.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED
ON PAGE 80

Blouse 1135
Shirt 9974

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Distinctively Simple, Briskly Chic—the Sub-Deb Frock

1187—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¼ yard 36-inch voile for vestee and piping. The lower rounded edge of the panels is trimmed with applique in design 12954. The design may be cut from colored linen or organdy and couched down in outline, blanket, or buttonhole stitches.



Dress 1159



Dress 1130



Dress 1127
Applique 12566



Dress 1124
Applique 12672



Dress 1155



Jacket 1165
Dress 9916



Dress 9957
Applique 12672



Dress 1162



Dress 1145



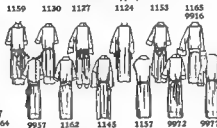
Dress 1157
Applique 12564



Dress 9972



Dress 9977
Applique 12629



9078—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch check gingham—1 yard 40-inch organdy.
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Charming Are the Advanced Models for the Younger Set

Dress 9972
Appliqué 12672

Dress 9640

Cape 1113
Dress 1022

9972—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch white linen for vestee. Below the inserted pockets an appliquéd motif in design 12672 is applied, and may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

9840—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3¼ yards black ribbon.

1106—Ladies' and Misses' Hat. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires ¾ yard 54-inch tweed—¼ yard 36-inch lining. The very latest thing for sports wear.



Hat 1106



Cape 1063

1113—Misses' Circular Cape. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 1022—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch tweed—¼ yard 54-inch plaid tweed—¼ yard 36-inch silk for lining cape.



Dress 9913

Jacket 1008
Dress 9502
Embroidery 12510

Dress 1072



Dress 1074



Wrap 1166

Jacket 1165
Dress 9957Cape 1164
Dress 1022

1008—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. No. 9502—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Lower-edge width about 1½ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 4 yards 54-inch homespun. The design 12510 may be worked in flat satin stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON
PAGE 80

Cape-dress 1033
Blouse 9654



Cool and Dainty Frocks for the Youthful Miss



Bonnet 7811
Scallops 11979

7811—Child's Bonnet. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch linen— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard lace insertion. Scalloping, in design 11979. The scallops may be worked in buttonhole stitching with white mercerized cotton floss.

1078—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch dotted Swiss— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch voile for collar, vestee, sash, and band on sleeves— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1148—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 14 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch plaid gingham— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards frilling. The short yards frilling sections of organdy and finished with a frilling.

$\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards kimono sleeves are lengthened by flowing sections of organdy and finished with a frilling.

Dress 1138



Dress 9803

Dress 1118
Appliqué 12672

1148—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 60-inch taffeta for dress— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for blouse. Appliqué, in design 12504, adds smartness and may be cut from scraps of colored silk and couched down in buttonhole, blanket, chair or outline stitches.

1137—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards frilling— $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards frilling— $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards frilling.

1188—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 20-inch flowered challis— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy. Any of the dainty Summer materials such as dotted Swiss, organdy, batiste or handkerchief linen would make up well in this style of frock.

9809—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch chambray— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs and pockets— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards frilling. This little dress could also be fashioned of linen or homespun.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



Dress 1078

Dress 1148

Dress 1143
Appliqué 12504

Dress 1137



Cape 1133



Dress 1036
Embroidery 12095

Bloomer Dress 1098
Embroidery 12096



Cape 1163

Bloomer Dress 1108

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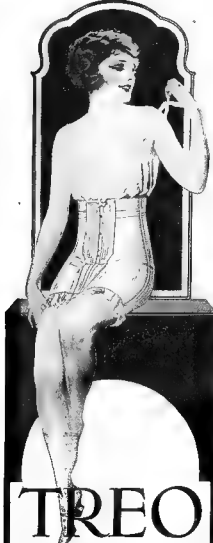
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"If you desire to wear present styles to the best advantage, you must wear a Treo Girdle"—said a Fifth Avenue modiste to one of her fashionable customers.

CLEVER modistes recommend the Treo Girdle because it gives the figure the supple, youthful lines, the free, graceful contour that make this season's pretty costumes so becoming.

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TREO COMPANY, INC.
Manufacturers

160 Fifth Avenue, New York
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Dress 1043
Appliqué 12639

Dress 1042

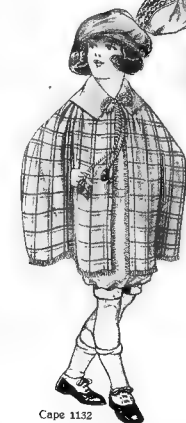
1043—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards plaid trimming— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards narrow velvet ribbon. The dress is slashed at the center-front and the edges bound. The cape sleeves are trimmed with plating which also finishes the neck and trims the skirt.

1042—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 32-inch plaid gingham— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch plain chambray—5 yards rick-rack braid. A smart touch is given to this cunning little dress by appliquéd fruit motifs in design 12639, which may be cut from colored chambray and couched down in buttonhole stitching.



Pantale Dress
9270
Appliqué 12604

Suit 8706



Cape 1132

1043—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards plaid trimming— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards narrow velvet ribbon. The dress is slashed at the center-front and the edges bound. The cape sleeves are trimmed with plating which also finishes the neck and trims the skirt.

1087—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54-inch Bolivia cloth— $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54-inch contrasting Bolivia cloth for collar and cuffs— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch satin lining. The fronts of the coat are stitched to form darts which terminate at the inserted pockets.

9270—Child's Pantale Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards 32-inch check gingham— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch chambray— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 30-inch lining for underwaist. Two little bunny heads in design 12684 are applied to the side-fronts of this cunning pantale frock. The design may be cut out from chambray and couched down in blanket stitching.

8706—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch linen. The suit consists of a slip-on blouse and side-closing knee trousers. Chambray, gingham, striped percale, or black sateen would all make up attractively in this style of suit.

9272—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 3 yards 27-inch chambray— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards ruffling— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard ribbon for bands. The neck, short kimono sleeves, and the lower side edges of the dress are cut out and trimmed with bands of ribbon.

1084—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch chambray— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 32-inch plaid gingham. Above the patch pockets appliqué in design 12504 is applied. The design may be cut from contrasting chambray and couched down in blanket, buttonhole or outline stitches.

1138—Child's Cape. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 yard 36-inch plaid tweed— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch linen for collar.



Coat 1087

Dress 7972

7972—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch contrasting Georgette for trimming the patch pockets and short sleeves— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard lace. The dress is gathered and attached to a square yoke to which the lace collar is stitched. This dainty little frock boasts of an added trimming in the rows of hem-stitching on sleeves, pockets, and hem.



Bloomer Dress
9372

Rompers 1084
Appliqué 12544



Dress 9699
Appliqué 12672

Overalls and
Blouse 6069

Rompers 1095

9699—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch crepe de Chine— $\frac{3}{4}$ yards lace insertion— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard lace edging. Dainty motifs, in design 12672, are applied to this little frock which may be cut from silk and couched down in buttonhole stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

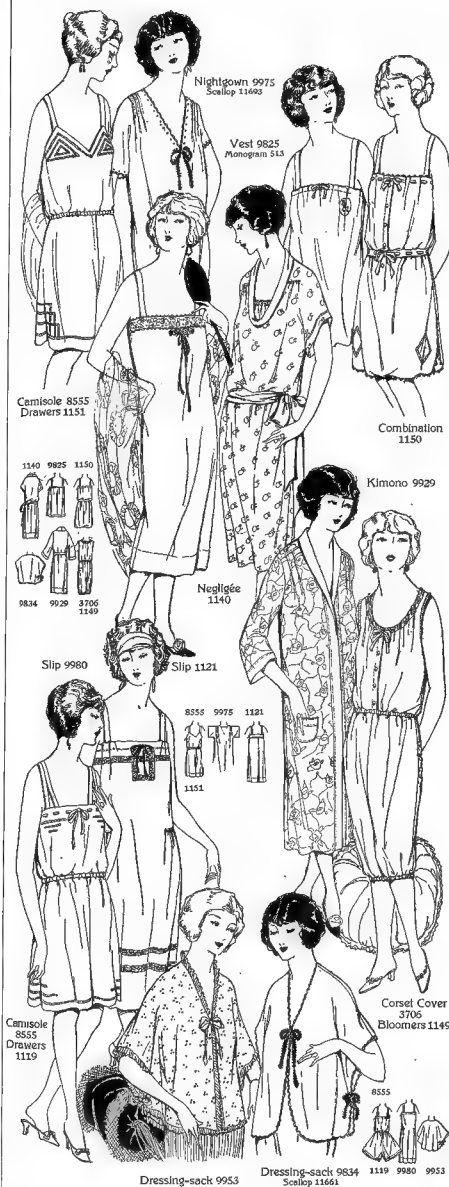


Dress
9086
Appliqué
12554

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81



one got used to it. To get used to being dead: that seemed to be her immediate business. And she felt a novice at it—felt so horribly alive! How had those others learned to do without living? Nelson—well, he was still in the throes; and probably never would understand, or be able to communicate, the lesson when he had mastered it. But Grace Fulmer—she suddenly remembered that Grace was in Paris, and set forth to find her.

NICK LANSING had walked out a long way into the Campagna. His hours were seldom his own, for both Mr. and Mrs. Hicks were becoming more and more addicted to sudden and somewhat imperious demands upon his time; but on this occasion he had simply slipped away after luncheon, and taking the tram to the Porta Salaria, had wandered on thence in the direction of the Ponte Nomentano.

He wanted to get away and think; but now that he had done it, the business proved as unfruitful as everything he had put his hand to since he had left Venice. Think—think about what? His future seemed to him a negligible matter since he had received, two months earlier, the few lines in which Susy had asked him for her freedom.

The letter had been a shock—tho he had fancied himself so prepared for it—yet it had also, in another sense, been a relief, since now that at last circumstances compelled him to write to her, they also told him what to say. And he had said it as briefly and simply as possible, telling her that he would put no obstacle in the way of her release, that he held himself at her lawyer's disposal to answer any further communication, and that he would never forget their days together, or cease to bless her for them.

That was all. He gave his Roman banker's address, and waited for another letter; but none came. Probably the "formalities," whatever they were, took longer than he had supposed; and being in no haste to recover his own liberty, he did not try to learn the cause of the delay. From that moment, however, he considered himself virtually free, and ceased, by the same token, to take any interest in his own future. His life seemed as flat as a convalescent's first days after the fever has dropped.

The only thing he was sure of was that he was not going to remain in the Hickses' employ; when they left Rome for Central Asia he had no intention of accompanying them. The part of Mr. Buttles's successor was becoming daily more intolerable to him, for the very reasons that had probably made it most gratifying to Mr. Buttles. To be treated by Mr. and Mrs. Hicks as a paid oracle, a paraded and petted piece of property, was a good deal more distasteful than he could have imagined any relation with these kindly people could be. And since their aspirations had become frankly social he found his task, if easier, yet far less congenial than during his first months with them.

He preferred patiently explaining to Mrs. Hicks, for the hundredth time, that Sassanian and Saracenic were not interchangeable terms, to unraveling for her the genealogies of her titled guests, and reminding her, when she "seated" her dinner-parties, that Dukes ranked higher than Princes. No—the job was decidedly intolerable; and he would have to look out for another means of earning his living. But that was not what he had really got away to think about. He knew he should never starve; he had even begun to believe again in his book. What he wanted to think of was Susy—or rather, it was Susy that he could not help thinking of, whatever train of thought he set out on.

Again and again he fancied he had established a truce with the past; had come to terms—the terms of defeat and failure—with that bright enemy called happiness. And, in truth, he had reached the point of definitely knowing that he could never return to the kind of life that he and Susy had embarked on. It had been the tragedy of their relation that loving her roused in him ideals she could never satisfy. He had fallen in love with her because she was, like himself, amused, unprejudiced, and disenchanted; and he could not go on loving her unless she ceased to be all these things. From that circle there was no issue, and in it he desperately revolved.

If he had not heard such persistent rumors of her remarriage to Lord Altringham he might have tried to see her again; but, aware of the danger and the hopelessness of a meeting, he was, on the whole, glad to have a reason for avoiding it. Such, at least, he honestly supposed to be his state of mind until he found himself, as on this occasion, free to follow out his thought to its end. That end, invariably, was Susy; not the bundle of qualities and defects into which his critical spirit had tried to sort her out, but the soft blur of identity, of personality, of eyes, hair, mouth, laugh, tricks of speech and gesture, that were all so solely and profoundly her own, and yet so mysteriously independent of what she might do, say, think, in crucial

circumstances. He remembered her once saying to him, "After all, you were right when you wanted me to be your mistress," and the indignant stare of incredulity with which he had answered her. Yet in these hours it was the palpable image of her that clung closest, till, as invariably happened, his vision came full circle, and, feeling her on his breast, he wanted her also in his soul.

Well—such all-encompassing loves were the rarest of human experiences; he smiled at his presumption in wanting no other. Wearily he turned, and tramped homeward through the Winter twilight.

At the door of the hotel he ran across the Prince of Teutoburg's *aide-de-camp*. They had not met for some days, and Nick had a vague feeling that, if the Prince's matrimonial designs took definite shape, he himself was not likely, after all, to be their chosen exponent. He had surprised, now and then, a certain distrustful coldness under the Princess Mother's cordial glance, and had concluded that she perhaps suspected him of being an obstacle to her son's aspirations. He had no idea of playing that part, but was not sorry to appear to; for he was sincerely attached to Coral Hicks, and hoped for her a more human fate than that of becoming Prince Anastasius's consort.

This evening, however, he was struck by the beaming alacrity of the *aide-de-camp*'s greeting. Whatever cloud had hung between them had lifted: the Teutoburg clan, for one reason or another, no longer feared or distrusted him. The change was conveyed in a mere hand-press, a brief exchange of words, for the *aide-de-camp* was hastening after a well-known dowager of the old Roman world, whom he helped into a large coroneted brougham which looked as if it had been extracted, for some ceremonial purpose, from a museum of historic vehicles. And in an instant it flashed on Lansing that this lady had been the person chosen to lay the Prince's offer at Miss Hicks's feet.

THE discovery piqued him; and instead of making straight for his own room he went up to Mrs. Hicks's drawing-room. The room was empty, but traces of elaborate tea pervaded it, and an immense bouquet of stiff roses lay on the center-table. As he turned away, Eldorado Tooker, flushed and tear-stained, abruptly entered.

"Oh, Mr. Lansing—we were looking everywhere for you."

"Looking for me?"

"Yes. Coral especially—she wants to see you. She wants you to come to her own sitting-room."

She led him across the antechamber and down the passage to the suite which Miss Hicks inhabited. On the threshold she gasped out emotionally, "You'll find her looking very lovely—," and jerked away with a sob as he entered.

Coral Hicks was never lovely, but she certainly looked unusually handsome. Perhaps it was the long dress of black velvet which, outlined against a shaded lamp, made her strong build seem slenderer; or perhaps the slight unusual flush on her dusky cheek: a bloom of womanhood hung upon her which she made no effort to dissemble. Indeed, it was one of her originalities that she always revealed, gravely and courageously, the utmost of whatever mood possessed her.

"How splendid you look!" he said, smiling at her as she turned to him.

She threw her head back and gazed him straight in the eyes. "That's going to be my future job," she said in her clear deep voice.

"To look splendid?"

"Yes."

"And wear a crown?"

"And wear a crown."

They continued to consider each other without speaking. Nick's heart contracted with pity and perplexity.

"Oh, Coral—it's not decided?"

SHE scrutinized him for a last penetrating moment; then she looked away. "I'm never long deciding."

He hesitated, choking with contradictory impulses, and afraid to formulate any, lest they should either mislead or pain her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he questioned lamely; and instantly perceived his blunder.

She sat down, and looked at him under brooding lashes—had he ever noticed the thickness of her straight black lashes before?

"Would it have made any difference if I had told you?" she shot out at him.

"Any difference—?"

"Sit down by me," she commanded. "I want to talk to you. You can say now whatever you might have said sooner. I'm not married yet; I'm still free."

"You haven't given your answer?"

"It doesn't matter if I have."

The retort frightened him with the glimpse of what she still expected of him, and what he was still so unable to give.

"That means you've said yes?" he pursued, to gain time.

"Yes or no—it doesn't matter. I had to say something. What I want is your advice."

"At the eleventh hour?"

"Or the twelfth." She paused. "What

shall I do?" she questioned, with a sudden accent of helplessness.

He looked at her helplessly. He could not say, "Ask yourself—ask your parents." Her next word would sweep away such frail hypocrisies. Her "What shall I do?" meant "What are you going to do?" and he knew it, and knew that she knew it.

"I'm a bad person to give any one matrimonial advice," he began with a strained smile; "but I had such a different vision for you."

"What kind of a vision?" She was merciless.

"Merely what people call happiness, dear."

"People call—you see you don't believe in it yourself. Well, neither do I—in that form, at any rate."

He considered. "I believe in trying for it—even if the trying's the best of it."

"Well, I've tried and failed. And I'm twenty-one, and I never was young. I suppose I haven't enough imagination." She drew a deep breath. "Now I want something different." She appeared to search for the word. "I want to be—prominent," she declared.

"Prominent?"

She reddened swarthyly. "Oh, you smile—you think it's ridiculous. It doesn't seem worth while to you. That's because you've always had all those things. But I haven't. I know what father pushed up from, and I want to push up as high again—higher. No, I haven't got much imagination. I've always liked facts. And I find I shall like the fact of being a Princess—choosing the people I associate with, and being up above all these European grandees that father and mother bow down to, tho they think they despise them. You can be up above these people by just being yourself; you know how. But I need a platform—a sky-scraper. Father and mother thought to give me my education. They thought education was the important thing; but, since we've all three of us got mediocre minds, it has just landed us among mediocre people. Don't you suppose I see through all the sham science and sham art and sham everything we're surrounded with? That's why I want to buy a place at the very top, where I shall be powerful enough to get about me the people I want; the big people, the right people, and to help them. I want to promote culture, like those Renaissance women you're always talking about. I want to do it for Apex City. Do you understand? And for father and mother too. I want all those titles carved on my tombstone. *They're* facts, anyhow! Don't laugh at me—" She broke off with one of her clumsy smiles, and moved away from him to the other end of the room.

He sat looking at her with a curious feeling of admiration. Her harsh positivism was like a tonic to his disenchanted mood, and he thought, "What a pity!"

Aloud he said, "I don't feel like laughing at you. You're a great woman."

"Then I shall be a great Princess."

"Oh—but you might have been something so much greater!"

Her face flamed again. "Don't say that!"

He stood up involuntarily, and drew near her.

"Why not?"

"Because you're the only man with whom I can imagine the other kind of greatness."

IT moved him—moved him unexpectedly. He got as far as saying to himself, "Good God, if she were not so hideously rich—" and then of yielding for a moment to the persuasive vision of all that he and she might do with those very riches that he dreaded. After all, there was nothing mean in her ideals—they were hard and material, in keeping with her primitive and massive person; but they had a certain grim nobility. And when she spoke of "the other kind of greatness" he knew that she understood what she was talking of, and was not merely saying something to draw him on, to get him to commit himself. There was not a drop of guile in her, except that which her very honesty distilled.

"The other kind of greatness?" he repeated.

"Well, isn't that what you say happiness was? I wanted to be happy—but one can't choose."

He went to her. "No, one can't choose. And how can any one give you happiness who hasn't got it himself?" He took her hands, feeling how large, muscular, and voluntary they were, even as they melted in his palms.

"My poor Coral, of what use can I ever be to you? What you need is to be loved."

She drew back and gave him one of her straight, strong glances. "No," she said gallantly, "but just to love."

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